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EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,
BALLADS,
AND POPULAR LITERATURE
OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

EDITED FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS
AND SCARCE PUBLICATIONS.

VOL. III.

LONDON,
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY F. BUCHANAN, ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

M.DCCC.XLI.

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

POLITICAL BALLADS PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND
DURING THE COMMONWEALTH.

EDITED BY T. WRIGHT, ESQ. M.A. F.R.S. &c.

STRANGE HISTORIES, BY THOMAS DELONEY.

EDITED BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.R.S.

A MARRIAGE TRIUMPH, BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

EDITED BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.R.S.

THE HISTORY OF PATIENT GRISSEL.

EDITED BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.R.S.

POLITICAL BALLADS.

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PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND

DURING

THE COMMONWEALTH.

EDITED BY

THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A. F.S.A. &c.

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MCCCXLI.

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TO

MONSIEUR GUIZOT,

Ministre Secrétaire d'État du Roi des Français au département des
Affaires Étrangères,

IN ADMIRATION

NOT ONLY OF THE GREAT AND HONEST STATESMAN,

BUT OF THE PROFOUND HISTORIAN

AND THE ENLIGHTENED PATRON

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THE following selection of ballads has been made under the impression, that, while they form a valuable portion of the materials of the historian for this most important period of our annals, they will not be devoid of interest to the general reader. It is more especially in such documents as these that we can observe the spirit which moves the masses in great revolutions like that which tore our country in what is most fitly characterized as the Age of Cromwell;—in them we may contemplate the lesser feelings which were at work beneath the surface, while the greater motives of action are displayed to us by the more dignified historical memorials of the age. They are valuable also as illustrating many less important circumstances of history, which were passed over in silence by more serious writers.

Our little volume contains those most worthy of being reprinted among the Political Ballads which issued from the press during the agitated period from the Civil Wars to the Restoration. It will be seen that they belong chiefly to two distinct

phases of the great political struggle, and they may therefore be conveniently arranged in two divisions. The first relates to the period between the close of the Civil Wars (when Charles the First fell into the hands of the victorious parliament) and the king's execution. During this period, the intrigues of the royalists (from whom a large portion of these ballads emanated) were more dangerous to the safety of the parliament than their arms had been in the field. Charles ruined himself by his dishonest evasions and his indirect and underhand mode of acting. The following ballads show that even the royalists themselves were convinced of the sincerity of the parliamentary leaders in the intention of restoring the king on conditions which should effectually guarantee their liberties; yet they were in the mean time busy fomenting jealousies between the two great parties of the Independents and the Presbyterians; and the king with singular fatuity received the propositions of the parliament with one hand, and declared almost publicly his treacherous intentions with the other. The parliamentary leaders soon saw that the restoration of the king must be the signal of their own ruin, and they perceived at the same time that, so long as he lived unrestored, the state could hope for no tranquillity—they then resolved to bring him to the block.

The second portion of these ballads relates to a posture of affairs which in many respects bore a close resemblance to the former. The powerful hand of Cromwell no longer kept in control the rage of partyism; his son Richard had been obliged to retire from the scene; and the contending parties in the restored Commonwealth made room for the renewed intrigues of the royalists. Instead of a king at home and in captivity, there was one free, but in a foreign land. Most of the skilful hands who had guided the vessel of the state through so many troubles, were departed; and the man who became suddenly master by the chances of the moment, conscious of his own incapacity, and unable to foresee the future, betrayed the cause which he pretended to support, to secure his own personal impunity. The consequence was, after twenty-eight years of misgovernment, the more effectual, though less bloody, revolution of eighty-eight.

With three exceptions only, these ballads have been printed from copies preserved in the large collection in the British Museum, known by the name of the King's Pamphlets. The times of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate were remarkable for the immense number of pamphlets and printed broadsides which continually issued from the press, many of them filled with libels and

personal abuse.* Some individual, who lived through this period, purchased nearly every one of these tracts as they appeared, and carefully wrote on each the date of the day on which it was bought; and these, having been bound in several series of volumes, according to their sizes, and having been preserved during the two reigns which followed the Restoration, were at a more recent period given by King George III to the British Museum, where they afford an inexhaustible fund of materials for the history of that important period of our annals. Twenty-four volumes of "folio broadsides" contain the numerous proclamations and other writings issued in single sheets, interspersed with a considerable number of ballads of different kinds; and the ballads in particular are rendered doubly valuable by being endorsed with the date at which they were circulated. Most of these broadside ballads are of the greatest rarity;† some of them were afterwards

* The satirical tracts of the Commonwealth contain frequent allusions to the great licence of the press. In one, the question is asked, "Whether the book-sellers (these rascally pedlers at the worst-end of St. Paul's) would not do better (at the How) in the Barbados, than they do the Commonwealth of England by selling of pamphlets: and if so, whether the trade would not be much better?"—*Select City Queries*, 1660.

† There are copies of the originals of many of the ballads

reprinted, but in general very incorrectly, in the collections of "Loyal Songs," "Rump Songs," &c. which are now also rare books.

In printing the following ballads, the Editor has thought it necessary to take a few trifling liberties. In the first place it seemed to him that one who edits such documents from printed broadsides, ought to consider himself placed in the position of a corrector of the press at the time they were printed: this, however, is a privilege which he has exercised seldom, and with great caution. In the second place, he has considered it his duty to expunge as much as possible the gross expressions which sometimes occur in the originals, and which were less obnoxious to the ears of our forefathers than to those of our contemporaries. This is a liberty which some readers will perhaps think ought to have been extended even beyond the bounds within which the editor has confined himself. This duty has obliged him to alter in some cases a line, or a word, and in others to omit a few lines of the original. On the whole, the ballads which were composed before the Restoration are far more free from such defects than those which appeared at the period immediately following.

printed in the present volume in the curious Collection of Ballads in the possession of Mr. Thorpe of Piccadilly.

The notes to the present volume are of a very unpretending character, and have only been added with the hope of making the volume a little more popular and amusing. The circumstances under which the work was projected and executed, were such as would not allow the Editor to attempt anything more. His object has been to explain briefly allusions with which the general reader might not always be acquainted; and as the ballads themselves are a kind of popular illustration of history, he hoped to increase their value by embodying in the notes a few illustrations of a similar character from other songs of the same age, and from the satirical portion of the King's Pamphlets. These numerous satirical tracts are worthy of a more careful perusal by those who take an interest in the social history and the popular antiquities and literature of our forefathers; they are full of illustrations of the manners and customs of the seventeenth century, and they contain not only curious allusions to the popular writers of the day, but also here and there a traditional notice of those of the earlier part of the century, or even of those of the Elizabethan age.*

* Thus, in a tract entitled the "Figs Corantoe," 4to. Lond. 1642, mention is made of "Old Charltons Song,

"The King of France with forty thousand men,
Went up a hill, and so came down agen."

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Clown's Complaint	1
A Panegyrick, &c.	8
A new Ballad, called a Review of the Rebellion . . .	13
Have amongst you, my Masters	25
The Penitant Traytor	30
Strange and True Newes	38
The Cities Loyaltie to the King	42
The Members Justification	45
Prattle your Pleasure	49
I thank you twice	51
The Dagonizing of Bartholomew Fayre	53
The Poore Committee-Mans Accompt	55
The Committee-Mans Complaint and the Scots honest Usage	60
A la Mode	64
The Cities Thanks to Southwarke for giving the Army entrance	70
A Justification of the Synod of Sion Colledge against those who say they have sate long and done nothing . .	76
The braggadocia Souldier and the civill Citizen . . .	84
A loyal Song, of the royal Feast kept by the Prisoners in the Towre	87
Truth flatters not	99
Mad Tom a Bedlams desires of Peace	101
Colonell Rainsborowes Ghost	107
The Anarchie, or the blest Reformation since 1640 . .	112
A Coffin for King Charles: a Crowne for Cromwell: a Pit for the People	117
Strange Predictions	122
The Parliament routed: or, Here's a House to be let . .	126
A Total Rout	131
The new Letany	135
The Arraignment of the Devil for stealing away President Bradshaw	139
A proper new Ballad on the old Parliament	146

The noble English Worthies	163
The Cities New Poets Mock Show	168
A New-Years-Gift for the Rump	174
A Hymne to the Gentle-Craft, or Hewson's Lamentation .	179
A new Ballade	183
The Gang: or, the Nine Worthies and Champions .	188
Vanity of Vanities: or, Sir Harry Vane's Picture .	194
The Breech Wash'd by a Friend to the Rump . .	198
The Parliament-Complement: or, the Re-admission of the secluded Members to the Discharge of their long-re- tarded trust	201
Saint George and the Dragon, Anglice Mercurius Poeticus	205
The Second Part of St. George for England . . .	215
News from Hell, or the Relation of a Vision . . .	219
The Glory of these Nations: or, King and Peoples Happinesse	223
The Lamentation of a bad Market: or, the Disbanded Souldier	229
The Phanatics Plot discovered	234
A Relation of the Ten grand infamous Traytors, &c. .	237
Hugh Peters last Will and Testament: or the Haltering of the Divell	242
A Psalm of Mercy	248
The Cavaliers Complaint	257
The Cavaleers Lotany	261
A Countrey Song, intituled the Restoration . . .	265
Additional Notes	269

POLITICAL BALLADS.

THE CLOWN'S COMPLAINT.

[Beginning of the year 1647.]

THE following ballad is by Alexander Brome, a celebrated royalist poet of this period, and is taken from his "Songs," London, 1664. It appears to have been written soon after the king delivered himself to the Scots, perhaps in 1646 or early in 1647; and deserves insertion, not only as a true picture of the sufferings of the country people during the civil wars, but as a specimen of the dialect of the west of England at that period.

Ah, surra, is't a come to this,
That all our wee-men do zo miss?
Esdid think zo much avore.
Have we kept veighting here zo long,
To zell our kingdom vor a zong?
(O that ever chowr a bore!

Echavo a be a cavaliero,
Like most weeze-men that esood hear-o;
And shoer sdid wish 'um well.
But within sdid zee how the did go
To cheat the king and countrey too,
Esbid 'um all vorwell.

Thoo whun the club-men* wor so thick,
Esput my zive upon a stick,
And about eswent among 'um :
And by my troth eslid suppose
That they were honeste then those
That now do zwear they'l hang 'um.

Was't not enow to make men vite,
When villains come by de and night
To plunder and undoe 'um ;
And garizons did vet all in,
And steep the countrey to the skin ;
And we zed nothing to 'um ?

But we had zoon a scurvy pluck ;
The better men the worsen luck ;
We had knaves and vools among us.
Zome turn'd, zome cowards run away,
And left a vew behind to try,
And bloody rogues to hang us.

* The club-men were an irregular force of armed men who rose in the west of England in 1645, about the time of the battle of Naseby. They pretended first to be of neither party, but their purpose appears to have been chiefly to defend the country from the barbarities and licentiousness of the royalists employed under Goring in those parts. They afterwards acted more or less in favour of the king, and they were suppressed by Fairfax and Cromwell, in the autumn of the year just mentioned. They appear to have been armed at first only with clubs and such rustic weapons. The parliament issued an ordinance against "malignant clubmen."

But now 'tis a come to a scurvy matter,
Cham in the house of the surgan-strater*
That have no grace nor pitty,
But here they peel and pole and squeeze,
And when cha' paid them all their fees,
They turn me to the mittee.†

Like furies they zit three and three,
And all their plots to begger we,
Like Pilate and the Jews ;
And zome to ze that both do know,
Of thlick above and those below,
'Tis not a pin to chose.

But the echood redeem my grown,
Es went to London to compoun,‡
And ride through ween and weather ;
Estaïd there eight and twonty week,
And chowor at last zo much to zeek
As when es vurst come thither.

There whun's zeed voke to church repair,
Espï'd about vor Common-Prayer,
But no zuch thing could zee :

* ? Sequestrator.

† The Committee of sequestration of the estates of the royalists who were in arms. They were held in every county during the war, and for some time afterwards.

‡ The Committee of compounders sat in London, to transact with those who were willing to compound for their estates.

The zed the common'st that was there
Was vrom a tub or a wicker chair,
They call'd it stumpere.*

Es hur'd 'um pray, and every word
As the wor sick they cri'd "O Lord!"
And thoo ston still agen;
And vor my life escould not know
Whun they begun or had ado,
But when they zed, Amen.

They have a new word, 'tis not *preach*,
Zdo think zome o'me did call it *teach*,
A trick of their devizing;
And there zo good a nap sdid vet,
'Till 'twas a doo that's past zun-zet,
As if 'twor but zun-rising.

At night zo zoon's chwaz into bed,
Sdid my prayers without book read,
My Creed and Pater-noster;
Methink zet all their prayers to thick,
And they do goo no more a leek,
Then an apple's like an oyster.

Chad need to watch zo well as pray,
Whun chawe to do with zuch as they,
Or else es may go zeek;
They need not bid a monthy vast,
Vor if zoo be these times to last
Twool come to zeav'n a weak.

* Extempore.

Es waited there a huges time,
And brib'd thick men to know my crime,
That esmed make my peace ;
At last esvown my purse was vat,
And if chwould be reform'd of that,
They wood give me a release.

Esgid 'um bond voor neenscore pown,
Bezides what chad a paid 'um down,
And thoo they made me swear ;
Whun chad a reckon'd what my cost are,
Es swear'd chood ene zit down aloster.
Vor by my troth chawr weary.

Thoo when scome home esbote some beass,
And chowr in hope we should ha' peace,
Case here's no cavaliers ;
But now they zed's a new quandary,
Tween Pendants and the Presbytery,*
Cham agast they'l go by the cars.

Esbore in hon 'twould never last,
'The mittees did get wealth zo vast,
And gentlemen undoo ;
Uds wonderkins ! toold make one mad !
That three or four livings had
Now can't tell whare to goo.

* Alluding to the dissensions and rivalry between the two great religious parties after the conclusion of the war, which ended in the triumph of the Independents over the Presbyterians, and the elevation of Cromwell.

Cha zeed the time when esgood gee
My dater more then zix of the,
 But now by bribes and stortions
Zome at our wedden ha bestow'd
In gloves more then avore this wood
 A made three daters portions.

One o'm ow'd me three hundred pown ;
Es zend for zome, he paid it down,
 But within three daies ater
Ech had a ticket to restore
The same agen and six times more ;
 Isn't this a couzning matter?

Whun chood not do't, smot to black-rod,
A place was ne'r a made by God,
 And there chowre vain to lye
Till chad a gidd'n up his bon,
And paid a hundred more in hon,
 And thoo smed come awy.

Nay now they have a good lion made,
What if the Scots should play the jade,
 And keep awy our king?*

War they not mad in all these dangers,
To go and trust the king with strangers?
 Was ever such a thing?

* The king delivered himself to the Scots on the 5th of May 1646, and was given up by them to the parliament in the beginning of the year following, arriving at Holdenby about the middle of February.

We ha' nor scrip nor scrole to show
 Whether it be our king or no,
 And if they should deny an,
 They'l make us vight vor'n once more,
 As well's agenst'n heretovore,—
 How can we else come by 'n?

We had been better paid 'um down
 Their vorty hundred thousand pown,*
 And zo a zet 'um gwine;
 Vor cham agast avore the goo,
 The'l have our grown and mony too,—
 Cham sore afeard of mine!

Another trick they do devize,
 The vive and twonty part and size;†
 And there at every meeting
 We pay vor wives and childrens pole,
 More then they'l ever yield us whole,—
 'Tis abomination cheating!

* The Scots, who had been called into England, demanded four hundred thousand pounds, for arrears, &c. due to them from the Parliament.

† The excise, of which the idea was borrowed from the financial system of the Dutch, was one of the principal taxes levied by the Long Parliament, and was first introduced by Pym, in the year 1643. It was much cried against by the opponents of the governing powers.

"Free quarter is a tedious thing,
 And so is the excise:
 None can deliver us, but the king,
 From this damn'd Dutch device."

Mercurius Pragmaticus, No. 2, Sept. 21-28, 1647.

We can nor eat, nor drink, nor lye
We our own wives by and by,
 We pay to knaves that couzen ;
My dame and I ten children made,
But now we do gee off the trade,
 Vor fear should be a douzen.

Then lets to clubs agen and vight ;
Or let's take it all out right ;
 Vor thus they mean to sare :—
All thick be right they'l strip and use,
And deal with them as bad as Jews,
 All custen voke, beware !

A PANEGYRICK,

FAITHFULLY REPRESENTING THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE PARLIAMENT AT WESTMINSTER SINCE THEIR FIRST SESSIONS TO THIS PRESENT, WHEREIN THEIR WONDERFULL ACTS ARE TRULY DECLARED AND WHAT IS FURTHER BY THEM TO BE EXPECTED.

[London, June 5, 1647.]

THIS ballad is preserved among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum, Folio Broad sides, vol. 5. It was written in the heat of the dissensions between the army and the parliament, or between the Independents and the Presbyterians, immediately after the house had voted that the army should be disbanded, and after Cromwell had withdrawn to the latter body.

Most gracious, omnipotent,
And everlasting Parliament,
Whose power and majestie
Is greater then all kings by odds ;
Yea, to account you lesse then Gods
Must needs be blasphemie.

Moses and Aaron ne're did doe
More wonders then are wrought by you
For Englands Israel ;
But through the Red-sea we have past,—
If you to Canaan bring's at last,
Is't not a miracle ?

In sixe yeares space you have done more
Then all our Parliaments before,—
You have quite done the worke ;
The cavaliers, the king, the pope,
You have o'erthrowne, and next we hope
You will confound the Turke.

The heads of Strafford and of Laud
You did cut off, because by fraud
They would have made us slaves ;
But sure you were ten times more just,
Who Carew and the Hothams trusst,*
For they were arrant knaves.

* Sir Alexander Carew, member of Parliament for the county of Cornwall, was beheaded on the 23rd of December, 1644, for endeavouring to betray the town of Plymouth to the

By you we have deliverance
From the designs of Spaine and France,
Ormond, Montrose, the Danes ;*
You, aided by our brethren Scots,
Defeated have malignant plots,
And brought their swords to canes.

What wholesome lawes have you ordain'd,
Whereby our propertie's maintain'd
'Gainst those would us undoe !
Yea, both our fortunes and our lives,
And, what is dearer, e'en our wives,
Are wholly kept by you.

O what a flourishing church and state
Have we enjoy'd ere since you sate !
What a glorious king, God save him !
Have you made his majesty,
Had he the grace but to comply
And doe as you would have him ?

When hell was not enough to fright
And make the royall party right,
You wisely did invent

king. The two Hothams, father and son, were executed on the first and second of January following; they had entered into a plot to betray Hull to the king.

* The Earl of Ormond was the main support of the royal cause in Ireland; and the Marquis of Montrose had frequently raised the drooping spirits of the king by his victories in Scotland. The Danes were to have given their assistance to the house of Stuart, allied as it was by blood to the reigning family in Denmark, but were hindered by wars at home.

That dreadfull Tophet Goldsmiths-hall,*
And committees worse than devil and all,
For their full punishment.

Your directory how to pray
By th' spirit, shewes the perfect way ;
In zeale you have abolisht
That Dagon of the Common-prayer ;
And next we see you will take care
That churches be demolisht.

What multitudes in every trade
Of painfull preachers you have made,
Learned by revelation ?
Oxford and Cambridge make poore preachers,
Each shop affordeth better teachers,—
Oh blessed Reformation !

Your godly wisdomes have found out
The true religion, without doubt ;
For sure amongst so many
(We have five hundred at the least—
Is not the gospell well increast ?)
One must be pure, if any.

Could you have done more piously,
Then sell church-lands the king to buy,†
And stop the cities plaints ;

* The Committee for compounders for delinquency sat at Goldsmiths' Hall.

† From the Scots, who delivered him to the Parliament on condition of being satisfied in their pecuniary demands.

Paying the Scots church-militant,
That the new gospell help to plant ;—
God knowes they are *poore* saints !

Because the Apostles Creed is lame,
Th' assembly do a better frame,
Which saves us all with ease ;
Provided still we have the grace
To beleieve th' two houses i'th' first place,
Let our works be what they please.

'Tis strange your power and holinesse
Can't the Irish Devill dispossesse,*
His kind is very stout ;
That though you doe so often pray,
And every moneth keep fasting-day,
You cannot get him out.

Who will not pay with all his heart
Excise, the fifth and twentieth part,
Assesments, taxes, rates ?
'Tis easie what both houses leavy ;
Our duties to the king were heavy,
But all we have's the state's.

* During the war in England, the parliament was not able to give sufficient attention to the affairs of Ireland ; but they appointed frequent fasts and prayers to obtain the help of heaven for the cruelly persecuted Protestants of the sister island.

For all your sufferings and your paines,
What in the end shall be your gaines
 You never did regard;
Some twenty thousand pounds a man,
An office too; alas! who can
 Thinke that a fit reward?

Wherefore, as soon as you're dissolv'd,
To shew our thanks we are resolv'd;
 The king himselſe engages
Another Parliament to call,
Which your deserts consider shall,
 And surely pay your wages.

A NEW BALLAD,

CALL'D A REVIEW OF THE REBELLION, IN THREE PARTS.

To the Tune of "When the king enjoyes his rights againe."

[June 15, 1647.]

THIS ballad is given from the fifth volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets, Brit. Mus. The original words of the popular tune to which it was sung, "When the king enjoys his own againe," are said to have been composed by Martin Parker. See Chappell's "Collection of National English Airs," p. 177.

BRITAINES, awake from your six yeares dreame,
And listen to this deare-bought theame,

Which shewes how you fast a sleep were lulde,
And by what magick spells so gullde.

Then give attentive eare
To what I make appeare,
In that which I shall here for your sakes relate;
For now you have in print
(And you may believe me in't)
The historie of your present state.

When Charles first call'd this Parliament,
He did it with a full intent
Our grievances for to remove,
And to settle us in peace and love;
What e're we did desire,
Or justly could require,
He granted, 'twas but aske and have;
And yet (woe and alas!)
It's now so brought to passe,
That the free-borne is become a slave.

For of late the treacherous Scots and wee
On a nationall Covenant did agree,
And bound ourselves by solemne oath
Ne're after to keep faith and troath;
And well may we swear
They're but brethren deare,
For th' have cost us many a thousand pound;
And for all that, we have got
But this advantage from the Scot,
We are turn'd rebellious and round.

All playes and play-houses are o're-throwne,*
That now the two houses may act alone;
Of which each member, with so much art,
Playes the king, the lord, knave, or fooles part,
 The pope or parasite,
 The Turke or jesuite,
That could one but get in by stealth,
 There he might plotted see,
 And act the tragedie
Of this poore church and common-wealth.

In all the ecclesiastique storie,
Who e're sawe such a directorie
As ours, which leaves us wholly in the lurch?
Whilst they seeme to constitute a church;
 The Lords prayer and the creed,
 And (that which all should read)
The ten commandements are out quite;
 It seemes our synod would
 Not that our people should
Pray, practise, or believe aright.

Religion once so purely taught,
And protestant, now's set at naught;

* In the year 1647, a general interdict was established against stage-plays, as having been "condemned by ancient heathens, and by no means to be tolerated among professors of the Christian religion." These exhibitions had always been an object of the attacks of the puritans, and at the beginning of the war they had been temporarily suppressed, as unfitting to be tolerated during a period of great public calamity.

Most of our old clergy martyrs be
For loving God and their loyaltie;
And new in-lighted sects
Have now found out such texts,
As none of the fathers e're could cleare;
Yet these the brethren round
By the spirit so expound,
That it would doe ones heart good to heare.

Those that were once birds of the night,
Now in the sun-shine take their flight;
And such as scarce durst shew their face,
Are now the onely babes of grace.

Lay Levites are allow'd
To vent in every crowd
Such stuffe as the pure assembly mold,
And so it be but new,
Yet the Round-head cries 'tis true,
Because it contradicts the old.

Gods due, the churches rights and lands,
Are ingross'd by sacrilegious hands;
The City Atheist will never rest,
Till th' alter-coale have fir'd their nest;
They will have store of gold,
Though for it must be sold
Their God, their king, their church and nation;
All these they never prise,
Because they count them lyes,
As they do their Saviour and salvation.

The once renowned common-law
Is made by votes not worth a straw;
And ordinances* in its roome
Give loyall hearts their deadly doome.

A sad thing for to think!

We're at destructions brincke,
Because rul'd by legislative power;
And therefore now if ever
This kingdome may assever
That this of darknesse is the hower.

Our liberty, which cost so deare,
In lesse then yet full seven yeare
Is lost, for which such worthies died,
And tyrants now at will us ride;
Our persons and our purse
Are now under such a curse,
As never yet this land befell;
Of which I am afraid
E're long it will be said,
That it cannot be much worse in hell.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same Tune.

The propertie of our estates
Is spoyl'd by arbitrarie rates,

* Ordinances were acts passed by the two houses, and made valable without the royal sanction and signature.

And no man holds life, goods, or lands,
Free from the lust of their commands.

The state (if't stand in need)
Will force us for to bleed;
So long as any one drop is left,
All must goe for the cause,
Though quite against the lawes
Of God and man we are bereft.

Then what have you gain'd by all these warres
But shame and beggerie and scarres?
In all your zeale (O peevish elves!)
Whom have you conquer'd but yourselves?
Your itch against the king,
The bishop, and the ring;
(For which now stands so ingag'd the nation),
Hath brought you to this passe,
That you are ridden like an asse;—
Behold your blessed reformation!

They've taken away th' Ecclesiastique Courts,
And given th' Apprentices dayes for sports;*

* Since the old holidays, (Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, &c.) had been laid aside, as being superstitious, the apprentices, who were very busy during the present year (1647), had begun early in the year to stir themselves to obtain other days in their place. Among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum (vol. 308, small 4tos.), there is inserted one of the original notices, in manuscript, stuck up against the walls in London by the apprentices, which is worded as follows.

"Fellow Apprentices,

"You are desired on Tuesday y^e 20th of Ap. 1647, at 7 of

Some of which that adventured out for the cause,
They make freemen and their masters jack-dawes,
Whom they note as the train'd band,
Every day by them to stand,
That the houses may securely sit;
Whilst that they do reward
The wittalls that them guard,
With the blessing of Issachar to teach them wit.

Thus while you thought all to ingrosse,
You must sit downe by weeping crosse,
For your lawes, religion, libertie,
Reputation, peace, and propertie;
Which you might still have had,
But that you fell starke mad;
And the father now to his sonne may tell,
How th' Parliament and the Scot
Shar'd betweene them all wee'd got,
And so the glory did depart from our Israel.

ye clocke, to meet in Covent Garden for ye prosecution of or late p^{re}sented petition for Recreation, and y^t we may better succeed, all civility is required, &c."

On the 8th May following, as we learn from the Newspapers of the time, the House of Commons agreed to an ordinance "for recreation of schollars, apprentices, and servants," whereby the second Tuesday in every month was appointed to be kept as a holiday. The masters seem to have been unwilling to accede to this arrangement, and it was the cause of much dispute between them and their apprentices during the rest of the year.

The London apprentices were very active this year, and many ballads and tracts were published about them, because the parliament and the city reckoned on their assistance in their dispute with the army.

What christian heart next doth not ake
To see the poore Irish laid at th' stake?
For their lives and lands, the ordinance saith,
May be bought for summs on the publick faith.

And some men are so wise,
To thinke them lawfull prise,
Because they're voted rebels by our state;
But, were it not a sinne,
Yet they divide the skinne
Of the beare among them e're they ha't.

Our people (who were once so mad
To be all of the tribe of Gad,
Whose idolatry nothing could content
But this everlasting Parliament
And a posture of warre)
Shall find they've gon so farre
That now they cannot well come off;
And when they have wasted all,
On the crowne and churches fall,
They'l be awarded with a scoffe.

How many feares and jealousies
And plots (abhorminable lies!)
Have fill'd our pulpits and our braines,
Onely to cheate us into chaines;
Which never will be broke,
But onely by a stroke
Given to th' ring-leaders of the faction;
Without it we may straine
Our wits, yet all in vaine,
For nought can doe us good but action.

Committees sit in most great townes,
To awe both the gentry and the clownes;
They keepe the peace in every sheire,
By ferretting the cavalier.

Yea, these men are so just,
In discharging of their trust,
Impos'd upon them by the state,
That none shall dare to quatch,
Though for lying at the catch
They deserve both of God and men the hate.

He whom the warres leaves worth a grote,
Shall be delinquent made by vote;
Are we not like to be bravely reform'd?
Who are sure to be thoroughly worm'd?
Quarterings, excise, and taxe,
Expect untill the axe
And halter claime by law their due;
'Till then 'tis hard to show
The ready way to know
A rebell from a subject true.

The army which was once so fear'd,
Most gallant men have now appear'd,
By standing for law and libertie,
And continuance of the monarchie;
And as they fought to bring
To th' Parliament the king,
For settling of our happy peace,
So still (though some men kick)
To their principles they stick,
To purchase his, their owne, and our release.

THE THIRD PART,

OF THE PRIVILEGES OF THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

To hate all good and hugge all evill,
In an angels shape to out-act the Devill,
With all kinds of basenesse to comply,
And make the whole realme a monopoly,
 To laugh at conscience,
 And be quite void of sence,
Now church and state they've in peices rent,
 To breake all kind of trust,
 And to do nothing that is just,
Are some priviledges of this Parliament.

And to abuse the king by protestations,
Remonstrances, and declarations;
To leavy armes against him, and pull downe
All the fairest flowers of his crowne;
 To seize on his ships and ports,
 His revenue and his forts;
And to revile his queene and progenie;
 To counterfeict his seale,
 And his letters to reveall,
And to keepe him prisoner at Holdenby.*

And to countenance tumults, publish fictions,
Vote and order contradictions;

* The king arrived at Holdenby on the 16th of February, 1647, and was removed from thence on the 4th of June, by a party sent from the army.

To set up an idoll nam'd the cause,
And make all bowe to't in spight of the lawes;
 The conscience to inforce,
 And go on without remorse;
And that (which yet is worse) to apostatize
 From God and all that's good,
 And to shed innocent blood,
And to stope their eares against our cryes.

And (as the members decay) to pack new elections;
And to give to whom they list protections;
To roote out Episcopacy, and to ordaine
A fast to palliate the same,
 And an humiliation
 To busie the nation,
Whilst they the Bishops-lands do sell;*
 Which so men will but buy,
 They'l give security
Unto them that there is no hell.

And the learned clergy to disgrace;
The conscientious to displace;
And in their rooms for to advance
Schisme, sedition, and ignorance;
 Informers to reward,
 Without any regard

* Episcopacy having been entirely abolished, a commission was employed during the present year to proceed with the sale of the bishops' lands.

To th' persons whom they falsely 'peach;
And to promise them good pay,
So that enough they'l say
To bring th' ill-affected within their reach.

And to question the persons in the Trinitie;
And to make the sence of the house divinitie;
To roote out reverence, and declare
That barnes as good as churches are;
The truth to persecute,
And to make good ministers mute,
And to keep half our churches without preaching;
And (to avoide controules,
Though it starves the peoples soules)
To suffer none but Round-head teaching.*

And the two Universities to infect,
And sacramentalls to neglect;
All workes of piety to pull downe,
With the monuments of great renowne;
And hospitalls to rob,
And makes us all sigh and sob,
And worse, if worse they could invent;
And to vote all sence and reason
That's against them, to be treason,
Are priviledges of this Parliament.

And so are——but I conclude my song;
For truth (though short) e're seemes too long.

* See before, p. 4, l. 10.

If now you would know what remedie
There may for all these mischiefes be,
Then must king Charles alone
Be set upon his throne,
For which let's joyne in one with might and maine;
For the times will never mend,
Till the Parliament do end,
And the king injoyes his right againe.

HAVE AMONGST YOU, MY MASTERS.

[June 19, 1647.]

THE original of the following ballad is preserved in the fifth volume of the folio broadsides in the King's Pamphlets. It was written when the army was continually moving its quarters nearer to the city, and when the parliament was issuing orders forbidding it to approach within a given distance.

GIVE eare, give eare unto my ditty,
All you good people that love this city!
'Tis high time you repent;
For if th'offended army come,
This city will be quite undone,—
Your cases I lament.

When you your outworks should defend,
Some villaine whom you think your friend
May set the town on fire;

Then will they straight to plunder fall,
And in an instant rob you all,—
Then they have their desire.

If once the army doe appeare
Within ten miles, they come too neare,
They have so many friends;
Send all they call for with new ropes
About their necks, there may be hopes
That may make some amends.

For thus much from me understand,
What e're they aske they may commande,
Take heed you doe not dally;
If they shall finde with them you halt,
And take you tripping in a fault,
You'll pay deare for your folly.

Make ready those who laid the plot,
(Who e're they were) to call the Scot,
They have undone the nation;
Then make the synod ready next,
Who have so much abus'd the text
For th' churches reformation.*

To bring the Scotch Presbytery in
They with rebellion did begin,
Then preacht the myter downe;

* The Presbyterian synod had shown a disposition to act with rigour against all who presumed to differ from them in their religious opinions.

These new popes thought they could dispence
With treason, or the like offence,—
Especially their owne.

Or else (methinks) they durst not sure
The king and bishops both abjure,
When they the covenant took;
Though many oathes they all have taken,
By this they have the king forsaken,
If they be pleas'd to look.

Next bring in those who did devise
Your sequestrations and excize,—
Down with their Goldsmiths hall!
Or rather hell, for none comes there,
But he himselfe must first forswear,
And that's the worst of all.

Besides he must himselfe confesse
A grand malignant, that's no less
Then traitor in their sence;
And make himselfe a traitor more
Then he was ever yet before,
By a farre worse offence.

He must use their forg'd seale, ere he
From their committees can be free,—
That's treason paramount;
This favour they to us afford,
To make us traytors on record
And in the lawes accompt.

But, oh ! these subtile men must not
(Above all others) be forgot,
We Jewes of Malta call ;*
Who lately have a new trick found,
To make men for their owne compound ;—
These get the Devill and all.

The state we know it lately hath
Borrowed too much on publique faith ;
These jugling Jewes, they say,
By ordinance of Parliament
Get threescore pounds at least per cent,
And they have present pay.

Th' abused, who the money lent,
Are with this great losse well content
They may some part secure ;
Thus are their private stocks imploy'd,
And all their creditors destroy'd,
By those their loans ensure.

Brave souldiers, couple these together
Like hell-hounds, and then send them hither,
Try them but in the Tower ;
Let brave judge Jenkins give them law,†

* "The Jew of Malta" was the title of a play by Christopher Marlowe, founded on the same story as Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." It would appear by this ballad that Marlowe's play was then the more famous of the two.

† Judge Jenkins, who was a prisoner in the Tower (see a note on a subsequent page), issued a considerable number of pamphlets during this year, to prove the unlawfulness and

And honest Will the inditements draw,
They'll dispatch in an houre.

Yet I dare sweare that they should finde
I'th' good old Judge a noble minde,
And should more justice have,
With mercy and with judgment mixt,
(For so true justice should be fixt)
Then ever yet they gave.

If th' army doe their soveraigne owne,
And shall restore him to his crowne,
'Twill be a glorious thing ;
Though in their hearts the prophets ly'd,
It will prove true they prophecy'd,
Hee'll be a glorious king.

Thou wilt deserve immortall glory,
And famous be in every story,
If this be done by thee ;
Though th' English were well-neere as bold
As the Scots, when they their soveraigne sold,
Fairfax* will glorious be.

nullity of the proceedings of the parliament, and designed to widen the breach between the parliament and the army. He is said to have undertaken to instruct his fellow-prisoner (though in a different cause), John Lilburne, in the subtleties of the law (in which he was himself very skilful), to enable him to foil and evade the proceedings of his political antagonists.

* Sir Thomas Fairfax, who it was hoped would bring in the king by the assistance of the army.

We'll bonfires make, our bells shall ring,
 Our children shall thy praises sing,
 I hope that day to see,
 That we who now thy prisoners are,*
 Shall have in thee so great a share,
 To love and honour thee.

THE PENITENT TRAYTOR :

OR, THE HUMBLE CONFESSION OF A DEVONSHIRE GENTLE
 WHO WAS CONDEMNED FOR HIGH TREASON, AND EXECUTED
 AT TYBORNE FOR THE SAME, IN THE RAIGNE OF KING HENRY
 THE THIRD, THE NINETEENTH OF JULY 1267.

You may sing this if you please to the Tune of "For my
 my Foe."

[June 28, 1647.]

THE perils of the present, made people look back with interest to the history of the past; and we find the events of barons' wars in the thirteenth century, and the dethroning of Richard II, frequently brought forward as subjects of comparison by the pamphleteers of the days of the commonwealth. In the ballad here given, the story of the civil wars of Charles I. are told by a royalist, under the cover of a narrative of an older baronial contest. On the 27th May, 1647, appeared a 4to. prose tract, written much in the same spirit as the present ballad, entitled, "The Present Warre Parallel'd. Or, a brief Relation of the five yeares civil warres of Henry the Third, King of England," &c. There can be little doubt that the person chiefly aimed at in this ballad was Pym, who, though not of a Somersetshire family, was member for Tavistock.

* This ballad was perhaps written by Sir Francis Worsley, then a prisoner in the Tower, and the acknowledged author of two other ballads in the present volume. See further

Devonshire. Oliver St. John and Strode were also Devonshire members. Godwin, in his *History of the Commonwealth* (vol. ii. p. 364), has observed that "many of the most valuable characters engaged in the cause of the parliament, spirits highly anxious for the success of that cause, drew their birth from the western counties."

This ballad is taken from the same volumes of folio broadsides which furnished those which precede it. It was printed, with great variations and omissions, in the "Collection of Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament," under the title of "The penitent Traytor. The humble petition of a Devonshire Gentleman, who was condemned for Treason and executed for the same, anno 1641." The famous old tune of "Fortune, my foe," dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth, and is frequently alluded to in the popular tracts of the earlier part of the seventeenth century. See Chappell's "National English Airs, p. 63.

ATTEND, good Christian people, to my story,
A sadder yet did never come before ye;
What I have beene and am now like to bee,
I will declare, whilst you give eare to me.

Love, grieve, and zeale doth make me sing this dittie,
To warn my brethren of each close committee,
That each of them learn, like a good disciple,
To shun foule treason and the tree that's triple.*

Long time I liv'd i' th' country next to Cornwall,
And there my children were both bred and borne all;
Great was my credit (as my debts did speake),
And now Ile shew you why my necke must breake.

* The gallows, which was formed of three upright posts, placed at the points of a triangle, with three horizontal beams at top, forming the triangle.

A Parliament was called in November,*
I for the commons was cry'd up a member ;
With coyne and cogging I got peoples voyces.
Whereby I was elected with loud noyses.

My wicked life I do lament with teares;
I was in debt quite over head and eares,
But when I purchast a committee chaire,
My broken state I quickly did repaire.

I had the art to threaten or insinuate,
And (as I pleas'd) encrease faults or extenuate;
My frowne or smile was forcible and mighty,
As cold as ice or hot as aquavitie.

I got some two and twenty of my faction†
(All witty members and all men of action),
We (as we pleas'd) made all our brethren widgeons,
We wink'd at tumults and at strange religions.

For though (by tale) we sat above foure hundred,‡
Yet I myselfe was for the first part numbred;
Most of the rest were crowned men of Gotam,
And I was almost Dominus Factotum.

* The famous Long Parliament opened its first session on Tuesday the 3rd of November 1640.

† The Committee of Safety, which consisted of twenty-two members of the House of Commons.

‡ The number of members in the Long Parliament, after the secession of those who went to the king at Oxford, was about four hundred.

Faire seeming piety I made my mantle,
But of good conscience I ne're had one cantle ;*
My fellow knaves and I conglutinated
So fast, we ne're thought to be separated.

Thus by my faction the whole house was sway'd,
But (most) to me the people flock'd for ayd;
I promis'd ease for all their griefs most troublesome,
Yet wrack'd them more then ten times twice the
doublesome.

'Twas in the hope my raigne should be perpetuall,
Which made me proud and very bold to cheat you all;
The kingdome groan'd, and under slavery lingers,
Whilst like a cunning cooke I lick'd my fingers.

Those who were griev'd, I gravely did advise
They should petitions bring in humble wise,
Which I did frame myselfe, and thus did cooke 'um;
They paid me when I gave and when I took 'um.

The king himselfe with slanders I disgraced ;
His faithfull servants from him I displaced;
Taxes on taxes on the people passes,
And they did beare the burdens like tame asses.

I purchast land for plough and pasture ground,
As much as cost me nere ten thousand pound;

* An old word, meaning a part or portion, a piece, a bit.
It occurs in Shakespeare.

I waxed rich, my state was mighty made,
Which proves a chaireman was a thriving trade.

Thus did I rise when better men did fall;
My wealth encreas'd, I got the Devill and all:
Fooles brought me gold and plate in hugger-mugger,
Besides eight hundred pounds worth of loafe sugger.

The twentyeth part the weekly fasting dayes,
The seazement for the lots and subsydyes,
The weekly seazements for the trained bands,
The crownes revenue and the churches lands;

The contributions, sequestrations, plunder,
The sale of offices, inforc'd loanes, 'tis wonder:
This all is true, as true records dothe sing,
When as Third Henry was this kingdomes king.

Thus I gain'd much, and by my money-pole,
And something like excize, these made me whole,
My children portions, too, with much content
I payd in state by act of parliament.

And least my plots should after be unmask'd,
And how I got such wealth might chance be ask'd,
I cast about how I might gaine such power
As might from future justice me secure.

Then first I labour'd to devest the crowne
Of all prerogatives, and to bring them downe,—

First, to both houses; then, but one should have it;
Five members next,* and last my selfe would crave it.

But I did know the state would not admit
Such change, unlesse the church did usher it;
I left the old religion for advantage,
Endeavouring to elect one which did want age.

Which when the learned Levites did withstand,
Regarding Gods word more than my command,
Such I supprest, and made (for which I woe am)
The basest people priests, like Jeroboam.

Then each profession sent out preachers moe
Then both the Universities could doe;
T'handle a text the goodwives fingers itches,
She dares preach with her husband for the britches.

I first committed sacrilegious hansells,—
I rob'd both chappell, church, and chancells;
I said Gods table was a popish alter,
For which you see that my reward's a halter.

By this new godlinesse but few did gaine,
The rest for want of trading did complaine;

* Anallusion to the five members whom the king impeached,
among whom were Pym and Strode.

I told them 'twas a wicked councellors plot,*
And till his head went off, their wares would not.

This great mans guilt was loyalty and wisdome,
Which made me cast about me to work his doome;
The sword of justice was too short to do't,
Ten thousand clubs must therefore inch it out.

He thus knock'd down, some others (for like crime)
Were sent to prison, some escap'd in time;
Thus law and equity in awe were kept here,
And clubs were taught how to controule the scepter.

We tooke from the upper house votes five times five,†
And then aym'd at the kings voyce negative;
Which to effect, we did an order make,
That what he would not give ourselves would take.

Then we petitioned that the forts and tow'rs,
And all the strength o' th' kingdome might be ours;
This was to save the king from foraigne dangers,‡
As if h' had better fall by us than strangers.

* An allusion to the impeachment of Lord Strafford. Pym conducted the prosecution.

† The bishops' votes were taken away by the Long Parliament.

‡ "The queen was then a French woman; she was daughter to the Earle of Provencc, in the 20 yeare of the king's raigne. Stow, page 184." *Note in the Margin of the original Broadside.*

Whilst he denyes, they legally are seiz'd on,
By a law call'd "resolv'd upon the question":
But still his chiefe strength was above our arts,—
His righteous cause and's loyall subjects hearts.

The king at Evesham gave the rebells battle,*
Whereas he made bones in their skins to rattle;
Leicester was slaine, who was their generall,
And sixteene lords with him likewise did fall.

Thus was their army all to shatters shaken,
Ten thousand men slaine, and as many taken;
Some hundreds suffered punishment condignant,
For being as I am a foule malignant.

Thus did the wheele of fortune turne quite round,
And my misdeeds my conscience deepe doth wound;
I had bin better to have liv'd in beggery,
Then thus to fall into the hands of Gregory.†

Oh, Tyborne! Tyborne! oh, thou sad triangle!
A viler weight ne're under thee did dangle;
See here I'm come, at last, with hempe so new,
To give thee what was (long before) thy due.

* "This battle was fought at Evesham in Worcestershire, on fryday the 5. of August, 1265. Stow, p. 195." *Marginal Note.*

† "There was a wag-halter living in those times, whose name was Gregoric. Hen. Monmouth. page 2000." *Marginal Note.*

How would I blesse thee, couldst thou take away
My life and infamie both in one day;
But this in ballads will survive, I know,
Sung to that solemne tune, Fortune, my foe.

Then marke, good Christian people, and take heed,—
Use not religion for an upper weed,
Serve God sincerely, touch not his anoynted,
And then your necks shall never be disjoynted.

God blesse the king, the queene, and all their children
(And pardon me what I 'gainst them have ill done);
May one of that brave race still rule this nation!
So I beseech you sing the lamentation.

STRANGE AND TRUE NEWES,

OF AN OCEAN OF FLIES DROPPING OUT OF A CLOUD, UPON THE
TOWNE OF BODNAM, IN CORNWALL.

To the Tune of "Chevy Chace."

When kings have lost their reignes and power,
Then clouds upon us judgements showre.

[July 27, 1647.]

FROM the King's Pamphlets, fol. broadsides, vol. 5. I have not been able to trace any account of the pretended prodigy which is made the subject of this ballad. It was evidently written by some one of the royalists who were busy in trying to turn the minds of the army from the parliament to the king. On the popularity of the tune and words of "Chevy Chace," see Chappell's "National Airs," p. 21. The whole

appears to be a satire on the marvellous prodigies which were at that time so commonly hawked about. In spite of their enmity to the prejudices of their forefathers, the Commonwealth men were superstitious enough to believe that the birth of monstrous children, the catching of wonderful fish or animals, meteors in the air, &c. were signs of political movements and revolutions.

SOME talke of battailes in the aire
And comets in the skies,
But now wee'll tell a tale more rare
Of great and monstrous flies.

In Cornwall this strange sight was seen,
At Bodnam town by name,
Which will be justified still
By a lawyer of great fame.

At mid-day when the skie was cleare
A thick cloud did arise,
Which, falling downe upon the earth,
Dissolved into flies.

This hell-bred cloud did look so big,
So black, and did so loure,
It could not rest untill her paunch
Those flies all out did poure.

They in such mighty numbers fell
Upon the green grasse ground,
And did so cover all the earth,
That nought else could be found.

Their numbers did increase so fast,
Almost a whole hours space,
That they a foot and more were seen
To cover all that place.

No grasse nor flowers for the time
Were seen for to appeare ;
The like was not in England knowne,
God knowes ! this many a yeare.

Their bodys green, their wings were white,
As it appeares most true,
By letters sent from Bodnam towne
By those we never knew.

These flies, as soon as they were borne
Fell dead upon the ground ;
And, to say truth, they lay so thick,
The like was never found.

Which made the people all to muse,
To see that gastly sight,
Which did continue on the ground
All that whole day and night.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same Tune.

So when the Lord was pleas'd to frowne,
And shew his powerfull hand,

He rained frogs and lice upon
All the Ægyptian land.

All which was for their sinnes so great,
So wicked, fowle, and dire,
They did deserve the judgement just
Of brimstone and of fire.

And yet they never did rebel
Against their king and crown ;
Nor had such vices in their streets,
As hath our London towne ;

Who hath maintain'd this bloody warre
Against a cause so just,
And have destroy'd their gracious prince,
For to maintaine their lust.

Wherefore repent, you citizens,
And take you warning all,
Lest that the heavens, in discontent,
In thunder on you fall.

In lice and locusts, worms and frogs,
In raine, in haile, and stormes,
In lightning, plague, and pestilence,
In poxes and in hornes.

Now if these plagues you will prevent,
Which will your corne destroy,

See that you presently repent,
And sing "Vive le Roy!"

God grant us peace, which will not be,
Unlesse our gracious king
Enjoy his rights and dignities,
His queen, and every thing.

God send Sir Thomas Fairfax right,
And send us our areares ;*
And bring the king to towne againe,
Sans jealousies and feares.

T. W.

Printed in the year of Miracles, 1647.

THE CITIES LOYALTIE TO THE KING.

[Aug. 13. 1647.]

THE city of London was the stronghold of the Presbyterians, and during the summer and autumn of the present year made several demonstrations to support their party in the parliament against the Independents and the army. In the latter end of September, after the army had marched to London, and the parliament acted under its influence, the lord mayor and a large part of the aldermen were committed to the Tower on the charge of high treason ; and a new mayor for the rest of the year was appointed by the parliament. The following ballad is printed from the King's Pamphlets, fol. broadsides, vol. 5.

* The payment of their arrears was one of the demands of the army.

WHY kept your train-bands such a stirre?
why sent you them by clusters?
Then went into Saint James's Parke?
why took you then their musters?
Why rid my lord up Fleet-street
with coaches at least twenty,
And fill'd they say with aldermen,
as good they had been empty.
London is a brave towne,
yet I their cases pittie;
Their mair and some few aldermen
have cleane undone the city.

The prentices are gallant blades,
and to the king are clifty;
But the lord mair and aldermen
are scarce so wise as thrifty.
He pay for the apprentices,
they to the king were hearty;
For they have done all that they can
to advance their soveraignes party.
London, &c.

What's now become of your brave Poyntz?
and of your generall Massey ?*

* Poyntz and Massey were staunch Presbyterians, and their party counted on their assistance in opposing the army: but they withdrew, when the quarrel seemed to be near coming to extremities.

If you petition for a peace,
these gallants they will slash yee.
Where now are all your reformadoes ?
to Scotland gone together.
'Twere better they were fairly trusst,
then they should bring them thither.
London, &c.

But if your aldermen were false,
or Glyn, that's your Recorder !*
Let them never betray you more,
but hang them up in order.
All these men may be coach't as well
as any other sinner,
Up Holborne, and ride forward still
to Tyburne to their dinner.
London, &c.

God send the valiant Generall may
restore the king to glory !†
Then that name I have honoured so,
will famous be in story ;
While if he doe not, I much feare
the ruine of the nation,
And (that I should be loth to see)
his houses desolation.

* Glynn was one of the eleven members impeached by the army. See further on.

† It was believed at this time that Fairfax was favourable to the restoration of the king.

London is a brave towne,
yet I their cases pittie;
Their mair and some few aldermen
have cleane undone the city.

THE MEMBERS JUSTIFICATION.

[Aug. 13, 1647.]

IN June, the officers of the army had framed articles of impeachment against eleven members of the House of Commons who were most strongly opposed to their demands, and whom they charged with conspiring against the liberties of the subject, and with fomenting jealousies between the parliament and the army. These members were Denzil Hollis, Sir Philip Stapleton, Sir William Lewis, Sir John Clotworthy, Sir William Waller, Sir John Maynard, Major-General Massey, Mr. Glynn (Recorder of London), Colonel Walter Long, Colonel Edward Harley, and Anthony Nichols, Esq. In July, when the army approached towards London, these eleven members obtained leave to absent themselves on condition of returning at a certain time to answer to the charges exhibited against them, and the greater number of them crossed the sea to Calais, and went thence to Holland. This ballad is printed from the King's Pamphlets, fol. broadsides, vol. 5.

DEN. HOLLIS is a gallant man,
and was for them too crafty;
What he pretended for the king,
was for the members safety.
Sir Stapleton's* a stern brave boy,
although his spouse be courtly;

* Sir Philip Stapleton, a Yorkshire knight, had been distinguished by his activity in the service of the Parliament,

to Yorke He went, and's labour lost,—
 he could not bring Frank Wortley,*
 The Parliament hath sitten close,
 as ere did knight in saddle ;

both in the house and in the army, from the beginning of the troubles, and was one of the ' five members.' He represented the borough of Heydon, in Yorkshire, and was one of those who went to Calais, and he died there of the plague soon after his arrival. On the 28th Sept. 1647, was published in 4to. "A Short and True Narrative of the Departure from England, Sicknes, and Death, of that late worthy Knight Sir Philip Stapleton."

* Sir Francis Wortley, Bart. of Wortley in Yorkshire, was at that time a prisoner in the Tower. He had been distinguished from the beginning of the war by his zeal for the king's cause. In 1642, he presented a petition of the Yorkshire gentry to the king, which gave umbrage to the parliament, and he was accused of being rude to the parliament's committee. He published a defence of his conduct, entitled "A Declaration from York, by Sir Francis Wortley, knight and baronet. In vindication of himself from divers aspersions and rumours, concerning the drawing of his sword and other actions, wherein he desires to give the world satisfaction." 4to. London, 1642. After the king had raised his standard, Sir Francis Wortley raised a troop of horse, fortified his own house, and continued for some time a series of vexatious depredations on the parliament's garrisons. The mission of Sir Ralph Stapleton, is alluded to in a ballad published in the *Loyal Songs*, ed. 1731. (i. 56.)—

"I went down, quoth Sir Ralph Stapleton, with musquet, pike,
 and drum,
 To fetch Sir Francis Wortley up, but truly he'd not come."

Sir Francis Wortley was made a prisoner in 1644 at the taking of Walton House, near Wakefield, by Sir Thomas Fairfax. While in the Tower, he amused himself with writing ballads against the governing powers, of which the present is perhaps one. He also published, "Characters and Elegies. By Francis Wortley, knight and baronet." 4to. 1646. The subjects of the elegies are chiefly distinguished royalists who fell in battle.

For they have sitten full six yeares,
and now their eggs prove addle.

Brave Fairfax did himself besiege
poore Franke, and him hath undone ;
Yet lost more men in taking him,
then he did taking London.
Now whither is Will. Waller gone
to sea with Prince Elector ?*
Will he forsake his lady so,
and leave her no protector ?
The Parliament, &c.

Jack Maynard† is a loyall blade,
yet blind as any beetle ;
He purchases the bishops lands,
yet scarce can see Pauls steeple.
Both Glyn and Harlow are for Wales,‡
and Lewis for his madams ;§
These Brittaines will not change their bloods,
with Noah's, no, scarce with Adams,
The Parliament, &c.

* Sir William Waller, the well-known parliamentary general, was one of those who escaped over the sea.

† Sir John Maynard, with Glynn, remained in London after they had obtained leave of absence from the house. In the September following they were expelled the house, and both committed to the Tower on the charge of high-treason.

‡ Col. Edward Harley, brother of Sir Robert Harley, was one of the members for Herefordshire, then considered almost as much Welsh as English. John Glynn, serjeant-at-arms, and recorder of London, was member for Carnarvon.

§ Sir William Lewis was one of those who fled over sea. He was member for Petersfield, in Hampshire.

Clotworthy* is a zealous man,
 yet hath his purse well lined ;
 So hath Wat Long,† yet he's, we know,
 religiously inclined.
 But Nichols‡ is for Pluto's court,
 in inquest of his father,
 Or's unckle Pym, and there he found
 Strowd, Hambden, Pym together.
 The Parliament, &c.

These three have Pluto's Mercury sent,
 and wonder they prove such men,
 To make three kingdoms one poor state,
 and doe it worse then Dutchmen.
 Their synod§ now sits in great feare,
 and so does Jack Presbyter,||

* Sir John Clotworthy also passed the sea. He was an active parliamentarian, and was one of the committee who framed the charge against the Earl of Strafford. During the present year he acted on several occasions as one of the commissioners sent by the parliament to treat with the army.

† Walter Long escaped to France.

‡ Anthony Nichols was member for the borough of Bossiney, in Cornwall. He attempted to pass the sea, but was arrested on the way, and brought back.

§ The synod for the suppression of heresies, blasphemies, sects, &c.

|| The name Jack Presbyter, or Sir John Presbyter (to characterise the cause of the Presbyterians), had become proverbial. Among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum are several satirical tracts on the "death" of Sir John Presbyter. Sanderson, in his "History of the Reign of King Charles," speaking of the religious affairs of the year 1643, says, "then began Jack Presbyter (so styled) to be baffled in every pamphlet, and they [the Presbyterians] again to return encounters."

That we shall have a king againe,
and once more see a miter.

Yet they have sitten wondrous close,
as ere did knight in saddle ;
For they have sitten full seven yeeres,
and now their eggs prove addle.

PRATTLE YOUR PLEASURE

(UNDER THE ROSE.)

[Aug. 21, 1647.]

From the King's Pamphlets, fol. broadsides, vol. 5.

There is an old proverb which all the world knowes,
Any thing may be spoke, if't be under the rose.
Then now let us speake, whilst we are in the hint,
Of the state of the land and th' enormities in't.

Under the rose be it spoke, there is a number of knaves,
More then ever were known in a state before ;
But I hope that their mischiefs have digg'd their
own graves,
And wee'l never trust knaves for their sakes any more.

Under the rose be it spoken, the citie's an asse
So long to the publique to let their gold run,
To keep the king out ; but 'tis now come to passe.
I am sure they will lose, whosoever has wonne.

Under the rose be it spoken, there's a company of men,
 Traine bands* they are called, a plague confound 'em;
 And when they are waiting at Westminster-hall,
 May their wives be beguiled and begot with child all!

Under the rose be it spoken, there's a damn'd com-
 mittee,†
 Sits in hell (Goldsmiths hall) in the midst of the city;
 Only to sequester the poore cavaliers:—
 The Devil take their soules, and the hangman their
 ears !‡

Under the rose be it spoke, if you do not repent
 Of that horrible sin, your pure Parliament;
 Pray stay till Sir Thomas doth bring in the king,
 Then Derrick§ may chance have them all in a string.

Under the rose be't spoke, let the synod now leave
 To wrest the whole Scripture, poore soules to deceive;
 For all they have spoke or taught will ne'er save 'em,
 Unless they will leave that fault, hell's sure to have
 'em.

Mr. Finis.

Mr. An. Dom. 1647.

* The trained bands of the city had been drawn out to support the Presbyterian interest.

† The Committee of Sequestrators.

‡ Under the Stuarts, the cutting off the ears by the executioner was a very common punishment for trifling political offences.

§ Probably the name of the hangman.

I THANK YOU TWICE ;

OR,

The city courting their owne ruine,
Thank the parliament twice for their treble undoing.

[Aug. 21, 1647.]

From the King's Pamphlets, folio broadsides, vol. 5.

THE hierachy is out of date ;
Our monarchy was sick of late ;
But now 'tis grown an excellent state ;
Oh God-a-mercy, parliament !

The teachers knew not what to say ;
The prentices have leave to play ;*
The people have all forgotten to pray ;
Still God-a-mercy, parliament !

The roundhead and the cavalier
Have fought it out almost seven yeare,
And yet (methinks) they are never the neere ;
Oh God &c.

The gentry are sequestred all ;
Our wives you find at Goldsmiths-hall,
For there they meet with the divell and all :
Still God &c.

* See before, the note on p. 18.

The parliament are grown to that height,
They care not a pin what his majesty saith ;
And they pay all their debts with the publique faith ;
Oh God &c.

Though all we have here is brought to nought,
In Ireland we have whole lordships bought,*
And there we shall one day be rich 'tis thought ;
Still God &c.

We must forsake our father and mother,
And for the state undoe our own brother,
And never leave murthering of one another ;
Oh God &c.

Now the king is caught, and the divell is dead ;
Fairefax must be disbanded,†
Or else he may chance to be Hothamed.‡
Still God &c.

They have made king Charles a glorious king ;
He was told (long a-goe) of such a thing ;
Now he and his subjects have reason to sing,
Oh God-a-mercy, parliament !

Mr. Finis.

Mr. An. Dom. 1647.

* The rebels' lands in Ireland were confiscated and put to sale at low rates, in order to people the country with English planters.

† The parliament had voted the disbanding of the army.

‡ See before, the note on p. 9.

THE
DAGONIZING OF BARTHOLOMEW FAYRE,
CAUSED THROUGH THE LORD MAIORS COMMAND FOR THE
BATTERING DOWNE THE VANITIES OF THE GENTILES
COMPREHENDED IN FLAG AND POLE APPERTAYNING
TO PUPPET-PLAY.

[The 23. of August, being the day before the Apostolick
Fayre.]

THE following satirical ballad is given from the fifth volume of the folio broadsides, among the King's Pamphlets, Brit. Mus., as a curious picture of the times.

ON August, foure and twentieth eve,
The cities soveraigne and the shrieve
To Smithfield came, if you'l beleeeve,
to see th' ungodly flagges.
The livery men were sore put to't ;
Though some wore shoe, and some wore boot,
They w're all constrained to tramp on foot,—
God save 'em !

Entring through Duck-lane at the Crowne,
The soveraigne cit began to frowne,
As if 't abated his renowne,
the paint did so o'retop him,
“ Downe with these dagon's !” then quoth he,
“ They outbrave my dayes regality.”
For's pride and partiality,
Jove crop him !

“ I'le have no puppet-playes,” quoth he,
“ The harmlesse-mirth displeaseth me,
Begun on August twenty-three,—
'tis full twelve houres too early.”

A yonker then began to laugh ;
'Gainst whom the major advanc't white staffe,
And sent him to the compter safe,
sans parly.

Another mortall had a clout,
Which on a long pole did hang out ;
At which the maior turnd up his snout,
for he was then advancing.
Mounted with him came both the shrieves,
And catchpoles with their hanging sleeves,
They shew'd much like a den of thieves,
though prauncing.

With that my lord did silence breake,
He op'd his mouth, and thus did speake,—
"Tis fittest" quoth he, "that the weake
unto the walls should goe."
There was a varlet (close at hand)
To execute gold chaine's command,
Pull'd wight away straight, notwithstanding
fowle 'twas.

He that shew'd wonders made of wax,
Spoke in behalfe of his fine knacks,
Quoth he, "we spit no fire of flax,
nor such like puppet showes.
Besides we show his excellence."
Quoth maior, "that is a faire pretence :

God's-nigs! tis time that I were hence!"
s' away h' goes.

On top of booth sat Pudding John,*
(Lord would be loath to sit thereon,)
I'me sure he wisht his lordship gone,
yet durst not tell him so.
But when his lordship left the fayre,
John set up throat did rend the ayre,
And glad he was, he lowd did sweare,
he was gone.
So was Mr. Finis.

THE POORE COMMITTEE-MANS ACCOMPT,

AVOUCED BY BRITANNICUS.

[Aug. 26, 1647.]

THE large sums of money required to support the great exertions of the Parliament, particularly in the present year, when the Scots, who had been brought into England, demanded

* Pudding John, or Jack Pudding, was a proverbial expression of the times for a Merry-Andrew. In an old English-German Dictionary it is explained thus:—" *Jack-Pudding*, un buffon de théâtre, *deliciæ populi*, ein Hanswurst, Pickelhering." The term was applied as a soubriquet to any man who played the fool to serve another person's ends.—"And first Sir Thomas Wrothe (*Jack Pudding* to Prideaux the post-master) had his cue to go high, and feele the pulse of the hous." History of Independency, p. 69 (4to. 1648).

their pay, and the English army was crying out for its arrears, formed a fruitful subject of discontent. Some of the parliament's taxes, particularly the excise, were of a novel character. Much money was raised about this time by the sequestrations and compositions of the royalists, by selling Irish lands, disposing of the lands belonging to the bishops' sees in England, and by other means, which drew forth bitter invectives from those who were sufferers, and from political opponents. The two ballads which follow, both preserved in the fifth volume of the folio broadsides, refer to this subject.

O YES! behold, here's my accompt,
I'm ready for to make it;
If any man who loves the king
will please to come and take it.
I am not as the cavaliers
are pleas'd to call me, traytor;
I am a poore committees clerke,
a simple harmlesse creature.
That this is true you need not doubt,
examine Mr. Needham;*
Hee'l tell you true, and sweare it too,
'tis for the kingdomes freedome.

* Marchamont Nedham, or Needham, a very prolific writer of pamphlets in the days of the Commonwealth, who has been characterized as "a model of political prostitutes." He published, from 1643 to 1646, a scurrilous republican weekly paper, entitled "*Mercurius Britannicus*;" after the stoppage of this paper, he commenced the "*Mercurius Pragmaticus*," a royalist paper, which was continued till 1649, in which year he began the "*Mercurius Politicus*," which went on and supported the protectorate till 1660. The first of these publications caused him to be commonly spoken of under the name of *Britannicus*.

Free pole-money; free money lent
upon the propositions;
Free money rais'd for Irish lands,
but God knowes the conditions!
Free money lent on ordinance;
free subsidies full fifty;
If our committees grow not rich,
He never think them thrifty.
That this is true, &c.

The fifth-and twentieth part, excise,
customes and sequestrations;
The kings revenues too we have,
besides the great taxations;
And that great tax is monthly laid
upon the associated,
Which comes to threescore thousand-pounds
a month, if rightly stated.
That this is true, &c.

But, O! that Tophet, Goldsmiths-hall,
where men make composition,
Which gets (they say) the devill and all,
that Spanish inquisition!
If any Dives should fall sicke
and dye (as men are sickly),
They would his heire a Lazarus make,
and they would doe it quickly.
That this is true, &c.

They say they fourescore thousand had,
some make it up a hundred;
Suppose foure hundred pound a man,
a sum scarce to be numbred.
The bishops lands are but a toy,
with such great summes compared;
Yet those we hope will one day come
amongst us to be shared.*
That this is true, &c.

Ship-money was a hideous thing;†
these payments are but trifles;
That was enjoined by the king,
all law and justice stifles:
These toyes the Parliament enjoynes,
therein all subjects share too;
Yet they who at the stern doe sit.
for this will take a care too.
That this is true, &c.

Alas! why should such men pay debts,
the cavaleeres did plunder?
If not, yet they their charges beare:
then is it not a wonder
The wicked should say they grow rich,
who but contrive the payments,

* The bishops' lands were brought to sale at the latter end of this year, and in the year following.

† It is scarcely necessary to observe that the illegal levying of ship-money by the king was one of the immediate causes of the civil war.

And of the publike stock take care?
their gains scarce finds them rayments.
That this is true, &c.

These men defie all wicked tongues,
that challenge close committees.
Let them throw stones have don no wrong.
is't not a thousand pitties,
Such carefull pious men as those
who have done their endeavors
To purge the church and wicked state,
should now be thought deceivers?
That this is true, &c.

Suppose they have a publick stock,
sure that must be concealed;
It was but for the publike rais'd,
and it shall be revealed.
We know that were the stock as great
as Davids, which amounted
To such a summe, we have such men,
it need not to be counted.
That this is true you need not doubt,
examine Mr. Needame;
Hee'l tell you true, and sweare it too,
'tis for the kingdomes freedome.

THE COMMITTEE-MANS COMPLAINT AND THE SCOTS HONEST USAGE.

[London, Aug. 26, 1647.]

THIS ballad relates to the same subject as the foregoing. The Scots army had been called in to the aid of the parliament in the latter part of the war. Their discipline was not equal to that of the English army, and, frequently labouring under want of money and provisions, their behaviour had in some instances given considerable dissatisfaction. This was at the present time much increased by the strong Presbyterian bias of the Scots, and the jealousy thereby excited among the English Independents.

I am a poore committee-man,
 (although there be not many);
Yet where the bonny blue-caps come,
 those sure are poore, if any.
The north was call'd the barren land,
 we pittied were at London;
To us the plagues of Egypt came,
 and have our countries undone.
You need not goe too farre to aske;
 examine Mr. Needam,
Hee'le sweare all that the Scots have done,
 is for the kingdomes freedome.

That money was first sent to them,
 but summon'd them together;
The next great sum was for them rays'd,
 that was to bring them hither;

Our loyall friends who call'd the Scots,
now heartily abhorre them;
But that Sir Thomas Fairfax came,
they had not now sent for them.
You need not, &c.

Then northern locusts to us came
in swarmes like bees together;
But they may thanke their generall King,
or they had nere raught lither.
Had he becne like Sir Marmaduke,*
we then had struck a battell,
And made the bonny blue-cap run
to Tweede like summer cattell.
You need not, &c.

But they into our country came;
and will you know the reason:
'Twas for our *gudes* they came, they say,
and that could be no treason.
No sooner were they come, but they
our *gudes* began to plunder,†
And left us nothing but our soyle,
that they could beare or sunder.
You need not, &c.

* Sir Marmaduke Langdale.

† The Scots, who had been called in to the aid of the parliament, were ill-disciplined, and committed many depredations and vexations on the country through which they had to pass, or where they were stationed.

They left us sicknesses and sinnes,
(the darlings of that nation ;)

The flux, the nastie pestilence,
lust, pride, dissimulation.

Besides they have infected us
with strange religious treasons ;
And maskt them with a covenant,*
more to abuse our reasons.

You need not, &c.

Besides their money monthly rays'd,
our lands were sequestrated,
Two hundred thousand pounds they got
and all their demands stated.

All what they likt, our horse and armes
they tooke, so they disarm'd us ;
And left the north as poore as Job,
and swore our wealthe but harm'd us.

You need not, &c.

They out of Yorkshire carryed more
than would have bought two Scotlands ;
Yet could not keepe our horse alive,
they have lesse grass than oat-lands.

Our men in Scotland dy'd like dogs,
with change of ayre and dyet,
With *gude* oatmeale, long and short keale,
yet will they not be quiet.

You need not, &c.

* The Scots, when they were called in, demanded, as one of the conditions, a covenant for the establishment and support of the Presbyterian church government.

This Needam is Britannicus,*
 so they mis-name the creature;
 There's scarce a car-man in the towne,
 but dares proclaime him traytor.
 And for the bonny Blue-Cap,
 we'll be so bold to tell him,
 Had he his *gude* king Charles againe
 for *siller* he would sell him.†
 But since the south to save themselves,
 the royall north have undone,
 We hope there is a northern man
 may now come even with London,
 You need not goe too far to aske,
 examine Mr. Needam;
 Hee'le sweare all that the Scots have done,
 is for the kingdomes freedome.

* Needham's pseudonyme of Britannicus (see our former note, p. 56), is of frequent occurrence in the political writings of the day. Among the Rurap Songs (Ed. 1665) we have a poem entitled, "On Britannicus his leap three story high, and his escape from London," of which the opening lines are,—

"Paul from Damascus in a basket slides,
 Cran'd by the faithful brethren down the sides
 Of their embattel'd walls, Britannicus,
 As loath to trust the brethren's *God with us*,
 Slides too, but yet more desperate, and yet thrives
 In his descent; needs must! the devil drives!"

† The Scots had sold the king to the parliament, or at least they had delivered him up on an understood condition of receiving satisfaction to their pecuniary demands.

A LA MODE.

THE CITIES PROFOUND POLICIE IN DELIVERING THEMSELVES,
THEIR CITIE, THEIR WORKS AND AMMUNITION, INTO
THE PROTECTION OF THE ARMIE.

[Aug. 27, 1647.]

THE city of London, after many threats and preparations for defence, submitted to the demands of the army, then quartered in the neighbourhood of Brentford, in the beginning of August, and shortly afterwards the army advanced to the city. The two following ballads relate to these events. They are taken from the fifth volume of folio broadsides.

BRAVE citizens, you have done well,
To make your slaves your masters ;
Your policie it doth excell,—
Your groomes will be your tasters.
My lord mayor and the aldermen,
Your gownes must make them breeches ;
And if you do retort agen,
They'l make you eat your speeches.
O brave common counsell men !
O brave trained-bands !
When do you thinke to get againe
The staffe in your own hands ?

The apprentices did vapour much,
They'd bang the army soundly ;
And yet their valour proved such,
They durst not go to't roundly.
Massey was made the generall
Of all your mighty forces ;

But when he on the foe should fall,
He wanted men and horses.

O brave common-counsell men !

O brave trained-bands !

When do you thinke to get againe
The staff in your owne hands ?

Where's Hollis, now, and Stapleton ?
Jack Maynard, and Clotworthy ?
And where is Prynne and Poyntz* now gone,
To purge them of the scurvy ?
And Glyn and Lewis have left all
Within at six and sevens ;
And Waller's gone to Gloucester-Hall,
To visit Mrs. Stevens.

O brave common-counsell men, &c.

The soldiers now, even where they wish,
Will in your citie quarter ;
And 'fore you taste of every dish,
And for your wives will barter ;
Your dainty ducks whose soles nere treads
Upon the earth that bears them,
They now will towse upon your beds,
Your antlers nothing scares them.

O brave common-counsell men, &c.

* Pointz, one of the Presbyterian commanders, followed Massey to Holland. Prynne is well known as a hot Presbyterian ; he was one of those who advocated most warmly the forcing of the other sectaries to conformity.

Sir Thomas now will make his peace,
Even as his owne selfe listeth;
And meanes to stew you in your grease;
The army with him twisteth
New halters manie for to hang,
Those that meant to oppose him.
Tell truth, do not your hearts cry twang,
That ere at first you chose him?
O brave common-counsell men, &c.

And now the royallists will sing
Aloud, Vive le Roy;
The commons will imbrace their king
With an unwonted joy.
And where's now all your coine and toile?
'Tis vanish'd into aire;
You may get more, if that you moile
Now at S. Bartholmew's faire.
O brave common-counsell men, &c.

If Fairfax now his soveraigne bring
To London to his people,*
Each parish bells for joy shall ring,
Till they knock downe the steeple.
And Sir Thomas his renown
Will like S. Georges hallow;

* The king was at this time with the army: but he was already meditating his escape, and soon afterwards fled to the Isle of Wight.

Tom May* shall all his acts write downe,
Or Withers† that Apollo.

O brave common-counsell men, &c.

The Scots do whine that they have lost
Their hopes at once;—deare Jockey,
Thy fine presbyterie quite is crost,
The English doe but mock yee.
The coine that is behind of pay
For selling of the king,
You'l have the cleane contrary way,—
Sir Thomas will it bring.

O brave common-counsell men, &c.

The trained bands, alas! are tyr'd,
Their works they cannot man them;
And therefore have the army hyr'd,
Who like to chaffe doe fan them.
The tower too great a trouble was,
They wanted a constable;
And therefore they did bring't to passe
Sir Thomas might be able.

O brave common-counsell men, &c.

* Thomas May was a poet and dramatist of eminence at this period.

† George Withers, the celebrated and prolific poet of the Commonwealth.

Case* now doth doubt calamitie
 Will seize on the presbyterie;
 Calamie† doubts the case will bee,
 So as to see't were pitie.
 The synod now doth greatly doubt,
 That bishops and the service
 Will once again be brought about,
 Before it please Tom Gervice.

O brave common-counsell men, &c.

Overton‡ now may walke abroad;
 Stone walls are weak to hold him,
 As Lilburne§ that same demie-god
 Prophetickly hath told him.

* Thomas Case, an eminent Presbyterian preacher and writer of the city. He wrote many tracts, and published numerous sermons, particularly during the years 1644, 1646, and 1647. He is alluded to in another song of the time,—

“ This made Mr. Case, with a pittiful face,
 In the pulpit to fall a weeping;
 Though his mouth utter'd lyes, truth fell from his eyes,
 Which kept our Lord Mayor from sleeping.”

† The celebrated Dr. Edmund Calamy, one of the most voluminous of the Presbyterian writers of this age.

‡ Richard Overton, is spoken of in one of the newspapers, published in February of the present year, as a “ prerogative” prisoner in Newgate. He was the author of many political pamphlets against the Presbyterians, several of which are dated from Newgate.

§ John Lilburne was at this time a prisoner in the Tower, for publishing pamphlets against Cromwell, against whose life he had been engaged in a conspiracy.

And you may goe and shake your cares,
Who had, and could not hold it,
What you had strove for many yeares
And got, you now have sold it.

O brave common-counsell men, &c.

You need not now to Westminster
To march with fife and drumme,
The army soe your goods preferre
They will supply your roome;
The modells now and you may lie
Abed till noone, and please yee;
The armie will your place supplie,
All this is done to ease yee.

O brave common-counsell men, &c.

And now what doe yee lack, fond men?
Alas! you wanted knowledge!
Who would have thought when you had been
So long at Gotham Colledge,*

* The "Merry Tales of the wise Men of Gotham" were remarkably popular at this period, and are frequently quoted in the songs and satires of the time. In one of Alexander Brome's poems, "On the demolishing the Forts," after the city had submitted to the army in 1647, one of these Gothamite stories is applied to the citizens' fortifications,—

"They went to make a Gotham on't,
For now they did begin
To build these mighty banks about,
To keep the cuckols in.

"Alas! what need they take such pains?
For why, a cucko here
Might find so many of his mates,
Hee'l sing here all the year."

You should not know to bargaine well,
But so to maime your charter;
The after-ages will you tell,
You did not wisely barter.

O brave common-counsell men!

O brave trained bands!

When do you thinke to get againe
The staffe in your owne hands.

Printed in the year 1647.

THE CITIES THANKES TO SOUTHWARKE FOR GIVING THE ARMY ENTRANCE.

We thank you more than we will say,
But tis the cleane contrary way.

[Sept. 1. 1647.]

THE army was first received into Southwark. The following account of its advance to the city is given by Sanderson, "History of the Life and Raigne of King Charles."

"On Hounslow Heath they rendezvouz, twenty thousand men, horse and foot, with a great train of artillery to astonish the city: and therefore such of the parliament as trusted to the soldiers were there present, the earls of Northumberland, Salisbury, and Kent, the lords Wark, Howard, Wharton, Say, and Moulgrave and others, fourteen in all, the speaker Mr. Lenthal of the Commons, and above a hundred more of their members. The city stand in a maze, unresolved and inconstant: The army in the meantime send a brigade under command of Rainsborough and Hewson over Kingstone bridge, and all night march to Southwark, being called thither in opposition to the city. Massey was busie, and knowing his own case desperate, sent out his scouts, and are met with and taken prisoners. Some of the train men would needs march out, and were

worsted and lost their colours : for the general was now near Brainford.

“ And therefore the city meet him with humble messages : that finding that his desires of marching so near, is to settle the members of the Lords and Commons in their liberties of parliament, to which the city will contribute all their power and service, and pray with all submission that he will please to send such a guard of several regiments as may conduct them to the parliament in safety, and that the passes and ports shall be set open for them, and what else to his excellencies command. 3. Aug.

“ But on came the brigades into Southwark to encompass the city, and Rainsborough, Hewson, Pride, and Thistlewel marched without opposition, but rather heartily welcome, till they came to the Bridge-gate of the city, which was shut and the portcullis let down, and a guard within. They make a stand and plant two pieces and set a guard without: then Hewson marched into St. George’s Fields, sends a summons to the great fort in the highway to Lambeth, which was suddenly surrendered by eight a clock that morning.

“ The Common Councel now sitting, post away messages to the general, who slowly comes on, and demands all the forts of the west side of the city to be commanded by him before six a clock at night. To which the city submit, professing how ready they are to comply with the army, and have given order to their militia for drawing o’f all forces and ordnance accordingly, and speedily to be effected. And that now next under Almighty God, we doe rely upon your excellencies honourable word for our safety and protection. 4 Aug.

“ But he comes on, and at Kensington is met by the city commissioners, by the members of both houses who had been driven away by tumult, and forthwith a declaration is published of the mutual joyning of the parliament and army, making null all acts passed by the members at Westminster, since the 26 of July last, and so all march together towards Westminster.

“ And by the way in Hide Park waits the Lord Mayor and his brethren to congratulate the good composure between the army and the city, and then to Westminster thus,

“ First Hamond’s regiment of foot, and Rich his horse,

next the Lord General Cromwels regiment of horse, and then the general on horseback with his life guard, the lords in coaches with the speaker of the commons and their members. Tomlinsons regiment of horse brought up the rear guard; and you must note that each soldier had a green branch in his hat, and at Charing Cross stood the common council, humbly ducking to his excellency, and so went on to the Parliament. And being sat in both houses, their first duty was to enact the general to be high constable of the Tower of London. The next was for a festival day on all sides, which the sorrowful city must nevertheless pay for. Then was the general sent for to receive the thanks of both houses for his preservation of their liberties. And to caress the army, a months pay is given to them as a largess for this great grace and favour.

“And the next day the general with the whole army, horse and foot, marched in triumph through the city, from eleven a clock till eight at night, the generals quarters went to Croyden, and the army all about in Essex and Kent from this day, being Saturday till Monday.”

WE thanke you, neighbours, for your love,

For sending for the army;

Which cannot prejudiciall prove,—

Alas! they'l never harme ye;

Nor to the city will they doe

But what is good and faire;

They will help all the suburbes too,

When frogs flie in the ayre.

You clownes and fooles that nothing know,

But are made for the slaughter,

By you our feares doe dayly grow,

Wee'l fit you for't hereafter.

Did ever men before like you
Send for their bane unto them;
And court their presence, whom they knew
Would but at best undoe them?
And give possession of their workes
To those whose undertakings
Show they will force men, like the Turkes,
To serve gods of their makings?

You knaves and dolts that, &c.

May those that on the Thames doe plow,
And unto our side ferry,
Breake oares and armes, as they doe row,
And each man split his wherry!
May the huge porpoise swallow them,
And neer like Jonas shore them!
And may their sinnes still follow them,
And, dead, no man deplore them!

You skabs and varlets, nothing, &c.

D'ee think the army will regard
Men that are so perfidious?
And not at length give you reward
That shall be home and hideous?
They wisely doe the treason love,
But yet the traytors hate;
And may you them to mercy move,
When it shall be too late!

You lumpish elves that, &c.

Did we make you our trustees, to
Doe as you thought fitting?
And did we give our lives to you,
Unto our selves unwitting?
If not, how durst you be so bold
Our foes for to invite,
And with them treatie for to hold,
Ere we thought requisite?
Ye trayterous guls, &c.

May boystrous Thames swell high with rage,
And cause an inundation,
Which nothing but your lives may swage!
Let Boreas take his station
Upon your houses, and with them
Into the river sweep you,
Where slaves to Neptunes diadem
May he for ever keepe you!
Ye cravens that doe, &c.

And what now have you gained since that
You did that sordid action?
You may expect you know not what
In way of satisfaction.
But shall we tell you what it is
That we for thanks intend you;
We know you for our foes in this,
And let the divell mend you.
Ye sordid coxcombes, who nought know, &c.

Alas! you wanted those would swill,
And drinke your hogsheads dry;*
That made you have so good a will
To send for the army.
They payd you ready money then,
But they'l doe so no more.
We owe you, and time will be when
We will wipe off our score!
You scoundrels that doe, &c.

Now to conclude, we give you thanks
For that your kinde intention;
And those many other pranks,
Which now we will not mention.
And we assure you when time serves,
We amply will requite you.
Even as it at our hands deserves,
But so as it shall spite you.
And so, ye rogues that nothing know,
But are made for the slaughter,
We shall to you your owne play show,
And fit you for't hereafter.

* Southwark was particularly remarkable for its numerous inns. Several of them still remain, as curious examples of the public-houses of our forefathers.

A JUSTIFICATION

OF THE SYNOD OF SION COLLEDGE AGAINST THOSE WHO SAY
THEY HAVE SATE LONG AND DONE NOTHING.

[Sept. 6, 1647.]

THE synod or committee of divines, appointed to consider the affairs of the church, and the establishment of religion, had been appointed in the summer of 1643, and held its meetings at Syon Colledge. A number of the petty sects which had arisen in and distracted Germany and the Low Countries during so many years, had been at different times imported into England, first, by the refugees in Elizabeth's time, and afterwards by missionaries who found ready hearers amid the agitations of the times. Among numerous tracts written to expose the practices and belief of the various sects in London and other parts of England, two of the most curious are "A Discovery of 29 Sects here in London, all of which, except the First, [i.e. the Protestant] are most Divilish and Damnable," 4to. 1641, and a broadside in verse, with a plate representing figures of the professors of the different creeds, and the title, "Catalogue of the Severall Sects and Opinions in England and other Nations. With a briefe Rehearsall of their false and dangerous Tenets." Lond. Jan. 19, 1646-7. The celebrated Gangræna, by Edwards, was also a violent attack upon the sectarians (and under cover of them on the Independents and the army), but they are attacked in it chiefly with scandalous tales, as was the manner of the time, most of which we may hope were false. The doctrines of the more objectionable sects aimed generally at the same result, self-justification and the substitution of wild abstract notions for practical doctrines. Their opponents of all kinds, and in all countries, took hold of certain expressions, and took advantage of the privacy to which they were compelled by persecutions, to lay to their charge vices of which they were without doubt generally innocent, but which were but too much countenanced by the violence and irregularities of some of the wilder sectarians on the continent.

During the present year, the attention of the parliament was frequently called to the increase of religious sects and

heresies. The 10th of March had been "set apart as a solemne day of Publicke Humiliation to seeke God's assistance for the suppressing and preventing of the growth and spreading of Errours, Heresies, and Blasphemies." On the 29th of April, 1646, a bill was introduced for the prevention of heresies and blasphemies, and, after having been laid aside on account of the press of other business, it was reproduced in September, and passed in the following month. The following ballad is taken from the fifth volume of the folio broadsides, Brit. Mus.

THE synod who dare to controule,
They sit in Sion house ;
The people look'd for mountaines, but
They have brought forth a mouse.
Each man four shillings hath a day ;
And do you think they'l lack-ho ?
When every man has so much pay,
To drink wine and tobacco.
The synod have full four years sate,
To find out a religion ;
Yet to conclude they know not what,
They want a new edition.

Say all wise men what shall we be ?
Brownists* or else Presbyters ?

* The Brownists, sometimes called Separatists, were an old sect in England: the following description of them is given in the "Discovery of 29 Sects." "This is a fellow which is all wit but the heade, he had rather heare a cobler or a feltmaker preach, so hee doth it *extempore*, then heare a premeditated sermon, pen'd and preach'd by a schollar who

Of the Antinomian heresie ?*
 Or Independent fighters ?†
 Shall we be harmlesse Adamites,‡
 And weare no clothes upon us ?
 Or shall we be base Catamites,
 And damne religion from us.
 The synod have, &c.

Shall we be brave Apostolicks ?
 Or else all turne mad Arrians ?
 Or shall we leave all cursed tricks,
 And bee Episcoparians ?
 Shall wee be of the Sect of Love,§
 And meet in upper roomes,

can distinguish and unlooke the secrets of the Scripture." The following satirical observation occurs in another political pamphlet of the time,—“And 'tis thought that if she were but admitted into a conventicle, she would make all the Brownists dance after her pipe to the tune of, Sweete sister Ruth, come kisse me now.”

* The Antinomians taught an equality of persons, and they held the doctrine of justifying faith or free grace, entirely independent of works.

† The army supported the Independents.

‡ The Adamites were a sect which arose amid the religious dissensions in Holland and Germany. They are said to have taught that the use of clothing was a corruption of man's nature and brought on by Adam's sin, and to have so far put this doctrine into practice that at their private meetings they all stripped themselves naked. In 1641 was published a 4to. pamphlet, entitled “A Nest of Serpents discovered. Or, a Knot of old Heretiques Revived, called the Adamites. Werein their originall, increase, and several ridiculous tenets are plainly laid open.”

§ The Family of Love was very famous in England in the

And doe as doth the spirit move
When as the sisters comes?
The synod have, &c.

Or shall we bee as late we were,
For government and order?
And have a king and monarchie,
With courts the truth to further?
Shall we have musick now and copes,
And kneel as we were wonted?
Instead of Presbyterian popes,
Have common prayer chaunted?
The synod have, &c.

Pray tell us what do you intend,
For wee'd be something faine.
Will you our former errorrs mend?
Or for one give us twaine?
Pray something now unto us shew;
Give us the bad or better;
Or what is old, or what is new;
And each will be your debtor.
The synod, &c.

time of the Commonwealth and during the Protectorate, and formed the subject of many pamphlets. The name alone, misinterpreted by political and religious opponents, was a fertile subject of satire and abuse. In the "Discovery," under the head of the "familie of love," we have the following account:—"Here's a loving sect presented to you: they thinke that a man may gaine salvation by shewing himselfe loving, especially to his neighbours wife; for by their law it is allowed for one man to lye with another mans wife whilst he sleepeth."

I wonder much that you should want,
Your learning being huge,
You having that same usurer
Ycleped doctor G—.
But he, good man ! is neare his end,
The bell now for him toles ;
Black Friers poore have praid for him,
Ere since he sold them coles.
The synod, &c.

Me thinks the place should help you make
Some truth for to relie on,
How heavenly king David spake,
When as he dwelt in Sion.
But it may be in that your place,
Things cannot well be scan'd ;
Why then I wish you fill'd that house
Is in the Holy Land.
The synod, &c.

The Anabaptists† are content
You should sit there for ever,

* Dr. Gouge, who was at this time an active member of the synod, and was remarkable for his usurious disposition. He is thus noticed in a contemporary publication :—"Dr. Gouge will never give ore buzng, so long as his foure shillings a day is continued, which with his selling of coales, for halfe in halfe profit, together with his interest on interest, for the money he hath out at use, will at length cram his bags up to the very throat, and himselfe be invironed with thousands of angels."—*Mercurius Pragmaticus*, No. 2 (Sept. 21-28, 1647).

† The Anabaptists were particularly famous in the church

And say as't please the Parliament,
 While they dip in the river ;
 The Brownists sure well pleased are
 To adde unto your fray ;
 The Familists* do domineere,
 Because you nothing say.
 The synod have, &c.

The Independents do rejoyce,
 They now have won the field ;
 They say it is the armies voice
 The Presbyters must yeeld.

history of the first half of the seventeenth century, on account of the troubles they had created in Holland and at Munster. They advocated the baptism of adults, by dipping in the river ; and as persons of both sexes were stripped naked for this purpose, it opened a fertile field of scandalous imputations.

* The Familists were a German sect, said to have been founded about the middle of the sixteenth century by one Henry Nicolas. They are thus described in the "Catalogue of the several Sects," 1647,—

Familists

"Where all things gospell that H. N. hath said,
 A strange confused worke were newly laid :
 A perfect state, like Adams, is pretended,
 Whilst outwardly each day God is offended ;
 No sabboth, but alike all daies shall be,
 If Familists may have their liberty."

One of the characteristics of the doctrines of this sect was the turning the practical parts of scripture into mere allegories. In 1645, appeared a 4to. tract, entitled, "A brief Discovery of the blasphemous Doctrine of Familisme, first conceived and brought forth into the world by one Henry Nicolas of the Low Countries of Germany about an hundred years agoe ; and now very boldly taught by one Mr. Randall and sundry others in and about the Citie of London," &c.

Now Case must unto Goodwin stoop,*
 And Calamie to Dell;†
 The Presbyters like rushes droop,—
 O this is wond'rous well!
 The synod, &c.

Some say, like tinkers you have dealt,
 Who mending of a kettle
 Do make two holes where one was felt,
 Or else things will not whittle;
 And under a most good pretence
 That we should find much ease,
 Religion is quite fled from hence,—
 Pray cure us this disease.
 The synod, &c.

Dub-dapper Sydrach Sympson‡ now
 Like unto Simia flickers;
 A deep and dread revenge doth vow
 On the schoolmaster Vicars.§

* Thomas Goodwin was one of the leading writers of the party of the Independents. Another minister, John Goodwin, was a zealous writer on the same side.

† William Dell was a writer on the side of the Independents. He was master of Caius College, Cambridge, and had published various tracts, on the subject of uniformity in religious belief, during the year 1646.

‡ Sydrack Simpson, a divine of the Independent party, was master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. In 1644 he had published a 4to. book, entitled, "The Anatomist anatomized; or an Answer to the Anatomy of Independency."

§ John Vicars was a zealous Presbyterian, now best known by his Parliamentary Chronicle. In 1648, he wrote a fierce book against John Goodwin.

And Edwards,* that same Hercules,
Will now write his Gangræna;
And therein praise the sectaries,
The like was never seen-a.
The synod, &c.

The army sweare they will have none
But Independents sway;
And that the Presbyters each one,
In office t'other day,
And voted one day, and then nul'd,
And then voted againe,
Shall all out of the house be pul'd,—
The others onely raigne.
The synod, &c.

And now farewell, O synod brave!
It is in vaine to think
We a religion ere shall have,
While that your pockets chink.
Four shillings ev'ry day, besides
Your greazie benefices,
Makes you to have enlarged sides,
But puls the truth in pieces.

* Thomas Edwards, a very zealous Presbyterian, and minister of Christ's-church, London, was an active controversialist at this time, and had recently (in 1646) published a bitter treatise against the "sectarians," under the title of "Gangræna." Edwards died in 1647.

The synod have full foure yeares sate,
 To finde out a religion;
 Yet to conclude they know not what,
 They want a new edition.

Printed in the year 1647.

THE BRAGGADOCIA SOULDIER AND THE CIVILL CITIZEN.

[Sept. 14, 1647.]

FROM the fifth volume of folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets, Brit. Mus. The subject of this ballad is the submission of the city to the army.

SEE how the sectists bustle now!
 The Independents sturre!
 London is tam'd, say they, as once
 Prince Rupert with his curre.*

* Prince Rupert's dog (like his monkey) was celebrated in its day. The prince seems to have been partial to animals. Among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum, the following relate particularly to this subject. "The Humerous Tricks and Conceits of Prince Roberts Malignant She-Monkey," &c. 4to. 1642. "An exact description of Prince Ruperts malignant She-Monkey, a great Delinquent: having approved her selfe a better Servant than his white Dog called *Boy*." 4to. 1643. In both these works is printed a short song, of which one of the stanzas is,—

"Prince Ruperts monkey is a toy,
 That doth exceed his dog call'd Boy,
 Which, through dogged folly,
 Both barks and bites,
 But this delights
 The Prince, when 's melancholy."

See how they prick their eares and cry,

“ Wee’l knock down all our foes!”

But spare the Divell, pray, for hee

Do’es not your side oppose.

Brave sparkes, indeed, brave cocks o’th game;

Gramercy, gun and sword!

They throw down all, and yet pretend

To advance the purer word.

On, sectists, on, and do your best,

To vindicate the Divell;

Away with reformation now,

And call her dirty snivell!

Up, prince of darknesse! come and raigne,—

Thy loyall subjects wayt;

Then call them, Satan, round about,

And sit againe in state.

Brave sparkes, indeed, &c.

Come hither, Pope, we give thee leave,

Thou hast no cause to feare;

Jingle thy keyes in England now,

The Divell raigneth here.

“Observations upon Prince Rupert’s White Dog called *Boy*: carefully taken by T. B. for that purpose imployed by some of quality in the City of London.” 4to. 1643. A poem on the Dog appeared after the fatal battle of Marston Moor, with the title,—“A Dog’s Elegy, or Rupert’s Tears, for the late Defeat given him at Marston-Moore. . . . Where his beloved Dog, named *Boy*, was killed by a valiant Souldier, who had skill in Necromancy.” 4to. London, July 27, 1644.

Religion's to the block condemn'd,
But none comes to relieve it;
Whilst hell unloads its gorge, and wee
Stand ready to receive it.

Brave sparkes, indeed, &c.

The sectists now are jolly men,
They've brought about their plot;
They say they will confute us now
With powder and with shot.
But stay! their cannons may bee crack'd,
Their shot cashier'd, and then
Their argument, I feare, will faile,
And lye i'th dust agen.

Brave sparkes, indeed, &c.

The Pope and Divell have engag'd,
The Independent too;
For what I know not, 't may bee this,
Our kingdome to undoe.
Heav'ns keep our soveraigne, king Charles,
From being rul'd by them!
Mee thinks the helmet is too neere
The princely diadem.

Brave sparkes, indeed, when they may thus,
With canon and with sword,
Un-king our state, un-church us too,
And yet advance the word.

But whither doth our kingdome run
With such precipitation,

As if it would go visit faine
The pit of desolation?
Heav'ns stop it quick, and heale our sicke
Forlorne distracted City!
Then give us hearts to play our parts,
And sing a gratefull ditty.

Would Heav'ns throw down these cocks o'th game,
That cry, Gramercy, sword!
Then should we hope to see againe
The purity o'the word.

Printed for J. L. 1647.

A LOYALL SONG,

OF THE ROYALL FEAST KEPT BY THE PRISONERS IN THE
TOWRE, AUGUST LAST, WITH THE NAMES, TITLES,
AND CHARACTERS OF EVERY PRISONER.

By SIR F. W., KNIGHT AND BARONET, PRISONER.

[Sept. 16, 1647.]

IN the negotiations between the king and the parliament during the summer and autumn of this year, the case of the royalist prisoners in the Tower was frequently brought in question. The latter seized the occasion of complaining against the rigours (complaints apparently exaggerated) which were exerted against them, and on the 16th June, 1647, was published "A True Relation of the cruell and unparallel'd Oppression which hath been illegally imposed upon the Gentlemen Prisoners in the Tower of London." The several petitions contained in this tract have the signatures of Francis Howard, Henry Bedingfield, Walter Blount, Giles Strangwaies, Francis Butler, Henry Vaughan, Thomas Lunsford, Richard Gibson, Tho. Violet, John Morley, Francis Wortley

Edw. Bishop, John Hewet, Wingfield Bodenham, Henry Warren, W. Morton, John Slaughter, Gilbert Swinhow.

On the 19th of August (according to the *Moderate Intelligencer* of that date) the king sent to the royal prisoners in the Tower two fat bucks for a feast. This circumstance was the origin of the present ballad. It was written by Sir Francis Wortley, one of the prisoners, and the author of at least two other ballads in this volume. This ballad, as we learn by the concluding lines, was to be sung to the popular tune of "Chevy Chace."

God save the best of kings, king Charles!
The best of queens, queen Mary!
The ladies all, Gloster and Yorke,
Prince Charles so like old Harry!*
God send the king his own again,
His Towre and all his coyners!
And blesse all kings who are to reigne,
From traytors and purloyners!
The king sent us poore traytors here,
(But you may guesse the reason)
Two brace of bucks to mend the cheere,
Is't not to eat them treason?

Let Selden search Cottons records,
And Royley in the Towre,
They cannot match the president,
It is not in their power.
Old Collet would have joy'd to've seen

* Old Harry is of course Henry the Eighth. The comparison is made again in other ballads of the age. At the present time the expression appears rather equivocal.

This president recorded ;
For all the papers hee ere saw
Scarce such an one afforded.

The king sent us, &c.

But that you may these traytors know,
I'll be so bold to name them ;
That if they ever traytors prove,
Then this record may shame them.
But these are well try'd loyall blades
(If England ere had any);
Search both the houses through and through
You'd scarcely finde so many.

The king sent us, &c.

The first and chiefe a marquesse* is,
Long with the state did wrestle ;
Had Ogle† done as much as he,
Th'ad spoild Will. Wallers castle.
Ogle had wealth and title got,
So layd down his commissions ;
The noble marquesse would not yield,
But scorn'd all base conditions.

The king sent us, &c.

* The Marquis of Winchester, the brave defender of his house at Basing, had been made prisoner by Cromwell at the storming of that house in 1645. Waller had been foiled in his attempt on this place in the year preceding.

† Sir John Ogle, one of the Royalist commanders, who was entrusted with the defence of Winchester Castle, which he surrendered on conditions, just before the siege of Basing House.

The next a worthy bishop* is,
Of schismaticks was hated ;
But I the cause could never know,
Nor see the reason stated.
The cryes were loud, God knowes the cause ;
They had a strange committee,
Which was a-foot well neere a yeare,
Who would have had small pittie.
The king sent us, &c.

The next to him is a Welsh judge,†
Durst tell them what was treason ;
Old honest David durst be good,
When it was out of season.
He durst discover all the tricks
The lawyers use, and knavery ;
And shew the subtile plots they use
To enthrall us into slavery.
The king sent us, &c.

Frank Wortly‡ hath a jovial soule,
Yet never was good club-man ;

* Wren, bishop of Ely, was committed to the Tower in 1641, accused with high "misdemeanours" in his diocese.

† David Jenkins, a Welsh judge, who had been made prisoner at the taking of Hereford, and committed first to Newgate and afterwards to the Tower. He refused to acknowledge the authority of the parliament, and was the author of several tracts published during the year (while he was prisoner in the Tower) which made a great noise.

‡ Sir Francis Wortley, Bart.

Hee's for the bishops and the church,
But can endure no tub-man.
He told Sir Thomas in the Towre,
Though he by him was undone,
It pleas'd him that he lost more men
In taking him, then London.*
The king sent us, &c.

Sir Edward Hayles† was wonderous rich;
No flower in Kent yeilds honey
In more abundance to the bee
Then they from him suck money;
Yet hee's as chearfull as the best;
Judge Jenkins sees no reason
That honest men for wealth should be
Accused of high treason.
The king sent us, &c.

Old Sir George Strangways‡ he came in;
Though he himself submitted,
Yet as a traytor he must be
Excepted and committed.
Yet they th' exception now take off,
But not the sequestrations,

* See before, p. 46.

† Sir Edward Hales, Bart. of Woodchurch, in Kent, had been member for Queenborough in the Isle of Sheppey. He was not a royalist.

‡ Sir George Strangways, Bart., according to the marginal note in the original. Another of the name, Sir John Strangways, was taken at the surrender of Sherborne Castle.

Hee must forsooth to Goldsmiths-hall,
The place of desolation.

The king sent us, &c.

Honest Sir Ben's* a reall man,
As ere was lapt in leather ;
But he (God blesse us) loves the king,
And therefore was sent hither.
He durst be sheriffe, and durst make
The Parliament acquainted,
What he intended for to doe,
And for this was attained.

The king sent us, &c.

Sir Benefield,† Sir Walter Blunt,
Are Romishly affected ;
So's honest Frank of Howards race,
And slaughter is suspected.‡
But how the Devill comes this about,
That papists are so loyall,
And those that call themselves Gods saints
Like Devils do destroy all?

The king sent us, &c.

* I have not been able to ascertain who was the person here alluded to.

† Sir Henry Bedingfield, Bart. of Norfolk; Sir Walter Blount, Bart. of Worcestershire; and Sir Francis Howard, Bart. of the North, were committed to the Tower on the 22nd of January, 1646.

‡ The horrible barbarities committed by the Irish rebels had made the Catholics so much abhorred in England, that every

Jack Hewet* will have wholesome meat,
 And drink good wine, if any;
 His entertainment's free and neat,
 His choyce of friends not many;
 Jack is a loyall hearted man,
 Well parted and a scholar;
 Hee'l grumble if things please him not,
 But never grows to choller.
 The king sent us, &c.

Gallant Sir Thomas†, bold and stout,
 (Brave Lunsford) children eateth;
 But he takes care, where he eats one,
 There he a hundred getteth;
 When Harlows wife brings her long bills,
 He wishes she were blinded;
 When shee speaks loud, as loud he swears,
 The woman's earthly minded.
 The king sent us, &c.

English member of that community was suspected of plotting the same massacres in England.

* Sir John Hewet, of Huntingdonshire, was committed to the Tower on the 28th of January 1645(-6)

† Sir Thomas Lunsford, Bart. the celebrated royalist officer, was committed to the Tower on the 22nd of Jan. 1646. The violence and barbarities which he and his troop were said to have perpetrated, led to the popular belief that he was in the habit of eating children.

“ From Fielding and from Vavasour,
 Both ill affected men ;
 From Lunsford eke deliver us,
 That eateth up children,
 (*Loyal Songs*, ed. 1731, i. 38.)

Sir Lewis* hath an able pen,
Can cudgell a committee;
He makes them doe him reason, though
They others do not pittie.
Brave Cleaveland had a willing minde;
Frank Wortley was not able;
But Lewis got foure pound per weeke,
For's children and his table.

The king sent us, &c.

Giles Strangwayes† has a gallant soul,
A brain infatigable;
What study he ere undertakes,
To master it hee's able;
He studies on his theoremes,
And log-arithmes for number;
He loves to speake of Lewis Dives,§
And they are neer asunder.

The king sent us, &c.

Sir John Marlow's|| a loyall man
(If England ere bred any);

* Sir William Lewis, one of the eleven members who had been impeached by the army.

† Col. Giles Strangwaies, of Dorsetshire, taken with Sir Lewis Dives, at the surrender of Sherborne, was committed to the Tower on the 28th of August, 1645. He was member for Bridport in the Long Parliament, and was one of those who attended Charles's 'mongrel' parliament at Oxford.

§ Sir Lewis Dives, an active and brave royalist, was Governor of Sherborne Castle for the king, and had been made a prisoner by Fairfax in August, 1645, when that fortress was taken by storm. He was brother-in-law to Lord Digby.

|| Sir John Morley, of Newcastle, committed to the Tower on the 18th of July, 1645.

He bang'd the pedlar back and side,
Of Scots he killed many.
Had generall King* done what he should,
And given the blew-caps battail,
Wee'd made them all run into Tweed,
By droves like sommer cattell.
The king sent us, &c.

Will. Morton's† of that Cardinalls race,
Who made that blessed maryage;
He is most loyall to his king,
In action, word, and carryage;
His sword and pen defends the cause;
If king Charles thinke not on him,
Will. is amongst the rest undone,—
The Lord have mercy on him!
The king sent us, &c.

Tom Conisby‡ is stout and stern,
Yet of a sweet condition;
To them he loves his crime was great,
He read the kings commission,
And required Cranborn to assist;
He charg'd, but should have pray'd him;

* King was a royalist general, in the north, who was slain in July, 1643. A passage closely resembling the one above has already occurred at p. 61 of the present volume.

† Sir William Morton, of Gloucestershire, committed to the Tower on the 17th of August, 1644. Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, brought about the marriage between King Henry VII and the daughter of Edward IV, and thus effected the union of the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

‡ Thomas Coningsby, Esq. of Northmyns in Hertfordshire, committed to the Tower in November 1642, for reading the king's commission of array in that county.

Tom was so bold he did require
All for the king should aid him.

The king sent us, &c.

But I Win. Bodnam* had forgot,
Had suffered so much hardship;
There's no man in the Towre had left
The king so young a wardship;
Hee's firme both to the church and crowne,
The crown law and the canon;
The houses put him to his shifts,
And his wifes father Mammon.

The king sent us, &c.

Sir Henry Vaughan† looks as grave,
As any beard can make him;
Those come poore prisoners for to see,
Doe for our patriarke take him.
Old Harry is a right true blue,
As valiant as Pendraggon;
And would be loyall to his king,
Had king Charles neer a rag on.

The king sent us, &c.

John Lilburne‡ is a stirring blade,
And understands the matter;

* Sir Wingfield Bodenham, of the county of Rutland, committed to the Tower on the 31st of July, 1643.

† Sir Henry Vaughan, a Welsh knight, committed to the Tower on the 18th July, 1645.

‡ Lilburn was, as has been observed, in the Tower for his practices against the present order of things, he being an

He neither will king, bishops, lords,
Nor th' House of Commons flatter;
John loves no power prerogative,
But that deriv'd from Sion;
As for the mitre and the crown,
Those two he looks awry on.
The king sent us, &c.

Tom Violet* swears his injuries
Are scarcely to be numbred;
He was close prisoner to the state
These score dayes and nine hundred;
For Tom does set down all the dayes,
And hopes he has good debtors;
'Twould be no treason (Jenkins sayes)
To bring them peacefull letters.
The king sent us, &c.

Poore Hudson† of all was the last,
For it was his disaster,

advocate of extreme democratic principles; and he was there instructed in knotty points of law by Judge Jenkins, to enable him to torment and baffle the party in power. It was Jenkins who said of Lilburne that, "If the world were emptied of all but John Lilburne, Lilburne would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne."

* Mr. Thomas Violet, of London, goldsmith, committed to the Tower, Jan. 6th, 1643(-4), for carrying a letter from the king to the mayor and common council of London.

† Dr. Hudson had been concerned in the king's transactions with the Scots, previous to his delivering himself up to them, and he and Ashburnham had been his sole attendants in his flight from Oxford for that purpose.

He met a turncoat swore that he
Was once king Charles his master;
So he to London soon was brought,
But came in such a season,
Their martiall court was then cry'd down,
They could not try his treason.

The king sent us, &c.

Else Hudson had gone to the pot;
Who is he can abide him?
For he was master to the king,
And (which is more) did guide him.
Had Hudson done (as Judas did),
Most loyally betray'd him,
The houses are so noble, they
As bravely would have paid him.

The king sent us, &c.

Wee'l then conclude with hearty healths
To king Charles and queen Mary;
To the black lad in buff (the Prince),
So like his grandsire Harry;
To York, to Gloster; may we not
Send Turk and Pope defiance,
Since we such gallant seconds have
To strengthen our alliance?
Wee'l drink them o're and o're again,
Else we're unthankfull creatures;
Since Charles, the wise, the valiant king,
Takes us for loyall traytors.

This if you will rime dogrell call,
 (That you please you may name it),
 One of the loyall traytors here
 Did for a ballad frame it;
 Old Chevy Chace was in his minde,
 If any sute it better,
 All thse concerned in the song
 Will kindly thank the setter.

TRUTH FLATTERS NOT.

PLAINE DEALING THE BEST, LIVELY DEMONSTRATING THE
 TRUE EFFIGIES, LIFE, AND HABITE OF A SELFE EXALTING
 CLERGIE, NOTED DOWN IN ENGLISH AND ROMAN CHARAC-
 TERS, EASILY SPELLED AND CONSTRUED BY A MEANE CA-
 PACITY.

The wise its truth well knowes,
 The ignorant may learne,
 The guilty snuffes his nose,
 And prickt thereat will spurne.

[Oct. 12, 1647.]

From the fifth volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets.
 It is aimed against the Presbyterians.

POPE.

Who will honours and renown,
 resort to me;
 Riches and honour is my gown
 and livery.
 The world well know my servants grow
 great potentates,

Though busie wights their force unites
to work their fates.

Who shall my holy lawes observe,
and church obey,
A dwelling place in heaven shall have,
or hell for aye.

PRELATE.

Your proffers faire and promise large
if they were true,
Your oath and promise once discharge,
give me my due,
And helpe me now, who beares for you
so much disgrace,
Mock, scorn, and flout, yea casting out
of name and place.
If this be heaven, or entrance in
Where they shall dwell,
Who loves, obeyes, your church and lawes,—
what place is hell?

PRIEST.

I hate the pope, his poysoned cup,
and trinkets all;
The bishops deeds, and romish weeds,
to mee are gall.
Yet well I know, what layickes owe
unto our coat;
Reverence all way, good livings pay,
is our just lot.

Sects and unlearned up-start jacks
 doth us defraud,
 Who, to our shame, our power and name
 have over-aw'd.

TRUTH.

Your bitter seeds, ambitious deeds,
 declares your heart;
 On such ill weedes eagerly feedes
 a spirit tart.
 Wealth, rule, and fame, hath such a name
 with you obtain'd,
 What's taught or worn, may well be borne,
 if those be gain'd.
 Throw off that cap, let drop that bagge,
 put up that sword;
 Learn of me to be meeke and low,
 preach free this word.

By T. P. a Well-willer of Verity and honourer of Humility.
 Imprimatur G. M. London Printed by J. Coe, 1647.

MAD TOM A BEDLAM'S DESIRES OF PEACE :
 OR HIS BENEDICITIES FOR DISTRACTED ENGLAND'S RESTAURA-
 TION TO HER WITS AGAIN.

By a constant, though unjust, sufferer (now in prison) for his
 Majesties just Regality, and his Countreys Liberty.
 S F W B.

[June 27, 1648.]

THE following ballad, as we learn from the initial letters in
 the title, was written by S[ir] F[rancis] W[ortley,] B[art.]

(See before, pp. 30 and 46.) It is contained in the sixth volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets. During the first half of the seventeenth century there were many songs and ballads written under the title of, or tune of, "Tom of Bedlam," of which several have been printed by Percy and Ritson. The original idea of the name and subject was perhaps taken from the "poor Tom" of Shakespeare's "King Lear." See Chappell's "National Airs," p. 118. There is another ballad to the tune of "Tom of Bedlam" in the present volume; and in the Collection of Loyal Songs, 1731, ii. 272, is one entitled, "The Cock-Crowing at the approach of a Free Parliament: or,

Good news in a ballat,
More sweet to your pallat
Than fig, raison, or stewed prune is:
A country wit made it,
Who ne'er got the trade yet;
And mad *Tom of Bedlam* the tune is."

Poor Tom hath been imprison'd,
With strange oppressions vexed;
He dares boldly say, they try'd each way,
Wherewith Job was perplexed.
Yet still he cries for the king, for the good king,
Tom loves brave confessors,
But he curses those dare their king depose,
Committees and oppressors.

Tom prays for good king Charles,
The best of queens, queene Mary;
Prays the prince may advance in safety from France,
Victorious as old Harry.
Those have been false to the king, to the good king,
All those durst dissemble,

Tom smiles but to think, how the rogues will stink,
And like stout Atkins tremble.*

Next he prayes for him in Holland,
Who his keeper so deceived,†
Got the speakers passe for a pretty lasse,
And so he was received.
'Twill be great joy to the king, to the good king,
To hear of his safety;
But he taught them a trick, at hide and seek,
They think hee's plaguy crafty.

Blesse the hopefull duke of Gloster,
And the princesse royall Mary,
May shee fruitfull prove, to increase his love,
A Charles first, then a Harry:
Blesse those have stood for the king, for the good king,
And the off-spring royall:

* Alderman Atkins had shown some want of courage in raising the trained bands, or reviewing them (perhaps at the time of the city tumults of the April of the year 1648), which became proverbial. In the *Rump Songs*, (ed. 1665) there is a poem, entitled "Upon Alderman Atkins bewraying his slops on the great Training day." And in a song of the same period we have the following lines :

" When Alderman Atkins did bemar
his hose through a panick fear,
And captain Rea that man of war,
oh, what a hogo was there!"

Loyal Songs, i. 106 (ed. 1731.)

† The Duke of York made his escape in the summer of this year in the dress of a girl, and was carried to Dort, in Holland, to repair to his sister, the Princess of Orange.

Tom prayes heaven blesse sweet princesse Besse,
Loves none she thinks disloyall.

Blesse those few lords are honest,
From the armies adjutators,
Saints sent from heaven, to make all even,
Both church and state translators:
Those stood not firm to the king, to the good king,
But have him forsaken,
Let the crownets they weare, and supporters should
 beare,
Their arms from them be taken.

Blesse the reverent suffering bishops,
Each parson, vicar, curate,
From the Presbyter plots and subtile Scots,
Whose hearts are so obdurate.
Blesse those stood fast to the king, to the good king,
Masters, fellows, proctors;
Plague take the fool went with his counsell of Trent
To visit Oxford doctors.*

Blesse the loyall hearted gentry,
In country, towns, and cities,
From the bane of us all (base Goldsmiths hall),
And from their close committees.

* The parliamentary visitation of the University of Oxford, by the Earl of Pembroke, took place in the April of 1648, and many of the masters, fellows, &c. were deprived and expelled.

Those who were false to the king, to the good king,
Irish, Scot, or English;
Some marks may they beare or colours weare
May them from us distinguish.

Blesse the city from their lord mayor,
From close committee treasons;
From those are unjust to the cities trust,
From traytors watch their seasons:
Now make amends to your king, to your good king,
For you have undon him;
Your coyne to the Scots, your strength and their plots
Have brought these ills upon him.

By poore Tom be advised,
As you at White-hall tryed,
So as stoutly call for a common hall,
It cannot be denyed.
Call on the states for your king, for your good king.
Wish them to deliver
Unto justice those who the peace oppose,
You strike it dead for ever.

Blesse us all, 'tis a mad world,
Tom's heart is struck with pittie
To think how of late this thing call'd a state
Hath wrought upon this city.
'Tis time you call for the king, for the good king,
Else you will be undone;
If the army should bring to ruin your king,
What will become of London?

Blesse the valiant honest souldiers
From the hands of base commanders,
From those spirits employ'd so many destroy'd,
For want of pay in Flanders.
Those have been false to the king, to the good king,
May they ship at Dover,
Thence to Rupert in France, who will lead them a
dance
They hardly shall recover.

Blesse the printer from the searcher*
And from the houses takers !
Blesse Tom from the slash; from Bridewel's lash,
Blesse all poore ballad-makers !
Those who have writ for the king, for the good king
Be it rime or reason,
If they please but to look through Jenkins his booke,
They'le hardly find it treason.

* The immense number of seditious publications had obliged the Long Parliament to adopt means for restraining the liberty (or licence) of the press; and the publishers of objectionable papers or pamphlets began to be visited with severity, when they could be discovered. Such publications were considered as libels on the parliament. The book of Judge Jenkins, alluded to below, was probably his "Lex Terræ," published in English in 1647, and in Latin in 1648.

COLONELL RAINSBOROWES GHOST:

OR A TRUE RELATION OF THE MANNER OF HIS DEATH, WHO WAS MURDERED IN HIS BED-CHAMBER AT DONCASTER, BY THREE OF THE PONTEFRACT SOULDIERES WHO PRETENDED THAT THEY HAD LETTERS FROM LIEUTENANT GENERALL CROMWELL, TO DELIVER UNTO HIM.

To the Tune of "My bleeding heart with grief and care."

[1648.]

RAINSBOROUGH was one of the most energetic and faithful of Cromwell's officers, and had been very active in suppressing the royalist insurrections during the present year. He was considered as one of those most opposed to treating with the king; and he was murdered by three desperadoes of the royalist party, at Doncaster, on the 29th October of this year. The following ballad, which gives a tolerably correct account of that event, is preserved in the seventh volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets.

You gallant blades of Mars his traine,
who serve the state for wealth and fame,
Such by respects will be your baine,
if onely at such things you aime.

My name was Rainsborow, slaine of late,
whose troubled ghost can take no rest,
Untill some things I doe relate,
which to the world must be exprest.

Then know fro whence my baine did spring,
vaine-glory and my thirst of blood,
I hated them that lov'd my king
as by his friends was understood.

Witnesse the bloody fights in Kent,
the siege at Colchester likewise,*
I served well the Parliament,
all deeds of mercy did dispise.

For when the towne they did surrend,
I plotted all against them then:
I quickly brought unto an end,
the lives of two brave gentlemen.

I would not give the generall rest,
till he unto their deaths had seal'd;
My troubled ghost hath here exprest,
what to the world should be reveald.

Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle,
two worthy men whom I did hate,
The glory of the British Isle,
whom I did make unfortunate.

With resolution stout they died,
and call'd me traytor to my face:
It did no whit abaite my pride,
I saw them fall in little space.

The death of them reveng'd hath bin
on me, by those that lov'd them well:

* The incidents connected with the siege of Colchester, in this year, will be familiar to most readers. Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were shot, after the surrender of the town, as rebels.

Sweet Jesus Christ forgive my sin !
for by my meanes those worthies fell.

October last the twenty nine,
it being then the Sabbath day,
Twenty seven Cavaliers combine,
to Doncaster they take their way.

Those were from Pontefract-castle sent,
which on their resolution stood,
And feining of a faire intent
to speake with me, but spilt my blood.

The centinell did bid them stand,
and fain would know from whence they came;
From him they said that did command,
they presently this scuse did frame.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same Tune.

FROM Generall Cromwell we are sent
with letters to your colonell;
This is our businesse and intent,
the truth whereof to you we tell.

The centinell did them believe,
which was the cause of this my woe;
To three of them they leave did give,
unto my chamber for to goe.

They entering were I lodged was,
 who little thought of any harme;
For what so soone would come to passe,
 for in my bed I lay full warme.

Where's Colonell Rainsborow, quoth they?
 I am the man, kind friends, said I;
What is your businesse, I pray,
 that you come in so hastely?

Our businesse you soone shall know,
 and wherefore we were put in trust,
As we to you will straighway show,
 for Lucas and Lisle dye you must.

At these same words I then did start,
 when they to me those men did name;
It then did strike me to the heart,
 that I consented to the same.

Reviling me with bitter words,
 to murder me they did intend;
And then they drew their bloody swords,
 I nothing had me to defend.

Then they did vow that I should dye,
 for now they had me at command;
Yet I withstood them manfully,
 as long as ever I could stand.

Thorough my body eight times they
with bloody swords they me did gore,
As it was seene whereas I lay,
being found dead upon the flore.

This being done the doore they lockt,
and in their pockets put the key;
None could come in although they knockt,
so they took horse and rid away.

The guard mistrusting no such thing,
did let them freely passe along;
Supposing they did letters bring,
believing their dissembling tongue.

There's none can tell what men those were,
nor yet which way that they did ride;
Themselves they cunningly did beare,
and closely they themselves doe hide.

But blood no doubt for blood doth cry,
as we by daily prooffe doo see;
Tis true, and peirceth through the sky,
if that my ghost believ'd may be.

My corpes it is to be convey'd,
to London on the fourteene day,
Where in the grave it shall be layd,
in peace, and have no more to say.

THE ANARCHIE, OR THE BLEST REFORMATION SINCE 1640.

BEING A NEW SONG, WHEREIN THE PEOPLE EXPRESSE THEIR
THANKES AND PRAY FOR THE REFORMERS.

To be said or sung of all the well affected of the kingdome of
England, and dominion of Wales, before the
breaking up of this unhappy Parliament.

To a rare new Tune.

[Oct. 24, 1648.]

THIS ballad, preserved in the seventh volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets, was written after all hopes of making an arrangement between the parliament and the king seem to have been laid aside. It is printed very incorrectly in the "Rump Songs," ed. 1665, under the title of "The Rebellion."

Now that, thanks to the powers below!

We have e'ne done out our doe,

The mitre is downe,

And so is the crowne,

And with them the coronet too;

Come clownes, and come boyes,

Come hober-de-hoyes,

Come females of each degree;

Stretch your throats, bring in your votes,

And make good the anarchy.

And "thus it shall goe," sayes Alice;

"Nay, thus it shall goe," sayes Amy;

"Nay, thus it shall goe," sayes Taffie, "I trow;"

"Nay, thus it shall goe," sayes Jamy.

Ah ! but the truth, good people all,
The truth is such a thing;
For it wou'd undoe both church and state too
And cut the throat of our king.
Yet not the spirit, nor the new light,
Can make this point so cleare,
But thou must bring out, thou deified rout,
What thing this truth is and where.
Speak Abraham, speak Kester, speak Judith, speak
Hester,
Speak tag and rag, short coat and long;
Truth's the spell made us rebell,
And murther and plunder, ding-dong.
"Sure I have the truth," sayes Numph;
"Nay, I ha' the truth," sayes Clemme;
"Nay, I ha' the truth," sayes reverend Ruth;
"Nay, I ha' the truth," sayes Nem.

Well, let the truth be where it will,
We're sure all else is ours;
Yet these divisions in our religions
May chance abate our powers.
Then let's agree on some one way,
It skills not much how true;
Take Pryn and his clubs; or Say and his tubs*,
Or any sect old or new;

* The copy in the "Rump Songs" has "Smec and his tub."

The devil's i'th' pack, if choyce you can lack;

We're fourescore religions strong;

Take your choyce, the major voyce

Shall carry it, right or wrong.

“Then wee'le be of this,” says Megg;

“Nay, wee'le be of that,” says Tibb;

“Nay, wee'le be of all,” sayes pitifull Paul;

“Nay, wee'le be of none,” sayes Gibb.

Neighbours and friends pray one word more,

There's something yet behinde;

And wise though you be, you doe not well see

In which doore sits the winde.

As for religion to speake right,

• And in the houses sence,

The matter's all one to have any or none,

If 'twere not for the pretence.

But herein doth lurke the key of the worke,

Even to dispose of the crowne,

Dexteriously, and as may be,

For your behoofe and our owne.

“Then let's ha' King Charles,” sayes George;

“Nay, let's have his son,” sayes Hugh;

“Nay, let's have none,” sayes jabbering Jone;

“Nay, let's be all kings,” sayes Prue.

Oh we shall have (if we go on

In plunder, excise, and blood)

But few folke and poore to domineere ore,

And that will not be so good;

Then let's resolve on some new way,
Some new and happy course,
The Country's growne sad, the City horne-mad,
And both the houses are worse.
The synod hath writ, the generall hath spit,
And both to like purpose too;
Religion, lawes, the truth, the cause,
Are talk't of, but nothing we doe.
"Come, come, shal's ha' peace?" sayes Nell;
"No, no, but we won't," sayes Madge;
"But I say we will," sayes firy-fac'd Phill;
"We will, and we won't," sayes Hodge.

Thus from the rout who can expect
Ought but division?
Since unity doth with monarchy
Begin and end in one.

If then when all is thought their owne,
And lyes at their behest,
These popular pates reap nought but debates,
From that many round-headed beast;
Come, royalists, then, doe you play the men,
And cavaliers give the word;
Now let us see at what you would be,
And whether you can accord.
"A health to king Charles!" sayes Tom;
"Up with it," sayes Ralph, like a man;
"God blesse him!" sayes Doll; "and raise him!"
sayes Moll;

“ And send him his owne!” sayes Nan.
Now for these prudent things that sit
Without end and to none,
And their Committees, that townes and cities
Fill with confusion;
For the bold troopes of Sectaries,
The Scots and their partakers,
Our new British states, Col. Burges and his
mates,
The covenant and its makers;
For all these weele pray, and in such a way,
As if it might granted be,
Jack and Gill, Mat and Will,
And all the world would agree.
“ A plague take them all!” sayes Besse;
“ And a pestilence too?” sayes Margery;
“ The Devill!” sayes Dick; “ and his dam,† too!”
sayes Nick;
Amen! and Amen! say I.

It is desired that the Knights and Burgesses would take especiall care to send downe full numbers hereof, to their respective Counties and Borroughs, for which they have served Apprenticeship, that all the people may rejoyce as one man for their freedom.

† The old proverbial expression of “ the devil and his dam,” was founded on an article of popular superstition which is now obsolete. In 1598, a Welshman, or borderer, writes to Lord Burghley for leave “ to drive the devill and his dam” from the castle of Skenfrith, where they were said to watch over hidden treasure: “ The voyce of the countrey goeth there is a dyvell and his dame, one sitts upon a hogshed of gold, the

A COFFIN FOR KING CHARLES:

A CROWNE FOR CROMWELL: A PIT FOR THE PEOPLE.

You may sing this to the Tune of "Faine I would."

[April 23, 1649.]

THE following ballad, of which the original will be found in the eighth volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets, was written by a zealous royalist some weeks after the king's death. Charles I was beheaded at Whitehall, on the 30th of January, 1649, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

This is an earlier mention of the tune of "Parthenia, or Fain I would," than any mentioned by Mr. Chappell, who gives an account of the air in his "National Airs," p. 75. The original words to the tune were probably composed in the time of Elizabeth.

CROMWELL *on the throne.*

So, so, the deed is done,
 the royall head is severed
 As I meant, when I first begunne
 and strongly have indeavord.
 Now Charles the I. is tumbled down,
 the second, I not feare:
 I graspe the septer, weare the crown,
 nor for Jehovah care.

other upon a hogshed of silver." (Queen Elizabeth and her Times, ii. 397.) The expression is common in our earlier dramatic poets: thus Shakespeare,—

—"I'll have a bout with thee;
 Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
 Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch."

(*Hen. V.* part I, act i. sc. 5.)

K. CHARLES *in his coffin*

Thinkst thou base slave, though in my grave,
like other men I lie?

My sparkling fame and royall name
can (as thou wishest) die?

Know, caatiffe, in my sonne I live
(the black prince call'd by some),
And he shall ample vengeance give
to those that did me doome.

The people in the Pit.

Supprest, deprest, involv'd in woes,
great Charles, thy people be
Basely deceivd with specious showes,
by those that murderd thee.

We are enslavd to tyrants hests,
who have our freedome wonne:
Our fainting hopes, now only rests
on thy succeeding sonne.

CROMWELL *on the throne.*

(Base vulgar) know the more you stirre
the more your woes increase,
Your rashnesse will your hopes deter:
(tis we) must give you peace.

Black Charles a traytor is proclaimed
unto our dignity:
He dies (if ere by us hees gaind)
without all remedie.

K. CHARLES in his coffin.

Thrice perjurd villaine, didst not thou
and thy degenerate traine,
By mankinds saviours body, vow
to me thy soveraigne,
To make me the most glorious king
that ere ore England raignd:
That me and mine in every thing
by you should be maintained.

The people in the pit.

Sweet prince, O let us pardon crave
of thy beloved shade,
Tis we that brought thee to the grave,
thou wert by us betraid.
We did beleewe, 'twas reformation
these monsters did desire:
Not knowing that the degradation
and death should be our hire.

CROMWELL on the throne.

Ye sick braind fools, whose wit doth lie
in your small guts; could you
Imagine our conspiracy,
did claime no other due,
But for to spend our dearest bloods,
to make rascalians flee,
No, we fought for your lives and goods,
and for a monarchie.

K. CHARLES in his coffin.

But there's a thunderer above,
 who though he winke a while,
Is not with your black deeds in love;
 he hates your damned guile:
And though a time you pearche upon
 the top of fortunes wheele,
You shortly unto Acharon,
 (drunke with your crimes) shall reele.

The people in the pit.

Meanetime (thou glory of the earth)
 we languishing doe die:
Excise doth give free-quarter birth,
 while souldiers multiply.
Our lives we forfeit every day,
 our money cuts our throats:
The lawes are taken cleane away,
 or shrunke to traytors votes.

CROMWELL on the throne.

Like patient mules resolve to beare
 what ere we shall impose,
Your lives and goods you need not feare
 wee'l prove your friends not foes.
We the elected ones must guide
 a thousand years this land,
You must be props unto our pride,
 and slaves to our command.

K. CHARLES in his coffin.

But you may faile of your faire hopes,
if fates propitious be,
And yeeld your loathed lives in ropes,
to vengeance and to me.
When as the Swedes and Irish joyne,
the Cambrian and the Scot,
Do with the Danes and French combine,
then look unto your lot.

The people in the pit.

Our wrongs hath arm'd us with such strength,
so bad is our condition,
That could we hope that now at length
we might finde intermission,
And have but halfe we had before,
ere these mechanicks swaid,
To our revenge knee deepe in gore
we would not feare to wade.

CROMWELL on the throne.

In vaine (found people) doe you grutch,
and tacitely repine.
For why, my skill and strength is such,
both poles of heaven are mine.
Your hands and purses both coherd,
to raise us to this height:
You must protect those you have reard,
or sinke beneath their weight.

K. CHARLES *in his coffin.*

Singing with Angels, neere the throne
 of the Almighty three,
 I sit, and know perdition
 (base Cromwell) waites on thee,
 And on thy vile associates:
 twelve moneths* shall full conclude
 Your power; thus speake the powerfull fates,
 then vades your interlude.

The people in the pit.

Yea, powerfull fates, haste, haste, the time
 the most auspicious day,
 On which these monsters of our clime
 to hell must poste away.
 Meantime so pare their sharpned clawes
 and so impare their stings,
 We may no more fight for the cause,
 nor other novell things.

 STRANGE PREDICTIONS;

OR A PROPHECY FORETELLING WHAT ALTERATION SHALL BE
 IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED FIFTY THREE.

The Tune is "Packington's Pound."

[Novemb. 3, 1652.]

THE object of the following ballad is to ridicule one of the
 superstitions which still clung to the English people,—the

* It need hardly be stated that this prophecy was far from
 being fulfilled; but it was one of the modes used for the pur-
 pose of acting upon people's minds and imaginations.

belief in prophecies and prognostications. William Lilly was a famous astrologer and almanack-maker of the time of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate. It appears that, during the present year, 1652, Lilly's prognostications had been unusually fearful, and had struck the common people with extraordinary terror. Evelyn (in his Diary) speaks of an eclipse in this same year 1652, which had given rise to unusual speculations among the astrologers,—“29 (April), was that celebrated eclipse of the sun so much threatened by the astrologers, and which had so exceedingly alarm'd the whole nation, that hardly any one would worke, nor stir out of their houses. So ridiculously were they abus'd by knavish and ignorant star-gazers.” And on the 3rd Sept. 1699, alluding probably to the same event, he observes,—“There was in this weeke an eclipse of the sun, at which many were frighten'd by the predictions of the astrologers. I remember 50 yeares ago that many were so terrified by Lilly that they durst not go out of their houses.” Lilly suffered a brief imprisonment a short time before the date of this ballad, for having inserted in his almanack for the year ensuing things unpalatable to the parliament.

“Packington's Pound,” was an old and once very popular tune: the original words however appear not to be known. See Chappell's “National Airs,” p. 113. This ballad is taken from the tenth volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets.

WILL. LILLY being taken as prisoner of late,
Most strange alterations doth prognosticate;
How things shall be carried in fifty and three,
And how they shall happen in every degree.
So you need not doubt this year will bring out
All things in an excellent manner about:

One thousand six hundred fifty and three

Will produce what we hoped this long time to see.

The land shall be freed from all kind of taxations,
And men in their minds shall be eased of vexations;

Sorrow and care shall torment us no more;
Some men shall grow rich, whilst others grow poore.
You need not to fear, you shall see the next year
All things in an excellent shape to appear.

One thousand six hundred, &c.

The country-man may his commodities bring
Up to London to sell, 'tis an excellent thing;
His customers flock both before and behind him,
He needs not to feare, there is no man shall minde him;
And there he may stand, with his cap in his hand,
And may carry his ware home again in his mand.

One thousand six hundred, &c.

Brabbles and quarrels shall all be quite ended;
All things in a very good time shall be mended;
There shall be such love betwixt brother and brother.
They will do all they can to cheat one another.
But yet all the while, I cannot but smile,
To think how the times mens fancies beguile.

One thousand six hundred, &c.

If you go but next terme unto Westminster-Hall,
You may see the brave judges and gentlemen all;
The lawyer so neatly trickt up in his gown
Will not be asham'd to wait on a clown;
The lawyers shall be so frank and so free,
They'l be ready to plead a mans cause for a fee.

One thousand six hundred, &c.

Poverty now shall be banisht the land;
And he that hath got an estate in his hand
Shall unto the poor be liberall grown,
He will strive for to save all he can that's his own.
Thus in my minde, a poor man shall finde,
The rich to themselves evermore shall be kinde.

One thousand six hundred, &c.

Men shall the next year be so kind to their wives,
That women shall live most excellent lives;
In bed and at board they still shall agree,—
This would be an excellent thing for to see,
That a man and his wife should live such a life,
An excellent thing to prevent future strife.

One thousand six hundred, &c.

If a traveller chance to be weary he may
Call at the first ale-house he finds in his way,
And then for his money he welcome may be;
All this the next year you are certain to see.
Then tell me, kind friend, are not times like to mend,
When a man shall be welcome his money to spend?

One thousand six hundred, &c.

Bakers shall now be so free to the poor,
They will give them whole six-penny loaves at their
door;

And all men in generall shall be so kinde,
If a poor man wants money no comfort hee'l finde.
Is not this a brave thing, such tidings to bring?
It would make a whole kingdom with joy for to ring.

One thousand six hundred, &c.

Thus we who have lived in sorrow and care,
Shall now be released, we used not to fear;
And men such a strange alteration shall finde,
'Tis enough for to comfort a dying mans mind.
And thus you shall see, how all things shall be,
In one thousand six hundred fifty and three.
For all that is spoken is certaine and true;
Come buy my new almanacks, new, new, new!

London, Printed for R. Eeles.

THE PARLIAMENT ROUTED: OR, HERES A
HOUSE TO BE LET.

I hope that England, after many jarres,
Shall be at peace, and give no way to warres:
O Lord, protect the generall, that he
May be the agent of our unitie.

To the Tune of "Lucina, or, Merrily and Cherrily."

[June 3, 1653.]

THE following ballad, preserved in the eleventh volume of the folio broadsides (King's Pamphlets), was written upon the violent dissolution of the Long Parliament by Cromwell, on the 20th April, 1653.

In "The English Dancing Master," 1651, there is a tune entitled "Cherrily and Merrily," which is in all probability the same as that alluded to in the title of this ballad.

CHEARE up, kind country-men, be not dismayd,
true newes I can tell ye concerning the nation,
Hot spirits are quenched, the tempest is layd,
(and now we may hope for a good reformation.)

The Parliament bold and the counsell of state
doe wish them beyond sea, or else at Virginie;
For now all their orders are quite out of date,
twelve parliament men shall be sold for a peny.

Full twelve yeares and more these rooks they have sat,
to gull and to cozen all true-hearted people;
Our gold and our silver has made them so fat,
that they lookt more big and mighty then Pauls
steeple:

The freedome of subject they much did pretend,
but since they bore sway we never had any;
For every member promoted self end,
twelve parliament men are now sold for a peny.

Their acts and their orders which they have contriv'd,
was still in conclusion to multiply riches;
The common-wealth sweetly by these men have thriv'd,
as Lancashire did with the juncto of witches.*

* In the seventeenth century, Lancashire enjoyed an unhappy pre-eminence in the annals of superstition, and it was regarded especially as a land of witches. This fame appears to have originated partly in the execution of a number of persons in 1612, who were pretended to have been associated together in the crime of witchcraft, and who held their unearthly meetings at the Malkin Tower, in the forest of Pendle. In 1613, was published an account of the trials, in a thick pamphlet, entitled "The Wonderfull Discoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster. With the Arraignement and Triall of nineteene notorious Witches, at the Assizes and general Goale deliverie, holden in the Castle of Lancaster, on Monday the seventeenth of August last, 1612. Published

Oh ! our freedome was chain'd to the Egyptian yoke,
as it hath been felt and endured by many,
Still making religion their author and cloak,
twelve parliament men shall be sold for a peny.

Both citie and countrey are almost undone
by these caterpillars, which swarm'd in the nation ;
Their imps and their goblins did up and downe run,
Excise-men I meane, all knaves of a fashion :
For all the great treasure that dayly came in,
the souldier wants pay , 'tis well knowne by a many ;
To cheat and to cozen they held it no sinne,
twelve parliament men shall be sold for a peny.

The land and the livings which these men have had,
'twould make one admire what use they've made of it,
With plate and with jewels they have bin well clad,
the souldier far'd hard whilst they got the profit :
Our gold and our silver to Holland they sent,
but being found out, this is knowne by a many,
That no one would owne it for feare of a shent,
twelve parliament men are sold for a peny.

'Tis judg'd by most people, that they were the cause
of England and Holland their warring together,*

and set forth by Commandement of his Majesties Justices of Assize in the North Parts. By Thomas Potts, Esquier." "The famous History of the Lancashire Witches," continued to be popular as a chap-book up to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

* An allusion to the Dutch war of 1651 and 1652.

Both friends and dear lovers to break civill lawes,
and in cruell manner to kill one another:
What car'd they how many did lose their dear lives,
so they by the bargain did get peoples money,
Sitting secure like bees in their hives?
but twelve parliament men are now sold for a peny.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same Tune.

THEY voted unvoted, as fancy did guide,
to passe away time, but increasing their treasure,
(When Jack is on cock-horse hee'l galloping ride,
but falling at last, hee'l repent it at leisure).
The widow, the fatherlesse, gentry and poore,
the trades-man and citizen, with a great many,
Have suffered full dearly to heap up their store;
but twelve parliament-men shall be sold for a peny.

These burdens and grievances England hath felt,
so long and so heavy, our hearts are e'en broken,
Our plate, gold and silver, to themselves they've dealt,
(All this is too true, in good time be it spoken).
For a man to rise high and at last to fall low,
it is a discredit: this lot fals to many,
But 'tis no great matter these men to serve so,
twelve parliament-men now are sold for a peny.

The generall* perceiving their lustfull desire,
to covet more treasure, being puffed with ambition,
By their acts and their orders to set all on fire,
pretending religion to rout superstition;
He bravely commanded the souldiers to goe
in the Parliament-house, in defiance of any;
To which they consented, and now you doe know
that twelve parliament-men may be sold for a peny,

The souldiers undaunted laid hold on the mace,
and out of the chaire they removed the speaker;
The great-ones was then in a pittifull case,
and Tavee cryd out, All her cold must forsake her.†
Thus they were routed, pluckt out by the eares,
the house was soone empty and rid of a many
Usurpers, that sate there this thirteen long yeares;
twelve parliament-men may be sold for a peny.

To the Tower of London away they were sent,
as they have sent others by them captivated;
O what will become of this old parliament
and all their compeerers, that were royally stated?
What they have deserved I wish they may have,
and 'tis the desire I know of a many;
For us to have freedome, O that will be brave !
but twelve parliament-men may be sold for a peny.

* Oliver Cromwell.

† The Welsh were frequently the subject of satirical allusions during the civil-wars and the Commonwealth.

Let's pray for the generall and all his brave traine,
 he may be an instrument for England's blessing,
 Appointed in heaven to free us againe,—
 for this is the way of our burdens redressing:
 For England to be in glory once more,
 it would satisfy, I know, a great many;
 But ending I say, as I said before,
 twelve parliament-men now are sold for a peny.

S. S.

A TOTAL ROUT,

OR A BRIEF DISCOVERY OF A PACK OF KNAVES AND DRABS,
 INTITULED PIMPS, PANDERS, HECTORS, TRAPANS, NAPPERS,
 MOBS, AND SPANNERS: THE DESCRIPTION OF THEIR QUALI-
 TIES IS HERE SET DOWN IN BRIEF.

[Sept. 26, 1653.]

THE following ballad, printed from the eleventh volume of the folio broadsides, is given as a singularly striking picture of the times. Precision and outward sanctity in the Puritanical party, that is in the great body of the people, was made an object of derision by the other party; and in their contempt for the "saints," the "sinners" pushed into the farthest bounds of the opposite extreme, and indulged in swearing and licentiousness of the most fearful kind. The swearing of the cavalier troopers, and their terrible oaths, were proverbial for many years afterwards.

You princely hectors of the town,
 Who like the Devil strut up and down,
 Come leave your God-dammees, and herken to me,
 O! 'tis pittie that fuel for hell you should be:

Your spirits heroick, will quickly be quell'd
When once the generall sessions are held,
For hee's not a gentleman that wears a sword,
And fears to swear dammee at every word.

No justice of peace nor constables bill
Can move your brave courages for to be still.
Superiour spirits, which know not to bow,
Like Pompey no equal can pleasing allow;
'Twere sin to be subject, go courages brave,
Subjection does only but christen a slave.
For hee's not a gentleman that wears a sword,
And fears to swear dammee at every word.

But hark, my poor ranter, I'll tell thee a tale,
Thy cursings and bannings will buy thee no ale:
I'll bring thee a broom-stick, or an orange-taild slut,
(With eight-pence in pock, ready dried and cut),
Shall out-vapour thee more with a confident face,
And sooner be trusted in a desperate case.
Then prethee, poor Hector, go pawn 'way thy sword,
And cease to swear dammee at every word.

For why! the ale-brokers have vowed and protested,
(And I think they will keep it, unless they be basted),
To trust you no longer resolved they be,
For building of sconces both one, two, and three.
Damne, damne ye, you'll pay 'um to day, or to morrow,
But next day is come, yet they do still borrow:
Fie, fie, sir, a gentleman and wear a sword,
Yet break your God-dammes at every word.

The taylor comes oft with a pestilent bill,
And faith he may come as oft as he will,
But be little the better, unless for his pains
With dammees, and rammees, you addle his brains:
Poor snip does return as light as he came,
Home goes, and complains to his stomachy dame,
Who rants, and tears, not afraid to be heard,
And straps him, and raps him, with top of the yard.
Then prethee, my ranter, that wearest a sword,
Turn honest, and once be as good as thy word.

The Turn-ball* whores cry they are undone,
And must to Virginia pack one by one,
And in truth they'l inrich that beggerly nation,
For never such planters came to a plantation.
You stole 'way their smocks, and petticoats all;
Besides did not pay 'um for what you did call.
Fie, fie, my base ranter, this is but a poor,
A shabbed come off, to plunder a whore.

But this is not all that I have to say,
I heard a complaint the other day,
Of a gentleman walking in Lincolns-Inne fields,
Whom basely you took and kickt up his heels,
Div'd into his pocket, and took ten and three pence,
You would not have spar'd it if it had bin but fipence.
Thus poverty makes you gentlemen bold
Turn levellers all, for another mans gold.

* About the time of the Restoration, Turnball Street, in London, was a noted place of ill-fame.

But tarry, you spar'd not his cloak, as I take it;
'Twere sinne, I confess, as you hectors do make it,
To suffer superfluous coats on another,
When he that hath two must give one to his brother.
But then to the brokers this garment must march,
And woe to the fellow if there come a search.

Thus one, two, and three are ruind together,
Whilst you at the tavern crak knaves of a feather.

And if it falls out the constable snaps ye,
How many twice doubled God-dammees out raps ye,
That the constable and his train shall pay
For abusing such gentlemen, cleer as the day,
Who scorn to own ignoble designs,
But have meanes and have mannors to satisfie fines.

But hang't, my poor ranter, thou canst not devise
To daube up the constables mouth with thy lyes.

Away you are guarded to Newgate, and then
Y'are sure of a lodging, when honest men
Exposd to the weather contentedly want one,
And you to your minds, I do believe, han't one:
But patience perforce, my ranters, you know,
Is medicine for mad dogs, and very well so:

And now my good reader, canst tell me what ayle
My ranter to be coopt up in a gaile.

Now off goes the silver lace from the coat,
The buttons so needless, and the points to boot;
Two shirts are too many, and, rather than faile,
One must be chang'd for tobacco and ale.

These hats are but toyes superfluous; come,
 Our heads may be cold, not wet, in this roome;
 Then hang't, call a broker, and let him bring chink,
 Wee'll sel him our hats, yea our heads for good drinke.

But oh, my poore ranter, thus tattered and torne,
 And almost as naked as ere thou wert borne:
 What meanst thou to live so damnably base,
 And die in a gaile, 'tis a desperate case:
 Damnation and hell comes posting together,
 And without repentance thou shalt suffer either.
 Thy cursed God-dammees, and damnable cheats,
 Ungodly endeavours, and horrible feats,
 Are all cable ropes, to draw thee to hell,
 But yet, prithee ranter, repent; so farewell.

London, Printed for R. E. 1653.

THE NEW LETANY.

[Sept. 22, 1659.]

THE following ballad is taken from the fourteenth volume of the folio broadsides, in the King's Pamphlets. It belongs to a class of poems which were very common under the Commonwealth and during the next half century.

From a senseless Mayor not fit to rule hoggs,
 From such as obey him like Spaniel doggs,
 From summers heat, and winters foggs,
Libera nos, Domine.

From the Anabaptists, and shivering Quakers,*

* The sect of the Quakers, resembling in some respects

From such as rule us like bow-legged bakers,
From those that undo us, yet are good law-makers,
Libera nos, Domine.

From being taken in a disguise,
From sir George Booth, and his Cheshire lyes,*
From such as brought hither that devil, excize,
Libera nos, Domine.

From dissembling presbyters, and their plots,
From English forty times worser than Scots,
From those that for our estates cast lots,
Libera nos, Domine.

From such as learnedly tell us of fights,
And eke of their valour like errant knights,
But from a battel will run like sprites,
Libera nos, Domine.

the older sect of the Family of Love, is the only one of these religious parties of the age of Cromwell which has preserved its distinguishing characteristics up to the present day. The violence of Fox, the founder of the sect, and of his early partizans, gave great umbrage to the Protector: many of them were little better than madmen, and the contemporary press abounds with the most extraordinary anecdotes of their proceedings. The prosecution of several members of the sect, Robins, Naylor, &c. for blasphemy, gave to the sect of the Quakers great celebrity during the latter years of the interregnum.

* Sir George Booth, Bart. had headed a formidable insurrection against the Parliament in Cheshire, and issued many declarations, &c. of his proceeding and intentions, which were the "Cheshire lies" here alluded to. He was soon afterwards defeated and taken by Lambert.

From such as in drink rout men and horse too,
From those that can prate, yet nothing dare do,
From a ranting, swearing drunken crew,
Libera nos, Domine.

From the city militia that stares like Hectors,
From such as are the state projectors,
From taxes, red-coats, and collectors,
Libera nos, Domine.

From such as wound us with their tongues,
From the Anabaptists poysonous lungs,
Those beasts that would cast our bells into guns,
Libera nos, Domine.

From Goldsmiths-hall chairman and committee,
From the luke-warmness of a perjured city,
From sequestrators that nere knew pity
Libera nos, Domine.

From such as value their trades, not religion,
From those that believe every ignorant widgion,
Hate kings, yet love the Mahometan pidgeon,*
Libera nos, Domine.

* It was an old story, prevalent in Europe during the Middle-Ages, that the impostor Mahomet had accustomed a pigeon to fetch grains of corn from his ear, and that he deceived his disciples, by pretending that this pigeon was the messenger of God, through whom he derived inspiration of God's will.

From steelen heroes that rule us with rods,
From such as value not mans law, or Gods,
From those that have no more life than logs,

Libera nos, Domine.

From empty purses, and cloathes that are rent,
From the publique faith whose credit is shent,
From Olivers fiery tenement,

Libera nos, Domine.

From a country justice that looks very bigg,
From a chancery-suit, and a common-law jugg,
From the Earl of Essex's Italian figg,

Libera nos, Domine.

From dissembling sects and their gogle-eyes,
From beleeving of the printed lyes,
From rogues and from re-publique spyas,

Libera nos, Domine.

From such as can run, yet are counterfeit creeples,
From those that threaten to pull down steeples,
From such as stand by as dull as beetles,

Libera nos, Domine.

THE
ARRAIGNMENT OF THE DIVEL FOR STEAL-
ING AWAY PRESIDENT BRADSHAW.

To the Tune of "Well-a-day, well-a-day."

[Nov. 7, 1659.]

JOHN BRADSHAW, who had presided over the court of justice which condemned Charles I to the scaffold, and who by his extreme republican principles had rendered himself obnoxious to Cromwell, began again to be distinguished in public affairs after the Protector's death, and was elected president of the council of state. He did not live long to enjoy this honour, but died according to some authorities on the 31st October 1659. Chalmers places his death incorrectly on the 22nd of November, in that year.

A ballad on the Death of the Earl of Essex in 1601, printed in Mr. Collier's "Old Ballads" (published by the Percy Society), p. 124, is, like this, set to the tune of "Well-a-day," and bears a close resemblance in structure to the ballad given below. I am informed by Mr. Rimbault that, in a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, (D. I. 21,) this air is set in tablature for the lute. The present ballad is taken from the fifteenth volume of the folio broad-sides.

IF you'l hear news that's ill,
gentlemen, gentlemen,
Against the Divel, I will
be the relator:
Arraigned he must be,
For that feloniously,
'thout due solemnity,
he took a traytor;

John Bradshaw was his name,
how it stinks! how it stinks!

Who'l make with blacker fame
Pilate unknown.

This worse than worst of things
Condemn'd the best of kings,
And what more guilt yet brings,
knew 'twas his own.

Virtue in Charles did seem
eagerly, eagerly,
And villainy in him
to vye for glory.
Majesty so compleat,
And impudence so great,
Till that time never met:—
but to my story.

Accusers there will be,
bitter ones, bitter ones,
More than one, two, or three;
all full of spight;
Hang-man and tree so tall,
Bridge, tower, and city-wall,
Kite and crow, which were all
robb'd of their right.

But judges none are fit,
shame it is, shame it is,
That twice seven years did sit
to give hemp-string dome;

The friend they would befriend,
That he might in the end
To them like favour lend,
in his own kingdome.

Sword-men, it must be you,
boldly to't, boldly to't,
Must give the Divel his due;
do it not faintly,
But as you rais'd by spell
Last Parliament from hell,
And it again did quell
omnipotently.

The charge they wisely frame,
(on with it, on with it,)
In that yet unknown name,
of supream power;
While six weeks hence by vote
Shall be or it shall not,
When Monk's to London got,*
in a good hour.

But twelve good men and true,
caveliers, caveliers,
He excepts against you;
justice he fears,

* Monck was with his troops in Scotland, but had declared himself an approver of the proceedings of the parliament.

From bar and pulpit hee
Craves such as do for fee
Serve all turns, for he'l be
try'd by his peers.

Satan, y'are guilty found,
by your peers, by your peers,
And must die above ground !
look for no pity ;
Some of our ministry,
Whose spir'ts with yours comply,
As Owen, Caryl, Nye.*
for death shall fit 'ee.

Dread judges, mine own limb
I but took, I but took,
I was forc'd without him
to use a crutch ;
Some of the robe can tell,
How to supply full well

* Dr. John Owen, Joseph Caryl, and Philip Nye, were three of the most eminent divines of this eventful age. Caryl, who was a moderate Independent, was the author of the well-known "Commentary on Job." Dr. Owen enjoyed the especial favour of Cromwell, who made him dean of Christchurch, Oxford ; in his youth he had shewn an inclination to Presbyterianism, but early in the war he embraced the party of the Independents. He was a most prolific writer. Nye was also an eminent writer ; previous to 1647, he had been a zealous Presbyterian, but on the rise of Cromwell's influence he joined the Independents, and was employed on several occasions by that party.

His place here, but in hell
I had none such.

Divel, you are an asse,
plain it is, plain it is,
And weakly plead the case;
your wits are lost.
Some lawyers will out-do't,
When shortly they come to't;
Your craft, our gold to boot,
they have ingross'd.

Should all men take their right,
well-a-day, well-a-day,
We were in a sad plight,
o' th' holy party!
Such practise hath a scent
Of kingly government,
Against it we are bent,
out of home-char'ty.

But if I die, who am
king of hell, king of hell,
You will not quench its flame,
but find it worse;
Confused anarchy,
Will a new torment be;
Ne'r did these kingdoms three
feel such a curse.

To our promotion, sir,
 there as here, there as here,
Through some confused stir
 doth the high-road lie;
In hell we need not fear
Nor king, nor cavalier,
Who then shall dominere
 but we the godly ?

Truth, then, sirs, which of old
 was my shame, was my shame,
Shall now to yours be told;
 you caus'd his death;
The house being broken by
Yourselves (there's burglary),
Wrath enter'd forcibly,
 and stopt his breath.

Sir, as our president,
 taught by you, taught by you,
'Gainst the king away went
 most strange and new,—
Charging him with the guilt
Of all the bloud we spilt,
With swords up to the hilt,
 so we'll serve you.

For mercy then I call,
 good my lords, good my lords,
And traytors I'll leave all,
 duly to end it;

Sir, sir, tis frivolous,
As well for you as us,
To beg for mercy thus,—
our crimes transcend it,

You must die out of hand,
Satanas, Satanas,
This our decree shall stand
without controul;
And we for you will pray,
Because the scriptures say;
When some men curse you, they
curse their own soul.

The fiend to Tiburn's gone,
there to die, there to die,
Black is the north, anon
great storms will be;
Therefore together now
I leave him and th' gallow.—
So, newes-man, take 'em thou,
soon they'l take thee.

Finis, Fustis, Funis.

A PROPER NEW BALLAD ON THE OLD PARLIAMENT;

OR, THE SECOND PART OF KNAVE OUT OF DOORES.

To the Tune of "Hei ho, my honey, my heart shall never rue;
Four and twenty now for your mony, and yet a hard penny-
worth too."

[December 11, 1659.]

THE events which gave occasion to the following ballad (taken from the 15th vol. of the folio broadsides), may be summed up in a few words. After the death of Cromwell, his son Richard was without opposition raised to the protectorate; but his weak and easy character gave an opening to the intrigues of the royalists, and the factious movement of the republican party. Fleetwood, who had been named commander-in-chief of the army under the Protector, plotted to gain the chief power in the state, and was joined by Lambert, Desborough, and others. The republicans were strengthened by the return of Vane, Ludlow, and Bradshaw, to the parliament called by the new Protector. Lambert, the Protector's brother-in-law, was the ostensible head of a party, and seems to have aimed at obtaining the power which had been held by Oliver; they formed a council of officers, who met at Wallingford House; and on the 20th April, 1659, having gained the upper hand, and having obtained the dissolution of the parliament, they determined to restore the old Long Parliament, which they said had only been interrupted, and not legally dissolved, and to set aside the Protector, who soon afterwards resigned. On the 21st April, Lenthall, the old speaker, with as many members of the Long Parliament as could be brought together, met in the house, and opened their session. The parliament thus formed, as being the fag end of the old Long Parliament, obtained the name of the RUMP PARLIAMENT. Lambert's hopes and aims were raised by his success against Sir George Booth in the August following, and jealousies soon arose between his party in the army and the Rump. The parliament would have dismissed him, and the chief officers in the cabal with him, but Lambert with the army in October hindered their free meeting, and

took the management of the government into the hands of a council of officers, whom they called the Committee of Safety. Towards the latter end of the year, the tide began to be changed in favour of the parliament, by the declaration of Monk in Scotland, Henry Cromwell with the army in Ireland, and Hazelrigge and the officers at Portsmouth, in favour of the freedom of the parliament. This ballad was written at the period when Lambert's party was uppermost.

The tune of "Hei ho, my honey," may be found in the edition of "The English Dancing Master" printed in 1686, but in no earlier edition of the same work.

Good morrow, my neighbours all, what news is this
I heard tell,

As I past through Westminster-hall by the house
that's neer to hell?

They told John Lambert* was there with his bears,
and deeply did swear

(As Cromwell had done before) those vermin should
sit there no more.

Sing, hi ho, Wil. Lenthall,† who shall our generall
be?

For the house to the Divell is sent all, and follow,
guid faith, mun ye!

Sing, hi ho, &c.

* Lambert and "his bears" are frequently mentioned in the satirical writings of this period. Cromwell is said to have sworn "by the living God," when he dissolved the Long Parliament.

† William Lenthall had been speaker of the Long Parliament. In Cromwell's last parliament he had enjoyed the office of Master of the Rolls in Chancery, and was a member of the "other house."

Then, Muse, strike up a sonnet, come, piper, and play
 us a spring;
 For now I think upon it, these Rs. turn'd out their king;
 But now is come about, that once again they must
 turn out,
 And not without justice and reason, that every one
 home to his prison.
 Sing, hi ho, Harry Martin,* a burgess of the bench.
 There's nothing here is certain, you must back
 and leave your wench.
 Sing, hi ho, &c.

* Harry Marten was member for Berkshire in the Long Parliament. He was a man of a very equivocal private character, and a violent republican. In the heat of the civil wars, he had been committed to the Tower for a short time by the parliament, for speaking too openly against the person of the king. When he attempted to speak against the violent dissolution of the Long Parliament by Cromwell, the latter reproached him with his licentiousness: this circumstance is alluded to in a contemporary ballad,—

“ Harry Martin wond'ered to see such a thing
 Done by a saint of such degree;
 'Twas an act he did not expect from a king,
 Much less from such a dry-bone as he.

“ But Oliver laid his hand on his sword,
 And upbraided him with his adultery;
 To which Harry answer'd never a word,
 Saving, humbly thanking his majesty.”

He is constantly jeered for his licentious life in the contemporary songs. At the calling together of the Long Parliament, when this song was written, he and Lord Monson, the “two chaste cock-sparrows” (as they are called in a contemporary pamphlet), were brought out of prison (where they had been committed for debt), to resume their seats in the

He there with the buffle head, is called lord and of
the same house,
Who (as I have heard it said) was chastised by his
ladye spouse;
Because he ran at sheep, she and her maid gave him
the whip,
And beat his head so addle, you'd think he had a
knock in the cradle.
Sing, hi ho, lord Munson,* you ha' got a park of
the kings;
One day you'l hang like a hounson, for this and
other things.
Sing, hi ho, &c.

house. Marten has been designated as "the droll of the Long Parliament;" and he retained his gaiety to the last. He was one of those selected to satisfy the vengeance of the restored house of Stuart, though he escaped execution after condemnation. He is frequently called Henry Marten, and he expected to the indictment against him on his trial, on the ground that that name, which was there given to him, was not his.

* William Lord Monson, Viscount Castlemaine, was member for Ryegate in the Long Parliament. He was degraded from his honours at the Restoration, and was condemned to be drawn on a sledge with a rope round his neck from the Tower to Tyburn, and back again, and to be imprisoned there for life. It appears, by the satirical tracts of the day, that he was chiefly famous for being beaten by his wife. In one, entitled "Your Servant, Gentlemen," 4to. 1659, it is asked, "Whether that member who lives nearest the church, ought not to ride Skimmington next time my Lady Mounson cudgels her husband?" And in another ("The Rump Despairing," 4to. London, March 26, 1660) we find the following passage:—"To my Lord Monson. A scepter is one thing, and a ladle is another, and though his wife can tell how to use the one, yet he is not fit to hold the other."

It was by their masters order at first together they met,
Whom piously they did murder, and since by their
own they did set.

The cause of this disaster is 'cause they were false to
their master;

Nor can they their gens-d'armes blame for serving
them the same.

Sing, hi ho, Sir Arthur,* no more in the house
you shall prate;

For all you kept such a quarter,† you are out of
the councill of state.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

Old Noll once gave them a purge (forgetting *Occidisti*),
(The furies be his scourge!) so of the cure must he;
And yet the drug he well knew it, for he gave it to
Dr. Huit;‡

Had he given it them, he had done it, and they had
not turn'd out his son yet!

* Sir Arthur Haselrigge. He was member for Leicestershire in the Long Parliament.

† The word *quarter* was used at this period to signify a noise or disturbance, or, in more common language, a row.

‡ Dr. John Hewit, an episcopal clergyman, was executed for high treason in 1658, for having held an active correspondence with the royalists abroad, and having zealously contributed to the insurrection headed by Penruddock in that year. His case was now brought up as a subject of party reproach. Two or three months after the publication of the present ballad, appeared a tract entitled, "Beheaded Dr. John Hewet's Ghost pleading yea urging for exemplary Justice against the arbitrary unexampled Injustice of his late Judges," 4to. March 27, 1660.

Sing, hi ho, brave Dick, L. Hall, and lady Joane,
Who did against loyalty kick is now for a new-
years-gift gone.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

For had old Noll been alive, he had pul'd them out
by the ears,
Or else had fired their hive, and kickt them down
the staires;
Because they were so bold, to vex his righteous soul,
When he so deeply had swore, that there they should
never sit more.

But, hi ho, Nol's dead, and stunk long since above
ground,

Though lapt in spices and lead that cost us many
a pound.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

Indeed, brother burgeis, your ling did never stink
half so bad,

Nor did your habberdin when it no pease-straw had;
Ye both were chose together, 'cause ye wore stuff-
cloaks in hard weather,

And Cambridge needs would have a burgeis fool
and knave.

Sing, hi ho, J. Lowry,* concerning habberdine
No member spake before ye, yet you ne're spoke
again.

* John Lowry, Esq. was one of the members for Cambridge in the Long Parliament.

Sing, hi ho, my honey, my heart shall never rue,
Here's all pickt ware for the money, and yet a
hard pennyworth too.

Ned Prideaux* he went post to tell the protector the
news,

That Fletwood ruld the rost, having tane off Dickes
shoes.

And that he did believe, Lambert would him decieve,
As he his brother had guld, and Cromwell Fairfax
bul'd.

Sing, hi ho, the attorney was still at your command;
In flames together burn ye, still dancing hand in
hand!

Who's that would hide his face, and his neck from
the collar pull?

He must appear in this place, if his cap be made of
wool.

Who is it? with a vengeance! it is the good lord St.
Johns,†

* Sir Edmund Prideaux, Bart. represented Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, in the Long Parliament. He was Cromwell's Attorney General.

† Oliver St. John, member for Totness, in Devonshire, in the Long Parliament, and Lord Chief Justice of the Upper Bench. He was a member of Cromwell's "other house," under the title of Oliver Lord St. John, and was made by the Protector Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He is said to have pulled down some part of Peterborough Cathedral to build his own house. "He hath a great kindness

Who made Gods house to fall, to build his own withall.

Sing, hi ho, who comesthere? who 'tis I must not say;

But by his dark-lanthorn I sweare he's as good in
the night as day.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

Edge, bretheren, room for one that looks as big as
the best;

Tis pitty to leave him alone, for he is as good as the
rest;

No picklock of the laws, he builds among the daws,
If you ha' any more kings to murder, for a President
look no further.

Sing, hi ho, J. Bradshaw, in blood none further
engages;

The Divel, from whom he had's law, will shortly
pay him his wages.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

Next, Peagoose wild,* come in to shew your weesle face,

for that saint (St. Peter), not because of his keys (which he knew he should never make use of), but in reference to Peterborough Minster, the stones of which built his new house." Original marginal note to a ballad printed in the "Loyal Songs," ii. 95. He was in temper retired and morose; and was frequently characterised by the title of the "dark-lantern-man."

* John Wilde was one of the members for Worcestershire in the Long Parliament. In Cromwell's last parliament he represented Droitwich, and was made by the Protector "lord chief baron of the publick exchequer." In a satirical pamphlet, contemporary with the present ballad, he is spoken of as, "Serjeant Wilde, best known by the name of the Wilde

And tell us Burleys sin, whose blood bought you
your place;

When loyalty was a crime, he lived in a dangerous time,
Was forc'd to pay his neck to make you baron of the
cheque.

Sing, hi ho, Jack Straw, we'l put it in the margent;
'Twas not for justice or law that you were made a
sergeant.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

Noll serv'd not Satan faster, nor with him did bet-
ter accord;

For he was my good master, and the Divel was his
good lord.

Both Slingsby, Gerrard, and Hewet,* were sure
enough to go to it,

According to his intent, that chose me President.

Sing, hi, ho, L. Lisle,† sure law had got a wrench,

Serjeant." Another old song describes his personal appearance in terms not unlike those used above:—

" But baron Wild, come out here,
Shew your ferret face and snout here,
For you, being both a fool and a knave,
Are a monster in the rout here."

Loyal Songs, ii. 55.

* Sir Henry Slingsby and Dr. Hewet were executed for treason against the government of Oliver Cromwell in 1658. (See before, p. 150). Colonel John Gerard was brought to the block at the beginning of the Protectorate, in 1654, for being engaged in a plot to assassinate Cromwell.

† John Lord Lisle represented Yarmouth in the Long Parliament. He sat for Kent in the parliament of 1653; and was afterward a member of Cromwell's "other house," and

And where was justice the while, when you sate
on the bench.

Sing hi, ho, &c.

Next comes the good lord Keble, of the triumvirate,
Of the seal in the law but feeble, though on the bench
he sate;

For when one puts him a case, I wish him out of the
place,

And, if it were not a sin, an abler lawyer in.

Sing, give the seal about, I'de have it so the rather,
Because we might get out the knave, my lord, my
father.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

Pull out the other three, it is Nathaniel Fines*
(Who Bristol lost for fear), wee'l not leave him be-
hind's;

Tis a chip of that good old block, who to loyalty
gave the first knock,

held the office of Lord Commissioner of the Great Seal. He was president of the high courts of justice which tried Gerard, Slingsby, and Hewet.

* In the Long Parliament Nathaniel Fiennes, was member for Banbury, in Oxfordshire. In the Parliament of 1654, he represented Oxfordshire. He was afterwards, as Nathaniel Lord Fiennes, a member of Cromwell's "other house." Fiennes was accused of cowardice in surrendering Bristol (of which he was governor) to Prince Rupert somewhat hastily, in 1643. His father, Lord Say and Sele, opposing Cromwell, was obliged to retire to the Isle of Lundy.

Then stole away to Lunday, whence the foul fiend
fetches him one day.

Sing, hi ho, canting Fines, you and the rest to
mend 'um,

Would ye were serv'd in your kinds, with an *ense
rescidendum*.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

He that comes down staires, is Lord Chief Justice
Glin;*

If no man for him cares, he cares as little again:
The reason too I know't, he helpt cut Straffords
throat,

And take away his life, though with a cleaner knife.

Sing, hi ho, Britain bold, straight to the bar you get,

Where it is not so cold as where your justice set.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

He that shall next come in, was long of the council
of state,

* John Lord Glynn, member of Cromwell's "other house," was "chief justice assigned to hold pleas in the upper bench." He was engaged in the prosecution of the Earl of Strafford. He was one of the eleven members impeached by the army in 1647 (see p. 45); and was a Welshman (see p. 47). In the Long Parliament, as well as in Cromwell's parliaments he was member for Carnarvon. An old ballad speaks thus of him;—

"But my good lord Glynn, man,
Pride is a deadly siu, man,
Cots plutter-a-nails! few traytors be
Like you of all your kin, man."

Though hardly a hair on his chin, when first in the
council he sate;

He was sometime in Italy, and learned their fashions
prettily,

Then came back to's own nation, to help up reformation.

Sing, hi ho, Harry Nevil,* I prethee be not too rash
With atheism to court the Divil, you'r too bold
to be his bardash.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

He there with ingratitude blackt is one Cornelius
Holland,†

* Henry Nevil was member for Abingdon, in Berkshire, in the Long Parliament. In Cromwell's last parliament he represented Reading. In a satirical tract before alluded to, he is spoken of as "religious Harry Nevill;" and we find in Burton's Diary, that some months before the date of the present song (on the 16th Feb. 1658-9), there was "a great debate" on a charge of atheism and blasphemy which had been brought against him.

† In the satirical tract before mentioned (entitled "England's Confusion"), this member is described as "hastily rich Cornelius Holland." He appears to have risen from a low station, and is characterised in the songs of the day as having been a link-bearer. Thus one addresses him,—

"Cornelius, thou wert a link-boy,
And born, 'tis like, in a sink, boy;
I'll tell thy knavery to the world,
But thy pitch sticks in my ink, boy."

And another speaks of him thus,—

"Holland the link-boy's a worshipful wight,
For he must stand by to hold them a light,
While they do their works of darkness and night."

Who, but for the king's house, lackt wherewith to
appease his colon;

The case is wel amended since that time, as I think,
When at court-gate he tended with a little stick and
a short link.

Sing, hi ho, Cornelius, your zeal cannot delude us;
The reason pray now tell ye us, why thus you
playd the Judas.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

At first he was a grocer, who now we major call,
Although you would think no, sir, if you saw him in
White-hall;

Where he has great command, and looks for cap in
hand,

And if our eggs be not addle, shall be of the next new
moddel.

Sing, hi ho, Mr. Salloway,† the Lord in heaven
doth know,

* Major Salwey was an officer in the parliamentary army; on the 17th Jan. 1660, he incurred the displeasure of the house, and was sequestered from his seat and sent to the Tower. In a satirical pamphlet of the time ("England's Confusion," 4to. May 30, 1659), he is described as "a smart, prating apprentice, newly set up for himself." He appears to have been originally a grocer and tobacconist: a ballad of the time speaks of him as,

"Salloway with tobacco
Inspired, turn'd state quack-o;
And got more by his feigned zeal,
Then by his, *What d'ye lack-o?*"

In another he is introduced thus,

When that from hence you shall away, where to
the Divil you'l go.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

Little Hill,* since set in the house, is to a mountain
grown;

Not that which brought forth the mouse, but thou-
sands the year of his own.

The purchase that I mean, where else but at Taun-
ton Dean;

Five thousand pounds per annum, a sum not known
to his grannam.

Sing, hi, the good old cause,† tis old although not
true,

"The tobacco-man Salway, with a heart full of gall,
Puffs down bells, steeples, priests, churches, and all,
As old superstitious relicks of Baal."

A third ballad, alluding to his attitude in the house, couples
together

"Mr. William Lilly's astrological lyes,
And the meditations of Salloway biting his thumbs."

* Roger Hill was member for Bridport, in Dorsetshire.
He bought a grant of the Bishop of Winchester's manor of
Taunton Dean, valued at £1,200 a year. A ballad, written
towards the end of 1659, says of him,

"Baron Hill was but a valley,
And born scarce to an alley;
But now is lord of Taunton Dean,
And thousands he can rally."

† With the revival of the Long Parliament, the old repub-
lican feelings arose again, under the denomination of the
"Good Old Cause." Innumerable pamphlets were published
for and against "The Cause." Even Prynne, the fierce old
Presbyterian, who was now turning against the patriots, lifted

You got more by that, then the laws, so a good
old cause to you.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

Master Cecil,* pray come behind, because on your
own accord

The other house you declin'd, you shall be no longer
a lord;

The reason, as I guess, you silently did confess,—
Such lords deserved ill the other house to fill.

Sing, hi ho, Mr. Cecil, your honour now is gone;
Such lords are not worth a whistle, we have made
better lords of our own.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

Luke Robinson† shall go before ye, that snarling
northern tike:

Be sure hee'l not adore ye, for honour he doth not
like;

He cannot honour inherit, and he knowes he can
never merit,

up his pen against it, and published, "The Republicans and others spurious Good Old Cause briefly and truly Anatomized," 4to. May 13, 1659.

* Robert Cecil, Esq. was one of the members of the old Long Parliament who were now brought together to form the Rump. He represented Old Sarum, Wilts.

† Luke Robinson, of Pickering Lyth, in Yorkshire, was member for Scarborough. An old ballad says of him,

"Luke Robinson, that clownado,
Though his heart be a granado,
Yet a ligh shoe with his hand in his poke
Is his most perfect shadow."

And therefore he cannot bear it, that any one else
should wear it.

Sing, hi ho, envious lown, you'r of the beagles kind,
Who always barked at the moon, because in the
dark it shin'd.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

'Tis this that vengeance rowses, that, while you make
long prayers,

You eat up widows houses, and drank the orphans
tears;

Long time you kept a great noise, of God and the
good old cause;

But if God to you be so kind, then I'me of the In-
dians mind.

Sing, hi ho, Sir Harry*, we see, by your demeanor,
If longer here you tarry, you'l be Sir Harry Vane,
Senior.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

Now if your zeal do warme ye, pray lowd for fairer
weather;

Swear to live and die with the army, for these birds
are flown together;

The house is turn'd out a door (and I think it was
no sin, too);

If we take them there any more, wee'l throw the
house out of the window.

* Sir Harry Vane.

Sing, hi ho, Tom Scot,* you lent the Divel your
hand;

I wonder he helpt you not, but suffred you t'be
trapand.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

They'r once again conduced, and we freed from the
evil,

To which we long were used, God blesse us next
from the Divel!

If they had not been outed, the army had been routed;
And then this rotten Rump, had sat until the last
trump.

But, hi ho, Lambert's here, the protectors instru-
ment bore,

And many there be, who swear that he will do it
no more.

Sing, hi ho, &c.

Come here then, honest Peters,† say grace for the
second course,

So long as these your betters must patience have
upon force.

Long time he kept a great noise, with God and the
good old cause;

* Thomas Scott was member for Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire, in the Long Parliament.

† Hugh Peters, the celebrated fanatic. In the margin of the original, opposite to the words "the devil's fees," is the following note—"his numps and his kidneys."

But if God own such as these, then where's the Di-
vels fees?

Sing, hi ho, Hugo, I hear thou art not dead;
Where now to the Divel will you go, your patrons
being fled?

Sing, hi ho, my hony, my heart shall never rue,
Four and twenty now for a penny, and into the
bargain Hugh.

THE NOBLE ENGLISH WORTHIES.

[December 28, 1659.]

THE following ballad (preserved in the 15th vol. of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets), was composed after the parliament had been delivered from the sway of the army, in the latter part of the month of December. The "noble worthies" were the officers who had declared for the parliament, in opposition to Lambert. Monck was on his way towards London, still declaring his intention to support the Rump.

Tis not saint George we sing of here,
Nor George the fatal duke Villier,*
Nor George a Green, nor Castriot,
Nor Buchanan the learned Scot;

* George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, slain at Portsmouth by Felton. George-a-Green, "Pindar of the town of Wakefield," a famous hero of English popular romance. George Castriot, better known by the name of Scanderbeg, a celebrated Grecian hero of the fifteenth century. George Buchanan, the well-known schoolmaster of King James VI of Scotland (James I of England).

But 'tis of George the valiant Monck,
That made Van Trump in's blood dead drunk,
And in the seas his navy sunck;
Oh ! this is our brave George !

He made the Dutch-men vale their topps,
And humble be as their sack-slops;
The English fleet he did advance,
To th' terrour of proud Spain and France;
And when amongst the Scots he came,
He did their furious spirits tame,
For which e're since all love his name;
Oh ! this is our brave George !

Renown by sea and land he got;
Old Noll for him would do what not;
There's none ere boded him ill-will,
That valour had, or martial skill.
This is the noble generall,
Who fights to rescue us from thrall,
And that we may be free-men all;
Oh ! this is our brave George !

Such gallant worthies are most rare;
Yet many more at Portsmouth are;—
Noble Sir Arthur Haselrigg*
Resolves to lead a Scottish gig,

* In December 1659, Hazelrigge was commanding at Portsmouth, where he and the other officers here mentioned declared for a free parliament, in opposition to the schemes of

With Morley, Walton, Wallop, and
Renowned Whetham, whose command
For all our liberties do stand,
As well as our brave George.

Sir Ashley-Cooper,* Scot, and more,
Such honest hearts there are good store,
The famous Lawson and the fleet,†
And London lads in every street,

Fleetwood and Lambert. By "leading a Scottish jig," is meant that they would follow the example of Monck with the army in Scotland, in supporting the Parliament. Pepys has the following entry in his Diary, on the 1st May 1661,—
"Then we set forth again, and so to Portsmouth, seeming to me to be a very pleasant and strong place; and we lay at the Red Lyon, where Haselrigge and Scott and Walton did hold their councill, when they were here, against Lambert and the Committee of Safety."

* The names of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper and Thomas Scott, occur among the signatures to a declaration of officers of the army in favour of the parliament. The former was a very active man at this time, and was a member of the House of Commons. He had formerly been a royalist. A ballad, written in 1659, says of him,

"Ashley Cowper knew a reason,
That treachery was in season,
When at the first he turned his coat
from loyalty to treason."

He afterwards made another turn, and contributed much towards the restoration, and in reward for his services was raised to the peerage by Charles II, and became famous by the title of Earl of Shaftesbury, a title still held by his descendants.

† Sir John Lawson, admiral of Cromwell's fleet, a brave and able officer, who had risen from a low station of life, having been the son of a poor man at Hull. He was at heart

Who vow to make subverters stare
At Tyburne in the open air,
For doing what no king did dare:—
And thus vowes our brave George.

The honest souldiers (though some be
Sadly mis-led) resolve to see
The Parliament restor'd again,*
And run away to Monck amain;
Who pay's them well, as well they may
Expect, for Lambert has no pay;
And thus the newes is every day
In honour of brave George.

Hacker† and other men resolv'd,
Deny the members are dissolv'd,
Though their apostatising brothers
Pretend to be more wise than others;
But when their folly re-appeares,
And their ill-fortune like those years,
When Noll steep'd all the land in tears,
Then, hey ! for our brave George !

a zealous republican, and had brought the fleet into the river at this conjunction to support the parliament against the Lambertians. He was at Gravesend.

* The soldiers about London, on the 22nd of December, had declared that they would have the parliament sit again, and hold its debates freely and without interruption.

† Colonel Francis Hacker. He had commanded the guards at the execution of Charles I, and was one of the regicides executed after the Restoration.

The writs for a new parliament
Are to return the way they went;
For no elections can be made
In freedom, whilst the cobling trade*
Can vamp, set up, or them translate;
And this necessity of state
(As wise men say) breeds all the bate;—
And thus sayes our brave George.

The noble city will be wise,
And their sweet liberties dear prize;
Religion, lawes, and freedom, are
The stakes for which all parties dare;
But yet our better hopes appear,
Against the new approaching year,
We shall be quited all from fear,
By the help of our brave George.

Let them that please, sit still at ease,
Whilst heaven in mercy sends us peace;
But may our noble worthies be
Successful in their policy,
That order may return again
In church and state, and right may reign,
And all subverters have their pain !
And God bless our brave George !

London, Printed by Thomas Milbourn, and are to be sold at
his house in Jewen-Street, 1659.

* John Hewson, very active among the officers at this time,
had been a shoemaker.

THE CITIES NEW POETS MOCK SHOW.

[Decemb. 31, 1659.]

From the fifteenth volume of the folio broadsides, King's
Pamphlets, British Museum.

HEARKEN, good people, in countrey and city;
For I do intend to be very witty,
And Londons lord mayor shall be my ditty.

Of the Skinners-hall* was this man of might;
He walketh by day, and sleepeth by night,
And with his fine sword the bakers doth fright.

Scarce had the ruddy morning broke,
When my lord mayor out of his dream awoke,
Quoth he, "hath Will to the barber spoke?"

His voice made his wife her eyes to unlock,—
Quoth she, "where is Mary, to bring me my smock?"
With that my lord mayor with his slippers did knock.

When he was shaved, and all things were fit,
He sent for a pound of beef from the spit,
And hastily eat it up every bit.

Then away went he to his galley-foist;
He rode on a horse, 'cause the weather was moist,
At which the women and children rejoyc't.

* Sir Richard Chiverton, of the Skinners' Company, was elected lord mayor in 1658. Perhaps he was re-elected the year following; otherwise the date of this ballad must be wrong.

Who all in scullers did go straightway,
For to behold a most gallant fray,
Which Cripple-gate men performed that day.

The Cripple-gate men did notable feats;
The English man the Spaniard beats,
And all the way merrily piped the waights.

The drums did rattle, the guns did thunder,
Some people did laugh, and others did wonder,
And all the poor fish lay trembling under.

Then landed the mayor and his aldermen old,
With scarlet gowns and chains of gold,—
Yet none of them could a dream unfold.

Before and behinde were the dung-boats all drest
With flags and pendants of the very best,
And in them sate the wise men of the east.

To westward they went, both Jack and Tony,
To show the Protector they had yet more mony,
For which he thanked them from a bellcony.

Now comes the mayor to the bar of course,
To the judge he made legs like Banks's horse;—
He could do no better, 'twas well 'twas no worse.

Then spake the recorder, wise man he,
“ At length, my Lord Baron, are come we,
Your honours worship for to see.

“But that the people did throng so fast,
Indeed, my lord, we had made more haste;—
But who can remedy what is past.

“Therefore to avoid this mischief hereafter,
Pray let our green-men come with us by water;
They’l open the croud, and make you much laughter.

“And now, Mr. Baron, if I be not too bold,
I think here’s a mayor worth his weight in gold,—
Pray swear him quickly, for ’tis very cold.”

Then answer’d the Baron o’th’ Exchequer, and said,
“My lord, to see you in truth I am glad,
•You seem a gentleman proper and staid.”

Then he went on, not at all fluster’d,
“God bless your lordship, and your custard,
And may your justice sting like mustard!”

But now he’s come to the city again,
And home to dinner he must amain,
With capon-broth to wash his new chain.

Against the old Change a pageant did meet him,
And there a gyant also did greet him,
There was no house in London could fit him.

This gyant he walked upon stilts,
With his tricks he tickled the peoples milts,
And he had a sword with fifteen hilts.

He threatened the Tower away to bear,
With all the new silver that was there;
But, quoth the lord mayor, "Sir, if you dare!"

With that he fell down, to set forth ambition,
For no man is safe in fortunes tuition,
Therefore good people walk in submission.

I'th' pageant then were leopards two;
In them sat two Moors as black as a shooe;—
Now guess if the people had nothing to do.

At every corner a virgin sat;
They lookt each one as sad as a cat,
For they did mourn for I know not what.

Before there sate an old man in black;
He seem'd as if he something did lack,—
Sure he wanted a cup of my lord mayors sack.

But when he did see my lord mayor come,
He threw off his cloak, and scratched his bum,
And out of his throat his flegm did hum.

Quoth he, "my lord, and one o'th' four and twenty,
To tell you the truth my belly is empty,—
To stay so long at Westminster what meant ye?"

Swearing and chaffing then came the cook;
Quoth he, "what a stir's here to swear on a book!"
I thought his wits would have his brains forsook.

My lord convinced by logick so strong,
His green-men caused to open the throng,
That he the more quickly might pass along.

But as if the Devil did owe him a spight,
And resolv'd to keep him from victuals till night,
At Soaper-lane end behold another sight.

The pageant it was a very fine toy,
'Twas invented sure by some Pauls school boy,
It made my lord mayors heart leap for joy.

First Pan with his horns himself descries,
Next him sat Orpheus, on a seat that did rise,
Behind sate four Satyrs with hairy thighs.

Wilde beasts there was of many a sort,
Most lively done, thank Jermine for't;
But, heaven be prais'd! they did nobody hurt.

Pan did set forth a cuckoldy clown,
Of which there are many in London town;—
Would I had as many pounds of my own.

There prentices were set forth by the satyrs,
Who often do prove themselves no women-haters,
When they run away with their masters daughters.

This made my lord mayor earnestly gaze,
Alas! his lordship was in an amaze,
Whne up stept Orpheus, and spake in this phrase:

Quoth he, "Man of might, that rul'st with a mace,
For which the taylor did make a green case,
Welcome the comfort of thy new shaven face!

"At Soaper-lane end stand watchmen mighty,
Which maketh us in this place to greet ye,
Who are the chief watchmen of our city.

"For I know no man, as I am a sinner,
Fitter then you, who are a skinner,
To be our cities Wakefield pinner.

"For easiest are by you to be seen,
The knaves that would get our walls within,
Cloth'd in the lambs and foxes skin.

"Besides the city is a great bear,
And wickedness like a skin doth wear,—
I pray you flea it off, good my lord mayor.

"Let justice also, that mighty vertue,
Before you go like green-men that sport you,
With fire in her mouth, that vice may not hurt you."—

More would he have said, but the cook in hast
Sent one to ask mayor why time he did waste,
To hear a fool prate in a pageant plac'd.

With that to his home most nimbly he traces,
Where Cripple-gate men stood in their due places,
With muskets cock't and leopard faces.

The mayor in his house they did not refuse,
 To give him many peals,—to give 'em their dues,
 They valu'd their powder as the dirt of their shooes.

Thus was my lord mayor of his chain of state seiz'd,
 Thus were the men of Cripple-gate eas'd,
 And thus were the women and prentices pleas'd.

Now maids in your smocks look well to your locks,*
 Your fire and also your candle-light;
 For when the belly is full, men are sleepy and dull;
 Good night my masters all, good night.

M. T.

A NEW-YEARS-GIFT FOR THE RUMP.

[Jan. 5, 1659(-60.)]

THE state of affairs at the period when this ballad was published is best described in the words of Pepys, who began his Diary on the first of January 1659-60.—“The condition

* These concluding lines are one of the songs, or at least an imitation of them, which were formerly known by the name of “Bellman’s Songs.” The first line is verbally the same as the commencement of the Belman’s Song in the “Mad Pranks and Merry Jests of Robin Goodfellow,” edited by Mr. Payne Collier for the Percy Society, p. 37.

“Maydes in your smockes,
 Looke well to your lockes,
 And your tinder boxe, &c.

* * *

When the Bell-man knockes,
 Put out your fire and candle light.”

Another Bellman’s Song is printed in Mr. Mackay’s “Songs and Ballads relative to the London Prentices,” p.151.

of the state was thus : viz. the Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert, was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the army all forced to yield. Lawson lies still in the river, and Monk is with his army in Scotland. Only my Lord Lambert is not yet come in to the parliament, nor is it expected that he will without being forced to it. The new Common Council of the City do speak very high; and had sent to Monk their sword-bearer, to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full parliament, which is at present the desires, and the hopes, and the expectations of all. Twenty-two of the old secluded members having been at the house-door the last week to demand entrance, but it was denied them; and it is believed that neither they nor the people will be satisfied till the house be filled." This was written on the first day of January.

The following ballad is preserved in the fifteenth volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets.

You may have heard of the politique snout,
Or a tale of a tub with the bottom out,
But scarce of a parliament in a dirty clout;
Which no body can deny.

'Twas Atkins* first serv'd this Rump in with mustard;
The sawce was a compound of courage and custard;
Sir Vane bless'd the creature, Noll snuffed and bluster'd;
Which no body can deny.

The right was as then in old Olivers nose;
But when the Devil of that did dispose,

* Alderman Atkins has been mentioned on a former occasion (see p. 103). In the satirical tract entitled "England's Confusion," he is described as "*wise* Alderman Atkins."

It decended from thence to the Rump in the close;
Which no body can deny.

Nor is it likely there to stay long,
The retentive faculties being gone,
The juggle is stale, and money there's none;
Which no body can deny.

The secluded members made a trial
To enter, but them the Rump did defy all,
By the ordinance of self-denial;
Which no body can deny.

Our politique doctors do us teach,
That a blood-sucking red-coat's as good as a leech,
To relieve the head, if appli'd to the breech;
Which no body can deny.

But never was such a worm as Vane;
When the state scour'd last, it voided him then,
Yet now he's crept into the Rump again;
Which no body can deny.

Ludlow's f— was a phrophetique trump,*
(There never was any thing so jump);
'Twas the very type of a vote of this Rump;
Which no body can deny.

* Ludlow is well known as a staunch republican. The incident alluded to was a subject of much merriment, and exercised the pen of some of the choicest poets of the latter half of the seventeenth century.

They say, 'tis good luck when a body rises
With the rump upward, but he that advises
To live in that posture, is none of the wisest;
Which no body can deny.

The reason is worse, though the rime be untoward,—
When things proceed with the wrong end forward;
But they say there's sad news to the Rump from the
 nor'ward;*
Which no body can deny.

'Tis a wonderfull thing, the strength of that part;
At a blast it will take you a team from a cart,
And blow a man's head away with a f—;
Which no body can deny.

When our brains are sunck below the middle,
And our consciences steer'd by the hey-down-diddle,
Then things will go round without a fiddle;
Which no body can deny.

You may order the city with hand-granado,
Or the generall with a bastonado,—
But no way for a Rump like a carbonado;
Which no body can deny.

* Lambert, with his army, was in the north, and amid the contradictory intelligence which daily came in, we find some people who, according to Pepys, spread reports that Lambert was gaining strength.

To make us as famous in council as wars,
Here's Lenthal a speaker for mine —,
And Fleetwood is a man of Mars;
Which no body can deny.

'Tis pitty that Nedham's* fall'n into disgrace;
For he orders a bum with a marvellous grace,
And ought to attend the Rump by his place;
Which no body can deny.

Yet this in spight of all disasters,
Although he hath broken the heads of his masters,
'Tis still his profession to give 'em all plasters;
Which no body can deny.

The Rump's an old story, if well understood;
'Tis a thing dress'd up in a Parliaments hood,
And like't, but the tayl stands where the head should;
Which no body can deny.

'Twould make a man scratch where it does not itch,
To see forty fools heads in one politique breech,
And that, hugging the nation, as the devil did the
witch;
Which no body can deny.

From rotten members preserve our wives!
From the mercie of a Rump, our estates and our lives!
For they must needs go whom the devil drives;
Which no body can deny.

Printed at Oxford for G. H.

* Marchamont Nedham. See before, p. 56.

A HYMNE TO THE GENTLE-CRAFT, OR HEWSONS LAMENTATION.

To the Tune of "The Blind Beggar."

[Jan. 11, 1659.]

THIS ballad is taken from the fifteenth volume of the folio broadsides. Hewson, as has been already observed, was originally a shoemaker, and he had lost one of his eyes. He took part with the Lambertians, and made himself very obnoxious to the city. About the middle of January appeared a pamphlet, with the title, "The Out-Cry of the London Prentices for Justice to be executed upon John Lord Hewson; with their Desires and Proposals touching his Arraignement, and also A Hue-and-cry, or Proclamation," 4to. Lond. 1659 (Jan. 16, 1659-60). In this tract is the following curious allusion to our great poet:—"The one good eye he hath left, wee'l take out of his head, and bestow it upon blind Milton, that it may still be worn as an ornament in a knaves countenance, and when he leaves it, it shall be given to Surgeons Hall for a rarity." Pepys observes, on the 25th Jan.. "Coming home heard that in Cheapside there had been but a little before a gibbet set up, and the picture of Huson hung upon it in the middle of the street."

The tune of "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green" is well known to every reader.

LISTEN a while to what I shall say,
Of a blind cobbler that's gone astray
Out of the Parliaments high way;
Good people, pity the blind.

His name you wot well, is Sir John Hewson,
Whom I intend to set my Muse on;
As great a warrior as Sir Miles Lewson;
Good people, &c.

He'd now give all the shooes in his shop
The Parliaments fury for to stop,
Whip cobbler like any town-top;
Good people, &c.

He hath been in many a bloody field,
And a succesful sword did wield,
But now at last is forced to yield;
Good people, &c.

Oliver made him a famous lord,
That he forgot his cutting bord;
But now his thread's twisted to a cord;
Good people, &c.

Crispin and he were neer of kin;
The gentle craft have a noble twin,
But he'd give Sir Hughs bones to save his skin;
Good people, &c.

Abroad and at home he hath cut many a hide,
A dog and a bell must now be his guide;
They'l lash him smartly on the blind side;
Good people, &c.

Of all his warlike valiant feats,
Of his calves leather and his neats,
Let him speak'um himself when he repeats,
Good people, &c.

I'le only mention one exploit,
For which when he begs I'le give him a doit,
How he did the city vex and annoy't;
Good people, &c.

He marcht into London with red-coat and drum,*
During the time we had no bum,
Being right for the army as a cows thum;
 Good people, &c.

And there he did the prentices meet,
Who jeered him as he went through the street;
But he did them very wel-favouredly greet;
 Good people, &c.

Bears do agree with their own kind,
But he was of such a cruel mind,
He kild his brother cob, before he had din'd;
 Good people, &c.

He strutted then like a crow in a gutter,
That no body durst once more mutter;
The capon-citizens gan to flutter;
 Good people, &c.

After he had them thus defeated,
To his old quarters he retreated,
And was by Fleetwood nobly treated;
 Good people, &c.

* After Lambert had interrupted the sitting of the Rump, while he was with the army appointed to oppose Monck, the citizens of London began to show their determination to support the parliament. On the fifth of December, some disturbances took place in London, and when the soldiers were sent into the city, under Hewson's orders, they were insulted, and a slight collision taking place, two of the mob were killed.

He is for this, I hear, indited,
Though the week before by them invited;
But wise men say they are benighted;
Good people, &c.

He cares not for the sessions a lowse,
They reach not a peer of the "other house;"
He's frighted to see that he is a parliament chouse;
Good people, &c.

And now he's gone the Lord knows whither,
He and this winter go together;
If he be caught, he will loose his leather;
Good people, &c.

H'ad best get in some country town,
And company keep with Desbrow the clown;
You see how the world gets up and down;
Good people, &c.

His coach and his horses are gone to be lost;
He must vampit, and cart it, and thank thee, mine host;
There's no more to be said of an old toast;
Good people, &c.

Sing, hi ho, Hewson, the state ne're went upright,
Since coblers could pray, preach, govern, and fight;
We shall see what they'l do, now you'r out of sight;
Good people, &c.

London, Printed for Charls Gustavus.

A NEW BALLADE.

To an old Tune,—“Tom of Bedlam.”

[Jan. 17, 1659.]

THIS ballad, taken from the fifteenth volume of the folio broadsides, relates to the same jealousies between the army and the city, that had given rise to the incident which formed the subject of the preceding. The tune of “Tom of Bedlam” has been mentioned already. See p. 102.

MAKE room for an honest red-coat,
 (And that you’l say’s a wonder);
The gun and the blade
Are his tools,—and his trade
Is for pay to kill and plunder.
Then away with the lawes
And the good old cause;
Ne’r talk o’the Rump or charter;
 ’Tis the cash does the feat,
All the rest’s but a cheat,
Without that there’s no faith nor quarter.

’Tis the mark of our coin, God with us,*
And the grace of the Lord goes along with’t;
When the Georges are flown,
Then the cause goes down,
For the Lord is departed from it.
Then away, &c.

* The coins of the Commonwealth had on one side the inscription, THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND, and, on the reverse, GOD WITH US.

For Rome, or for Geneva,
For the table, or the altar,
This spawn of a vote
He cares not groat—
For the pence hee's your dog in a halter.
Then away, &c.

Tho' the name of king, or bishop,
To nostrils pure may be loathsome,
Yet many there are
That agree with the mayor,
That their lands are wondrous toothsom.
Then away, &c.

When our masters are poor, we leave 'em;
'Tis the golden calf we bow too,—
We kill and we slay,
Not for conscience, but pay,
Give us that, we'll fight for you too.
Then away, &c.

'Twas that, first turn'd the king out,
The lords next, then the commons;
'Twas that kept up Noll,
Till the Devil fetch'd his soul,
And then it set the bum on's.
Then away, &c.

Drunken Dick was a lame Protector,
And Fleetwood a back-slider;

These we serv'd as the rest,
But the city's the beast
That will never cast her rider.
Then away, &c.

When the mayor holds the stirrop,
And the shreeves cry, God save your honours;
Then 'tis but a jump,
And up goes the rump
That will spur to the Devil upon us.
Then away, &c

And now for a fling at your thimbles,
Your bodkins, rings, and whistles;
In truck for your toyes
We'll fit you with boys,
('Tis the doctrine of Hugh's Epistles.*)
Then away, &c.

When your plate is gone, and your jewels,
You must be next entreated
To part with your bags,
And strip you to rags,
And yet not think y'are cheated.
Then away, &c.

* A note in the margin adds,—“to the butchers wife.” It refers to a scandalous libel against Hugh Peters, which is alluded to in other satirical pamphlets of the day.

The truth is, the town deserves it,
'Tis a brainless heartless monster;
At a club they may bawl,
Or declare at their hall,
And yet, at a push, not one stir.
Then away, &c.

Sir Arthur vowd he'll treat 'em
Far worse than the men of Chester;
He's bold now they're cow'd,
But he was nothing so lowd,
When he lay in the ditch at Lester.
Then away, &c.

The Lord hath left John Lambert,
And the spirit Feak's* anointed,
But why, oh Lord,
Hast thou sheathed thy sword?
Lo thy saints are disappointed.
Then away, &c.

* John Feake was an enthusiast and preacher; after the overthrow of the Rump Parliament, he published, "A Word for All; or the Rump's Funeral Sermon," 1660. In a satirical publication, entitled "A Perfect Diurnal" (Numb. i. March 19, 1659-60, 4to.), is the following allusion to him: "Resolved, That the pattent concerning Sion Colledge delivered unto Mr. Manton, be construed, deemed, and taken for a Millenary Lease unto William Kiffin and John Feake of their respective meeting houses, as a Court for King Jesus."

Tho' Sir Henry be departed;
Sir John makes good the place now,
And to help out the work
Of the glorious kirk,
Our brethren march apace too.
Then away, &c.

While divines and statesmen wrangle,
Let the rump-ridden nation bite on't;
There are none but we
That are sure to go free,
For the souldier's still in the right on't.
Then away, &c,

If our masters wont supply us
With mony, food, and clothing,
Let the state look to't,
We'll find one that will do't,
Let him live—we'll not damn for nothing.
Then away with the laws;
And the good old cause,
Ne'r talk o'the Rump or the charter;
'Tis the cash does the feat,
All the rest's but a cheat,—
Without that there's no faith nor quarter.

THE GANG :

OR, THE NINE WORTHIES AND CHAMPIONS, LAMBERT, ETC.

To the Tune of "Robin Hood."

[Jan. 17, 1659.]

AFTER the return of the Rump to power, and the depression of Lambert's party, nine of the leading officers, who had been active members of the Committee of Safety, were by the parliament deprived of their commissions. According to one of the pamphlets of the day, they were Colonels John Lambert, John Desborough, James Berry, Thomas Kelsey, Richard Ashfield, Ralph Cobbet, William Packer, and Robert Barrow, and Major Richard Creed. The list given in the present ballad (from the folio broadsides, vol. 15) differs a little from the foregoing. On the 9th of January in the present year, Pepys informs us, "I heard Sir H. Vane was this day voted out of the House, and to sit no more there; and that he would retire himself to his house at Raby; as also all the rest of the nine officers that had their commissions formerly taken away from them, were commanded to their furthest houses from London during the pleasure of the parliament." This last-mentioned circumstance gave rise to our ballad.

It was at the birth of a winters morn,
With a hey down, down a down, down,
Before the crow had hist,
That nine heros, in scorn
Of a Parliament forlorn,
Walk'd out with sword in fist.

Johnnie Lambert was first, a dapper squire,
With a hey down, &c.
A mickler man of might

Was ne're in Yorkshire,
And he did conspire
With Vane Sir Harry, a knight.

Desbrow* next, a goodlier swain,
With a hey down, &c.
An Easter sun ne're see;
He drove on amain,
Without any brain,
Such a jolthead knave was he.

Kelsey was a brave button-maker,
With a hey down, &c.
As ever set mould upon sc sewer;
And this wise-aker
Was a great pains taker,
T' make Lambert's nose look blewer.

The devout and holy Major Creed,
With a hey down, &c.

* Major-General John Desborough was Oliver Cromwell's brother-in-law, and was made by Richard Cromwell Chancellor of Ireland. He had occupied himself with agriculture, before the breaking out of the political troubles called him into a more active sphere of life. A similar circumstance was made a subject of satire against Lambert, as in the following passage of a tract, entitled "A brief Account of the Meeting, Proceedings, and Exit of the Committee of Safety," 4to. Jan. 28, 1659-60:—"Lambert. Truly, gentlemen, I have a right also to what I seek, as I am a person that delights in gardening; for so I am more particularly the son of Adam, then any of ye all. For Adam was a gardener, and lord of the whole earth; now if I can't be lord of the whole earth, I intend to be lord of as much as I can get."

I known't of what faith or sect,
Had mounted a steed,
And vow'd he would bleed,
'Fore Lambert should be check't.

Dukenfield (steel was ne're so true),
With a hey down, &c.
And as wise as e're was Toby,
Lay in the purlew,
The cock-pit avenue,
To hinder the speakers go-by.

A man of stomach in the next deal,
With a hey down, &c.
Was hungry Colonel Cobbet;
He would eat at a meale
A whole commonweale,
And make a joint but a gobbet.

The following champion is Barrow,
With a hey down, &c.
An ominous name for a swine-herd;
He flew like an arrow,
Thither whence lord Harry,
But durst not draw his whinyard.

Room for Packer, a toyling ditcher,
With a hey down, &c.
He had set his spade on edge,

He hop't to be richer
By being a britcher,
And Lambert his stake in the hedge.

For nobilities sake we may not forget,
With a hey down, &c.
That valiant Mars his true son ;
His cobling feat
Lack't a Parliament seat,
That marks-man one eyed Hewson.

These being aided with red coat and creepers,
With a hey down, &c.
After a short dispute,
The liberty keepers
Were made boo-peepers,
And the speaker stucken mute.

But well said Sir Arthur,* what time of the day,
With a hey down, &c.
The Parliaments' now in their prime;
They stand at a bay.
And have mist their prey,
And cowardly curse the time.

* Sir Arthur Haselrigge.

THE SECOND PART.

Now Johnnie is gone to the north country,
With a hey down, &c.
And glad he is to retire;
He cries, "Cramme O Cree !
Have mercy on me,
My tail is set a fire !"

And Desborough gotten into his farme,
With a hey down, &c.
Untill they doe him need,
'Meant the house no harm,
But took it for a barn,—
His lord and he's not agreed.

Kelsey is praying for the dole,
With a hey down, &c.
Of the hospital that's Suttons;
He is out of the roll,
And hath ne're a loop-hole,
And now he's making buttons.

And Creed will now believe Sir Arthur,
With a hey down, &c.
His steed is chop't for a jade;
He will be a carter
Before a martyr,
And is turned renegade.

Dukenfeld's in a pitiful case,
With a hey down, &c.
The speakers horses and coach
Were at stake with the mace,
And he's thrown aums-ace;—
Tyburn owes him a reproach.

By being too greedy, Colonel Cobbet,
With a hey down, &c.
Has got a bone in his throat;
He hath sighed and sobbed,
And grievously throbb'd,
But it will not help the choak.

Pray take your turn, too, Mr. Barrow,
With a hey down, &c.
What think you of your plot?
Your sow would not farrow,
The hang-mans harrow
That hurdle will be your lot.

Tye him up, Don, 'tis goodman Packer,
With a hey down, &c.
That would set up another nose;
Had he been a backer,
As Colonel Hacker,
H'ad liv'd in spite of his foes.

Hewson's companions, as scabby as coots,
With a hey down, down a down, down.

Have infected him with the mange;
They have dirtied his boots,
He must cry roots,
And turn out to turnup must change.

London, Printed for Charles Gustavus.

VANITY OF VANITIES: OR, SIR HARRY
VANE'S PICTURE.

To the Tune of "The Jews Corant."

[Jan. 18, 1659.]

THE following ballad, printed from the fifteenth volume of the folio broadsides, relates to the sequestration of Sir Henry Vane from the House of Commons, and his retirement to his house at Raby, in the county of Durham. See the introduction to the preceding ballad. He did not remain long there; for, on the eleventh of February, Monck, then at London, made a formal complaint "that Lambert and Vane are now in town, contrary to the vote of Parliament." (Pepys' Diary.)

The air of "The Jew's Corant," is to be found in a curious collection of old tunes, published by John Playford in 1670, entitled "Apollo's Banquet; for the Treble Violin." It is there classed among the French dances.

HAVE you not seen a Barthol'mew baby,
A pageant of policy as fine as may be,
That's gone to be shown at the mannor of Raby;
Which no body can deny.

There never was such a prostitute sight,
That e're profan'd this purer light;
A hocus pocus jugling knight;
Which no body can deny.

He was taken for a Delphick tripus,
Another doubt-solving Oedipus,
But the Parliament made him a very quibus;
Which no body can deny.

His cunning state tricks and orakles,
His lying wonders and miracles,
Are turned into parliament shackles;
Which no body, &c.

Goodly great Sir Onesimus Vane,
The anointed king of saints not reign?
I see all godlinesse is not gain:
Which no body, &c.

John a Leyden,* that Munsters jing,
Was a fool and an asse to this pretty thing,
But the Parliament hated the name of a king;
Which no body, &c.

This holy saint hath pray'd till he wept,
Prophesied, and divin'd while he slept;
But fell in the dirt when aside he stept;
Which no body, &c.

He sate late in the house so discontent,
With his arms folded, and his brows bent,
Like Achitophel to the Parliament;
Which no body, &c.

* John Beccold, more commonly known as John of Leyden, was the head of the Anabaptists of Munster, in 1633.

He durst not speak of a concubine,
Nor gave more counsel to any design;
But was musing on a hempen line;
Which no body, &c.

He see Mr. Prin* take a great deal of pain
To get in with the rest as members again,
But they were voted as uselesse as Vane;
Which no body, &c.

They gave him a congé with such a vote,
'Twas thought they had learned it by rote,
Ever since he went down to Graves-end by bote;
Which no body, &c.

For all his ceremonious cringing,
He shall undergo a notable swindging;
There is now no more need of his engine;
Which no body, &c.

When first the English war began,
His father was a court trepan†
And 'rose to be a parliament-man;
Which no body, &c.

* William Prynne, the lawyer, who had been so active a member of the Long Parliament, when the Presbyterians were in power, was one of the secluded members. He returned to the House on the 21st of January, this year. Pepys says, "Mr. Prin came with an old basket hilt sword on, and had a great many shouts upon his going into the Hall."

† Sir Henry Vane the elder had been in favour at court, and held office under Charles I, and was said to have joined the patriotic party from personal motives.

So from the father, came unto the son;
Whom woe and mis'ry now do wait upon,
For counselling Protector John;*
Which no body, &c.

A gemini they were, Pollux and Castor,
One was a teacher, the other a pastor;
And both like rogues betrayed their master;
Which no body, &c.

The Devil ne're see such two Sir Harry's,
Such a pest'lent pair nor neer nor far is;
No, not at the Jesuits Sorbon of Paris;
Which no body, &c.

They talk't of his having a cardinall's hat,
They'd send him as soon, I know not what!
For turning in pan there was ne're such a cat;
Which no body, &c.

His dainty project of a select senate,
Is damned for a blasphemous tenet;
T'was found in the budget ('tis said) of monk Bennet;
Which no body, &c.

Of this state and kingdoms he is the bane,
He shall have the reward of Judas and Cain,

* John Lambert, who was said to have aimed at making himself Protector, in the place of his brother-in-law, Richard Cromwell.

And 'twas he that overthrew Charles his wain;
Which no body, &c.

Should he sit where he did, with his mischievous brain,
Or if any of his counsels behind do remain,
The house may be called the Labour in Vain;
Which no body, &c.

London, Printed for Charls Gustavus.

THE BREECH WASH'D BY A FRIEND TO
THE RUMP.

[Jan. 19, 1659.]

FROM the sixteenth volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets. It was written amid the dissensions between the parliament and the city; when the part which Monck would eventually take remained still very doubtful.

IN an humor of late I was,
Ycleped a dolefull dump;
Thought I, we're at a fine passe,—
Not a man stands up for the Rump.
But lets it be lash'd o'r and o'r,
While it lies, like a senselesse fop;
'T would make a man deplore,
To see a tail tew'd like a top.
Though a rump be a dangerous bit,
And many a knave runs mad on't;
Yet, verily, as it may hit,
An honest man may be glad on't.

To abuse a poor blind creature,
I had like to have said, and a dumb;
But now it has gotten a speaker,
And Say* is the mouth of the bum.
When Besse rul'd the land, there was no man
Complain'd; and yet now they rail,—
I beseech you, what differs a woman
From a thing that's all tongue and tail?
Though a rump, &c.

The charter we've sworn to defend,
And propagate the Cause,—
What call you those of the rump end
But fundamental laws?
The case is as clear as the day,
There had been no reformation,
If the rump had not claw'd it away,
You had had no propagation.
Though a rump, &c.

As a body's the better for a purge,
Tho' it may be troubled with gripes,
So the nation will mend with a scourge,
Tho' the tail may be sick of the stripes.
Ill humors to convey,
When the state hath taken a loosnesse,
(Who can hold what will away),
The rump must doe the businesse.
Tho' a rump, &c.

* Say was elected speaker of the House, during the temporary absence of Lenthall.

The bold cavalier in the field,
That laughs at your sword and gunshot,
An ordinance makes him to yield,
And he's glad to turn tayl to bum-shot.
Old Oliver was a teaser,
And waged warr with the stump;
But Alexander and Cæsar
Did both submit to the rump.
Tho' a rump, &c.

Let no man be further misled,
By an error past debate,
For Sedgwick* has prov'd it the head
As well of the church as the state.
Honest Hugh,† that still turnes up the tippets,
When he kneels to administer,
Sayes, a rump with Skippons sippets,
Is a dish for a holy sister.
Tho' a rump, &c.

Through pride of flesh or state
Poor souls are overthrow'n,
How happy then is our fate,
Wee've a rump to take us down!
In matters of faith, 'tis true,
Some differings there may be;

* Obadiah Sedgwick, a favourite divine and active partizan of the Commonwealth-men. Chalmers places his death in Jan. 1658, which appears to be an error.

† Hugh Peters.

But give the saints their due,
In the rump they all agree.
Tho' a rump, &c.

'Tis good at bed and at bord,
It gives us pleasure and ease;
Will you have the rest, in a word,
'Tis good for the new disease,
(The tumult of the guts);
'Tis a recipe for the kings evil;
Wash the members as sweet as nuts,
And then throw them all to the Devil.
Though a rump be a dangerous bit,
And many a knave runs mad on't,
Yet, verily, as it may hit,
An honest man may be glad on't.

Printed at Oxford for Carolus Gustavus.

THE PARLIAMENT-COMPLEMENT:

OR, THE RE-ADMISSION OF THE SECLUDED MEMBERS TO THE
DISCHARGE OF THEIR LONG RETARDED TRUST.

[Feb. 22, 1659.]

AFTER Monck had made himself master of the parliament, one of his first measures was to restore the Presbyterians to power, as the only means of bringing about the revolution in the state which he now began to contemplate. For this purpose, he determined to restore to their seats the members of the Long Parliament who had been driven out of the house by the army before the trial of Charles I; and on the 21st of February the secluded members took their seats in the

house. From that moment the parliament made hasty strides towards the restoration.

The following ballad, published the day after the admission of the secluded members, is taken from the sixteenth volume of the folio broadsides.

SINCE sixteen hundred forty and odd,
We have soundly been lasht with our own rod;
And have bow'd ourselves down at a tyrants nod;
Which no body can deny.

We have seen a new thing, cal'd a Council of State,
Upheld by a power that's now out of date,
Put to th' question by th' members of forty-eight;
Which no body can deny.

We have seen what we hope we shall ne're see again,
Now Lambert and Desbrow are snar'd in the gin,
The tail cunningly pieced unto the skin;
Which no body can deny.

A sword that has frightened our laws out of dore,
A back-sword, I wot, that must cut so no more,
By th' honour of Monck, now quitting that score;
Which no body can deny.

A vote lately called the judgment of th' house,
To be esteem'd and reputed not worth a louse,
And the grandee of Portsmouth* made a fine chouse;
Which no body can deny.

* Sir Arthur Haselrigge, who headed the insurrection of the troops at Portsmouth against the party of Lambert.

We have seen an assesment, a thing for taxes;
Though the common-wealth waine, the private waxes;
Swords into plowshares, and such bills to axes;
Which no body can deny.

Another new story of qualification;
That belong'd to no honest man of the nation;
Like the ill contriv'd authors, quite out of fashion;
Which no body can deny.

Original sin was damn'd by that law;
The son of a cavalier made a jack-straw,
To be chewed again by their rav'nous jaw;
Which no body can deny.

To fill up the house, and to shuffle the deal,
New writs issued out for their new commonweal;
But its not worth asking who is't payes the seal;
Which no body can deny.

I wonder who pays the late parliament printers;
That place they may hold as many summers as winters,
And wish their presses were broken in splinters;
Which no body can deny.

A great many traytors by them lately made,
Makes treason be thought a common trade;
Sir George Booth and Jack Lambert, a while in the
shade;
Which no body can deny.

We shall now sure give over that word sequester,
Now the tail is cured of their rankling fester;
The twentieth of April is much about Easter;
Which no body can deny.

How many thanks of the house have been idly spent
Upon people that still have been malecontent;
But they must fast from those dainties in this shriving
Lent;
Which no body can deny.

That honorable favour no more shall be given
To the factious merit of a party hell-driven,
For now our twenty years odds will be even;
Which no body can deny.

Then room for our prisoners detain'd in the Tower,
And away with the new lieutenants power,
Who's minting the widdowed good old causes dower;
Which no body can deny.

Sir George Booth* shall not think this a hit of fate,
Nor excuse his keeper, whose warrants out 'f date;
We shall see them all cry peccavi too late;
Which no body can deny.

Eleven years mischiefs, tumults, and rage,
Are the only memorials of this Common-wealths age;
And all to be thank't be Hazilrigg the sage;
Which no body can deny.

* Sir George Booth had been a prisoner in the Tower, since his defeat in Cheshire.

Let our liberty-keepers be chang'd to restorer,
Let our peace carry truth and duty before her,
He's a fool and a knave, that else will adore her;
Which no body can deny.

This Janus-like freedom, though it please not us all,
And aversly doth look on the scepter and ball,
Will shut up its temple at next common-hall;
Which no body can deny.

Then lets pray to great Jove, that made Monck sokind,
To our desperate estate to put him in mind,
With the rest of our worthies of the great thing behind;
Which no body can deny.

London, Printed for James Nidall. 1660.

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, ANGLICE MERCURIUS POETICUS.

To the Tune of "The Old Souldjour of the Queens," &c.

[Feb. 28, 1659.]

THE following ballad was written on the occasion of the overthrow of the Rump by Monck. He arrived in London on the third of February, and professed himself a determined supporter of the party then uppermost. On the ninth and tenth, he executed their orders against the city; but suddenly on the eleventh he joined the city and the presbyterian party, and demanded the readmission of the members who were secluded formerly from the Long Parliament. This measure put an end to the reign of the Rump, and immediately afterwards the parliament dissolved itself, and a new one was called.

This ballad is taken from the sixteenth volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets. The tune of the "Old Soldier of the Queen's" is very well known.

News, news,—here's the occurrences and a new Mer-
curius,

A dialogue betwixt Haselrigg the baffled, and Arthur
the furious;

With Ireton's* readings upon legitimate and spurious,
Proving that a saint may be the son of a whore, for
the satisfaction of the curious.

From a Rump insatiate as the sea

Libera nos, Domine.

Here's the true reason of the cities infatuation,
Ireton has made it drunk with the cup of abomination,
That is, the cup of the whore, after the Geneva
interpretation,

Which with the juyce of Titchburn's grapes† must
needs cause intoxication.

From a Rump, &c.

* Col. John Ireton was the brother of the more celebrated Henry Ireton, and was an alderman of London. He appears to have been clerk of the council of officers at Wallingford House.

† Col. Robert Tichbourn was also an alderman and had been lord mayor in 1658. He was an enthusiast in religion, of the Independent party, and published several books, among which one was very celebrated, and is often referred to in the tracts of this period, entitled "A Cluster of Canaans Grapes. Being severall experimented truths received through private communion with God by his Spirit, grounded on Scripture, and

Here's the whipper whipt, by a friend to George, that
whipp'd Jack,* that whipp'd the breech,
That whipp'd the nation as long as it could stand
over it—after which
It was itself re-jerk'd by the sage author of this speech,
Methinks a Rump should go as well with a Scotch
spur as with a switch.
From a Rump, &c.

This Rump hath many a rotten and unruly member;
“Give the General the oath!” cries one—(but his
conscience being a little tender)
“I'll abjure you with a pestilence!” quoth George,
“and make you remember

presented to open view for publique Edification,” Lond. 4to. Feb. 16, 1649. In a satirical tract of the year 1660, he is made to say, “I made my mother the City drunk with the clusters which I brought from Canaan, and she in her drink made me a colonel.” After the return of the secluded members to the house, and the triumph of the city and the Presbyterian party, Ireton and Tichbourn were committed to the Tower, charged with aiming at the overthrow of the liberties of the city and other grave misdemeanours. There are in the British Museum two satirical tracts relating to their imprisonment: 1. “The Apology of Robert Tichborn and John Ireton. Being a serious Vindication of themselves and the Good Old Cause, from the imputations cast upon them and it by the triumphing city and nation in this their day of desertion. Printed for everybody but the light-heel'd Apprentices and head-strong Masters of this wincing City of London.” March 12, 1659-60). 2. “Brethren in Iniquity: or a Beardless Pair: held forth in a Dialogue betwixt Tichburn and Ireton, Prisoners in the Tower of London,” 4to. (April 30, 1660.)

* George Monck and John Lambert.

The 'leaventh of February* longer than the fifth of
November!"

From a Rump, &c.

With that, Monk leaves (in Rump assembled) the
three estates:

But oh! how the citizens hugg'd him for breaking
down their gates,

For tearing up their posts and chaynes, and for
clapping up their mates,†

(When they saw that he brought them plasters for
their broken pates.)

From a Rump, &c.

In truth this ruffle put the town in great disorder,
Some knaves (in office) smil'd, expecting 'twould go
further ;

But at the last, "my life on't! George is no Rumper,"
said the recorder,

"For there never was either honest man or monk of
that order."

From a Rump, &c.

* The eleventh of February was the day on which Monck overthrew the Rump, by declaring for the admission of the secluded members.

† On the tenth of February, Monck by order of the Parliament had entered the city in a hostile manner. "Mr. Fage told me," says Pepys, "what Monk had done in the city, how he had pulled down the most parts of the gates and chains that he could break down, and that he was now gone back to Whitehall. The city look mighty blank, and cannot tell what in the world to do." The next day he turned from the parliament, and took part with the city.

And so it prov'd; for, "gentlemen," says the general,
"I'll make you amends:—

Our greeting was a little untoward, but we'll part
friends;

A little time shall show you which way my design
tends,

And that, besides the good of church and state, I
have no other ends."

From a Rump, &c.

His excellence had no sooner pass'd this declaration
and promise,

But in steps Secretary Scot, the Rump's man Thomas,
With Luke their lame evangelist, (the Devil keep'um
from us!)*

To shew Monk what precious members of church
and state the Bumm has.

From a Rump, &c.

And now comes the supplication of the members
under the rod,

"Nay, my lord!" cries the brewers clerk, "good my
lord,—for the love of God!

Consider yourself, us, and this poor nation, and that
tyrant abroad;

Don't leave us:"—but George gave him a shrugg
instead of a nodd.

From a Rump, &c.

* Thomas Scot and Luke Robinson were sent by the parliament to expostulate with Monk, but without effect.

This mortal silence was followed with a most hideous
noyse,
Of free parliament bells and Rump confounding boyes,
Crying, "cut the rogues! singe their tayles!" when
with a low voyce,
"Fire and sword! by this light," cryes Tom, "let's
look to our toyes!"
From a Rump, &c.

Never were wretched members in so sad a plight;
Some were broyld, some toasted, others burnt out-
right;*
Nay against Rumps so pittylesse was their rage and
spite,
That not a citizen would kisse his wife that night.
From a Rump, &c.

* Pepys gives the following description of the rejoicings in the city on the evening of the eleventh of February:—"In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen! The number of bonfires! there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell thirty-one fires. In King-street seven or eight; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps; there being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side."

By this time death and hell appear'd in the ghastly looks
Of Scot and Robinson, (those legislative rooks);
And it must needs put the Rump most damnably off
the hooks,
To see that when God has sent meat, the Devil
should send cooks.
From a Rump, &c.

But Providence their old friend brought these saints
off at last,
And through the pikes and the flames undismembered
they past,
Although (God wot) with many struglings and much
hast,—
For, members, or no members, was but a measuring
cast.
From a Rump, &c.

Being come to Whitehall, there's the dismal mone,
“Let Monk be damn'd!” cries Arthur in a terrible
tone,—*

* In a satirical tract, entitled “Free Parliament Queries,” 4to. April 10, 1660, it is inquired “Whether Sir Arthur did not act the Raging Turk in Westminster Hall, when he saw the admission of the secluded members?” Pepys gives the following account of the reception of Monck's letter from the city on the 11th of February:—“So I went up to the lobby, where I saw the speaker reading of the letter; and after it was read, Sir A. Haselrigge came out very angry, and Billing standing by the door, took him by the arm and cried, ‘Thou man, will thy beast carry thee no longer? thou must fall!’”

"That traytor, and those cuckoldy rogues that set
him on!"

(But tho' the knight spits blood, 'tis observ'd that he
draws none).

From a Rump, &c.

"The plague bawle you!" cries Harry Martin, "you
have brought us to this condition,*

You must be canting and be plagued, with your
Barebones petition,†

And take in that bull-headed splay-footed member
of the circumssision,

That bacon fac'd Jew Corbet,‡ that son of perdition!"

From a Rump, &c.

* Haselrigge was accused of having been a dupe to Monck's cunning intrigues.

† The celebrated Praise-God Barebone, at the head of a body of fanatics, had (Feb. 9) presented a strong petition to the house in support of the Good Old Cause, which gave great offence to the Presbyterian party and the citizens, although it was received with thanks. According to Pepys, one of Monck's complaints against the parliament was "that the late petition of the fanaticque people presented by Barebone, for the imposing of an oath upon all sorts of people, was received by the house with thanks." The citizens did not omit to show their hostility against the presenter of the petition. On the 12th, Pepys says, "Charles Glascocke. . . told me the boys had last night broke Barebone's windows." And again, on the 22nd, "I observed this day how abominably Barebone's windows are broke again last night."

‡ Miles Corbet, as well as Tichbourn, had sat upon the king in judgment. In a satirical tract, published about the same time as the present ballad, Tichbourn is made to say, "They say I am as notorious as Miles Corbet the Jew." In another, entitled "The Private Debates, &c. of the Rump,"

Then in steps driv'ling Mounson to take up the
 squabble,
 That lord which first taught the use of the wooden
 dagger and ladle;³
 He that outdoes Jack Pudding† at a custard or a
 caudle,
 And were the best fool in Europe but that he wants
 a bauble.
 From a Rump, &c.

More was said to little purpose,—the next news is,
 a declaration
 From the Rump, for a free state according to the
 covenant of the nation,
 And a free parliament under oath and qualification,
 Where none shall be elect but members of reprobation.
 From a Rump, &c.

4to. April 2, 1660, we read, "Call in the Jews, cries Corbet, there is a certain sympathy (quoth he), methinks, between them and me. Those wandring pedlers and I were doubtless made of the same mould; they have all such blote-herring-faces as myself, and the devil himself is in 'um for cruelty." He was one of those who fled on the Restoration, but he was afterwards taken treacherously in Holland, and, being brought to London, was executed as a regicide. In another satirical tract, entitled "A Continuation of the Acts and Monuments of our late Parliament," (Dec. 1659) it is stated that,—“July 1, This very day the house made two serjeants at law, William Steele and Miles Corbet, and that was work enough for one day.” And, in a fourth, “*Resolved*, That Miles Corbet and Robert Goodwin be freed from the trouble of the Chief Register Office in Chancery.”—*Mercurius Honestus*, No. 1, (March 21, 1659-60).

* See before, p. 149 of the present volume.

† See before, p. 55.

Here's the tail fir'd, a piece acted lately with great
 applause,
With a plea for the prerogative breech and the good
 old cause,
Proving that Rumps and members are antienter than
 laws,
And that a bumme divided is never the worse for
 the flaws.

From a Rump, &c.

But all things have their period and fate,
An act of parliament dissolves a Rump of state,
Members grow weak, and tayles themselves run out
 of date,
And yet thou shalt not dye (dear breech), thy fame
 I'll celebrate.

From a Rump, &c,

Here lies a pack of saints that did their souls and
 country sell
For dirt, the devil was their good lord, him they
 served well;
By his advice they stood and acted, and by his
 president they fell,
(Like Lucifer) making but one step betwixt heaven
 and hell.

From a Rump insatiate as the sea

Liberasti nos, Domine.

THE SECOND PART OF ST. GEORGE FOR
ENGLAND.

To the Tune of "To drive the cold winter away."

[March 7, 1659.]

THE following ballad, on the same subject as the preceding, is taken from the fourteenth volume of the folio broadsides. The tune of "To drive the cold winter away," was popular in the seventeenth century. See Chappell's "National Airs," p. 107.

Now the Rump is confounded,
There's an end of the Roundhead,
Who hath been such a bane to our nation;
He hath now playd his part,
And's gone out like a f—,
Together with his reformation.
For by his good favour,
He hath left a bad savour;
But's no matter, wee'l trust him no more;
Kings and queens may appear
Once again in our sphere,
Now the knaves are turn'd out of door,
And drive the cold winter away.

Scot, Nevil, and Vane,
With the rest of that train
Are into Oceana* fled;
Sir Arthur the brave,
That's as arrant a knave,

* An allusion to James Harrington's "Oceana."

Has Harringtons Rota in's head;*
But hee's now full of cares
For his foals and his mares,
As when he was routed before;
But I think he despairs,
By his arms, or his prayers,
To set up the Rump any more,
And drive the cold winter away.

I should never have thought,
That a Monk could have wrought
Such a reformation so soon;
That house which of late.
Was the jaques of our state,
Will ere long be a house of renown.
How good wits did jump,
In abusing the Rump,
Whilst the house was press'd by the rabble;
But our Hercules, Monk,
Though it grievously stunk,
Now hath cleans'd that Augean-stable,
And drive the cold winter away.

* James Harrington, a remarkable political writer of this time, had founded a club called the Rota, in 1659, for the debating of political questions. This club met at Miles's coffee-house, in Old Palace Yard, and lasted a few months. At the beginning of the present year was published the result of their deliberations, under the title of "The Rota; or, a Model of a Free State, or Equall Common-wealth: once proposed and debated in brief, and to be again more at large proposed to and debated by a free and open Society of ingenious Gentlemen," 4to. Lond, 1660 (Jan. 9).

And now Mr. Prynne*
With the rest may come in,
And take their places again;
For the house is made sweet
For those members to meet,
Though part of the Rump yet remain;
Nor need they to fear,
Though his breeches be there,
Which were wrong'd both behind and before;
For he saith 'twas a chance,
And forgive him this once,
And he swears he will do so no more,
And drive the cold winter away.

'Tis true there are some,
Who are still for the Bum;
Such tares will grow up with the wheat;
And there they will be, till a parliament come
That can give them a total defeat.
But yet I am told,
That the Rumpers do hold
That the saints may swim with the tyde;
Nor can it be treason,
But scripture and reason,
Still to close with the stronger side,
And drive the cold winter away.

Those lawyers o' th' house,
As Baron Wild-goose,†

* See before, p. 196.

† Serjeant Wilde. See before, p. 153.

With treason Hill, Whitlock, and Say,
Were the bane of our laws,
And our good old cause,
And 'twere well if such were away.
Some more there are to blame,
Whom I care not to name,
That are men of the very same ranks;
'Mongst whom there is one,
That to Devil Barebone*
For his ugly petition gave thanks,
And drive the cold winter away.

But I hope by this time,
Hee'l confess 'twas a crime,
To abet such a damnable crew;
Whose petition was drawn
By Alcoran Vane,
Or else by Corbet the Jew.†
By it you may know,
What the Rump meant to do,
And what a religion to frame;
So 'twas time for St. George
That Rump to disgorge,
And to send it from whence it first came;
Then drive the cold winter away.

Finis for the Rumps finis.

* See before, p. 212.

† See before, p. 212.

NEWS FROM HELL, OR THE RELATION OF
A VISION.

[March 28, 1660.]

THE Parliament had dissolved itself on the sixteenth of March, on which the people began "to talk loud of the king." The present ballad, preserved in the seventeenth volume of the folio broadsides, was written during the period of the elections for the new parliament.

METHOUGHT I saw before mine eyes,
A meagre ghost to stand,
And if my fancie judg'd aright,
'Twas one of Pluto's band.
Thou gastly ghost I charge thee speak,
And shew the reason why
Thou waftest through the Stygian lake,
To fright mortality.

Yes, mortal wretch, see I am come,
From our infernal king,
From whom to th' English nation
Strange dolefull news do bring.
Such it is that will make mens hearts
To quake for dismal fear;
To what I therefore shall relate,
Lend an attentive eare.

A great man lately to us came,
And tydings thither brought,
That treason 'gainst great Pluto's state
The English nation wrought.

That very word of treason did,
 Belzebub so affright, ·
That of all courage for a while
 He was bereaved quite.

At length recover'd he burst forth,
 And thus in fury spoke,
"Thou wretch, with this thy cursed news
 How durst thou me provoke!
What? England, my sweet darling dear,
 Against me treason plot?
England, so late by us regain'd?
 Tush! I believe it not.

"How many of my trusty sprites,
 Have I therein imploy'd,
In whose succesful labours
 These sixteen years have joyed.
My first born spirit of pride I sent,
 Who acts so well his part,
There's scarce a man but he hath took
 Possession of his heart.

"The spirit of Mammon also is
 Of all so deified,
As if the English nation knew
 No other God beside.
The spirit of lust and of the world,
 Aye, of envy and of lies,
Have also place allotted them
 For their solemnities.

“ But what black sugar-candid tricks
Doth th’ spirit of errour play?
Who as the wind, the weather-cock,
Mens brains turns every way.
Now this opinion they embrace,
And by and by another;
Both these dislik’d, a third is best,
Taught by an holy brother.

“ Shall all this labour, care, and pains,
(My England to regain),
Which I and all my spirits have tane,
Prove fruitlesse and in vane?
Will England now from me revolt,
And plot against my state,
Without whose help and council they,
Themselves will ruinate?

“ ’Tis true, they broke their oaths and vows,
Which they to heaven made;
But yet with me to break their league,
I am sure they are afraid.”
“ May it please your horrid Devilship,”
The new come guest doth cry,
“ May not the news I brought disturb,
Your hellish majesty.

“ But if it be not treason too,
What is the truth to tell,
For truth should not (it is confest)
At all be spoke in hell.

But truth it is, there is sprung up
In England late a sect,
Who teach salvation doth belong,
To all without respect."

"Make haste now to return again,
Assume some body strait,
And tell some mortall wight, who may
What I shall speak relate.
Tell them although they do prevent
Me in my great designe,
Yet shall they not my vengeance scape,
For I have rods in brine.

"I'll muster legions of my spirits,
And with them council take;
How 'mong the Scottish elves I may
Greatest confusion make."
This, mortal wight, 's the news which I
Come hither thee to tell,—
My errand's done, and I must now
Return again to hell.

THE GLORY OF THESE NATIONS:

OR, KING AND PEOPLES HAPPINESSE. BEING A BRIEF RELATION OF KING CHARLES'S ROYALL PROGRESSE FROM DOVER TO LONDON, HOW THE LORD GENERALL AND THE LORD MAYOR, WITH ALL THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF THE LAND, BROUGHT HIM THOROW THE FAMOUS CITY OF LONDON TO HIS PALLACE AT WESTMINSTER, THE 29 OF MAY LAST, BEING HIS MAJESTIES BIRTH-DAY, TO THE GREAT COMFORT OF HIS LOYALL SUBJECTS.

The Tune is "When the king enjoys his own again."

THE new parliament met on the twenty-fifth of April, and on the first of May the king's letter from Broda was read, and the Restoration determined by a vote of the house. The king immediately repaired to the coast, and, after meeting with some obstruction from the roughness of the weather, went on board the Nazeby on the 23rd of May. On the 25th he landed at Dover. He made his entry into London on the 29th.

The original of the following ballad, (written on this occasion) is one of the six curious broadsides found recently in the lining of an old trunk, and now in the British Museum. The tune to which it was to be sung has been already noticed in the present volume. See p. 13.

WHERE'S those that did prognosticate,
And did envy fair England's state;
And said king Charles no more should raign?
Their predictions were but in vain;
For the king is now return'd,
For whom fair England mourn'd;
His nobles royally him entertain.
Now blessed be the day!
Thus do his subjects say,
That God hath brought him home again.

The twenty-second of lovely May,
At Dover arrived, fame doth say,
Where our most noble generall
Did on his knees before him fall,
Craving to kiss his hand,
So soon as he did land.
Royally they did him entertain,
With all their power and might,
To bring him to his right,
And place him in his own again.

Then the king, I understand,
Did kindly take him by the hand,
And lovingly did him embrace,
Rejoycing for to see his face.
Hee lift him from the ground,
With joy that did abound,
And graciously did him entertain;
Rejoycing that once more,
He was o'th' English shore,
To enjoy his own in peace again.

From Dover to Canterbury they past,
And so to Cobham-hall at last;
From thence to London march amain,
With a triumphant and glorious train.
Where he was receiv'd with joy,
His sorrow to destroy;
In England once more for to raign,

Now all men do sing,
God save Charles our king,
That now enjoys his own again.

At Deptford the maidens they
Stood all in white by the high-way,
Their loyalty to Charles to show,
They with sweet flowers his way to strew.
Each wore a ribbin blew,
They were of comely hue,
With joy they did him entertain,
With acclamations to the skye,
As the king passed by,
For joy that he receives his own again.

In Wallworth-Fields a gallant band
Of London prentices did stand,
All in white dublets very gay,
To entertain king Charles that day,
With muskets, swords, and pike;
I never saw the like,
Nor a more youthfull gallant train;
They up their hats did fling,
And cry, "God save the king!
Now he enjoys his own again."

At Newington-Buts the lord mayor willed
A famous booth for to be builded,
Where king Charles did make a stand,
And received the sword into his hand;

Which his majesty did take,
And then returned back
Unto the mayor with love again.
A banquet they him make,
He doth thereof partake,
Then marcht his triumphant train.

The king with all his noblemen,
Through Southwark they marched then;
First marched Major Generall Brown,*
Then Norwich Earle of great renown,†
With many a valiant knight
And gallant men of might,
Richly attired, marching amain,
There lords Mordin, Gerard, and
The good Earle of Cleavland,‡
To bring the king to his own again.

* Richard Brown, one of Cromwell's major-generals, governor of Abingdon, and member for London in the Long Parliament. He had been imprisoned by the Rump.

† The Earl of Norwich was George Lord Goring, who, with his son, acted a prominent part in the civil wars. He was created Earl of Norwich in 1644.

‡ John Mordaunt, son of the Earl of Peterborough, celebrated for his exertions to raise insurrections for the king during the Protectorate, was one of the bearers of the letters of the king to Monck. He was created Baron Mordaunt, July 10, 1659. Charles Lord Gerard, afterwards created Earl of Macclesfield, was a very distinguished royalist officer. Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Cleveland, who had suffered much for his loyalty to Charles I, headed a body of three hundred noblemen and gentlemen in the triumphal procession of Charles II into London.

Near sixty flags and streamers then
Was born before a thousand men,
In plush coats and chaines of gold,
These were most rich for to behold;
With every man his page,
The glory of his age;
With courage bold they marcht amain,
Then with gladnesse they
Brought the king on his way,
For to enjoy his own again.

Then Liechfields and Darbyes Earles,*
Two of fair Englands royall pearles;
Major Generall Massey then,
Commanded the life guard of men,
The king for to defend,
If any should contend,
Or seem his comming to restrain;
But also joyfull were
That no such durst appear.
Now the king enjoyes his own again.

Four rich maces before them went,
And many heralds well content;

* Charles Stuart, a gallant royalist officer, who had been created Earl of Litchfield by Charles I in 1645, and who immediately after the restoration succeeded his cousin Esme Stuart as Duke of Richmond. Charles Stanley, Earl of Derby, was son of the Earl of Derby who was beheaded after the battle of Worcester, and of the countess who so gallantly defended Latham House in 1644.

The lord mayor and the generall
Did march before the king withall.
His brothers on each side
Along by him did ride.
The Southwark-waits did play amain,
Which made them all to smile,
And to stand still awhile,
And then they marched on again.

Then with drawn swords all men did side,
And flourishing the same, then cryed,
“ Charles the second now God save,
That he his lawfull right may have!
And we all on him attend,
From dangers him to defend;
And all that with him doth remain.
Blessed be God that we
Did live these days to see,
That the king enjoyes his own again!”

The bells likewise did loudly ring,
Bonfires did burn and people sing;
London conduits did run with wine,
And all men do to Charles incline;
Hoping now that all
Unto their trades may fall,
Their famylies for to maintain,
And from wrong be free,
'Cause we have liv'd to see
The king enjoy his own again.

THE LAMENTATION OF A BAD MARKET:
OR, THE DISBANDED SOULDIER.

[July 17, 1660.]

THE following ballad is taken from the eighteenth volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets. It relates to the disbanding of the parliamentary army. Contrary, however, to what is pretended in this ballad, the writers of the time mention with admiration the good conduct of the soldiers after they were disbanded, each betaking himself to some honest trade or calling, with as much readiness as if he had never been employed in any other way. Not many weeks before the date of the present ballad, a prose tract had been published, with the same title, "The Lamentation of a bad Market: or, Knaves and Fools foully foyled, and fallen into a Pit of their own digging," &c. March 21, 1659-60.

In red-coat raggs attired,
I wander up and down,
Since fate and foes conspired,
thus to array me,
or betray me
to the harsh censure of the town.

My buffe doth make me boots, my velvet coat and
scarlet,

Which us'd to do me credit with many a wicked harlot,
Have bid me all adiew, most despicable varlet!

Alas poor souldier, whither wilt thou march?

I've been in France, and Holland,
guided by my starrs;

I've been in Spain and Poland,

I've been in Hungarie;

In Greece, and Italy,

And served them in all their wars.

Britain these eighteen years has known my desperate
slaughter,

I've killed ten at one blow, even in a fit of laughter,
Gone home again and smil'd, and kiss'd my landlord's
daughter;

Alas poor souldier, &c.

My valour prevailed,
meeting with my foes,
Which strongly we assailed;

Oh ! strange I wondred,
they were a hundred;

Yet I routed them with few blowes.

This fauchion by my side has kill'd more men, I'll
swear it,

Then Ajax ever did, alas ! he ne'er came near it,
Yea more than Priam's boy, or all that ere did hear it;
Alas poor souldier, &c.

For king and parliament

I was Prester John.

Devout was my intent;

I haunted meetings
used zealous greetings,
crept full of devotion;

Smectynnuus won me first, then holy Nye prevail,*
Then captain Kiffin†slops me with John of Leydenstail,

* Philip Nye. See before, p. 142.

† William Kiffin was a celebrated preacher of this time, and had been an officer in the parliamentary army. A little before the publication of the present ballad, a tract had appeared, with the title "The Life and Approaching Death

Then Fox and Naylor bangs me with Jacob Beamonds
flail;*

Alas poor souldier, &c.

I did about this nation

hold forth my gifts and teach,

Maintained the tolleration,

the common story

and directory,

I damn'd with the word 'preach'.

Time was when all trades failed, men counterfeitley
zealous

Turn'd whining snievling praters, or kept a country
ale-house,

Got handsome wives, turn'd cuckolds, howe'er were
very jealous.

Alas, poor souldier, &c.

of William Kiffin. Extracted out of the Visitation Book by a Church Member," 4to. London, March 13, 1659-60. He is here said to have been originally 'prentice to a glover, and to have been in good credit with Cromwell, who made him a lieutenant-colonel. He appears to have been busy among the sectaries at the period of the Restoration. He is thus mentioned in a satirical pamphlet of that time, entitled "Select City Quæries":—"Whether the Anabaptists late manifesto can be said to be forged, false, and scandalous (as Politicus terms it), it being well known to be writ by one of Kiffin's disciples; and whether the author thereof or Politicus may be accounted the greater incendiary?" Kiffin is mentioned in the note to p. 186 of the present volume.

* Fox and Naylor were the founders of the sect of Quakers. Naylor, in particular, was celebrated as an enthusiast. Jacob Boehmen, or Behmen, was a celebrated German visionary and enthusiast, who lived at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, and the founder of a sect.

The world doth know me well,
I ne're did peace desire,
Because I could not tell,
of what behaviour
I should savour
in a field of thundring fire.

When we had murdered king, confounded church
and state,

Divided parks and forests, houses, money, plate,
We then did peace desire to keep what we had gat.
Alas poor souldier, whither wilt thou march?

Surplice was surplisage,
we voted right or wrong,
Within that furious age,
of the painted glass,
or pictured brass,
and liturgie, we made a song.

Bishops, and bishops lands, were superstitious words,
Until in souldiers hands, and so were kings and lords,
But in fashion now again in spight of all our swords.
Alas poor souldier, &c.

Some say I am forsaken
by the great men of these times ;
And they're no whit mistaken ;
it is my fate
to be out of date,

My masters most are guilty of such crimes.
Like an old almanack, I now but represent
How long since Edge-hill fight or the rising was in
Kent,

Or since the dissolution of the first Long-Parliament.

Alas poor souldier, &c.

Good sirs, what shall I fancie,

amidst these gloomy dayes?

Shall I goe court brown Nancy?

in a countrey town

they'l call me clown,

If I sing them my out-landish playes.

Let me inform their noddle with my heroick spirit,

My language and worth besides transcend unto merit,

They'l not believe one word, what mortal flesh can
bear it?

Alas poor souldier, &c.

Into the countrey places

I resolve to goe,

Amongst those sun-burnt faces,

I'll goe to plough

or keep a cow,

'tis that my masters now again must do.

Souldiers ye see will be of each religion,

They're but like stars, which when the true sun rise
they're gon;

Ile to the countrey goe, and there ile serve Sir John.

Aye, aye, 'tis thither, and thither will I goe.

London, Printed for Charles Gustavus, 1660.

THE PHANATICS PLOT DISCOVERED:

BEING A TRUE RELATION OF THEIR STRANGE PROCEEDINGS
IN GLOCESTER-SHIRE AND OTHER COUNTIES, AND WHAT
HATH SINCE HAPNED UPON THE APPEARANCE OF THE TWO
GREAT BODIES OF FROGS AND TOADS (AS THEY PRETENDED)
IN SUNDRY SHAPES AND DREADFUL COLOURS, TO THE GREAT
WONDER OF ALL LOYAL SUBJECTS THAT SHALL SERIOUSLY
PERUSE THESE FOLLOWING LINES.

To the Tune of "Packingtons Pound."

[Aug. 9, 1660.]

FROM the eighteenth volume of the folio broadsides. This ballad relates to one of those manifestations of popular feeling, which, though feeble, showed that the satisfaction of the people at the Restoration was not general. The tune of "Packingtons Pound" has been mentioned before. See p. 122.

KIND friends, I am resolved to discover a thing,
Which of late was invented by foes to our king;
A phanatical pamphlet was printed of late,
To fill honest hearted affections with hate;
But here lies the thing, God has sent us a king
That hath wisdom enough to extinguish their sting.
And therefore I wish all allegiance be given,
To him that directly was sent us from heaven.

The phanaticks do tell us in Glocestershire,
A parcel of christians, as they call them there,
Did meet for to worship their unknown Apollo;
But mark, for their baseness hereafter doth follow.
I have taken the pain, without any gain,
The truth of this matter to you to explain;
And therefore believe not this flattering thing,
But stick close to your duty you owe to your king.

Here now comes the matter which I am to declare,
The Anabaptists in Glocestershire,
Where brother and sister being privately met,
They say a rude multitude did them beset;
But villains beware, and of this have a care,
Lest you with true subjects should have no share.
For the king is resolved their rights to restore;
And therefore, phanaticks, plot treason no more.

After this multitude had them beset,
They went to a justice his warrant to get,
Desiring his aid and assistance therein.
But he being honest, disowned their sin.
He bid them depart,—if they had their desert,
They deserv'd to be whipt at the tail of a cart;
But yet through their policie they do us tell,
That the judgment of God on that justice befel.

And for to bring this purpose about,
One of their own congregation went out
Into the fields, where by chance he did see
Of frogs and of toads a great company;
But this they do say, that in battle array
To the justice his house they straight took their way.
O do not believe them, my friends have a care,
For this is an Anabaptistical snare.

Yet I'll not deny but that there was store
Of frogs and of toads at the Justice his dore,

Which was Anabaptists, Brownists, and those
Which ever were known to be the kings foes.
But thanks be to God, they are under the rod,
That never intended to do any good.

O! do not believe them, my friends, least that they
Should delude you into their most damnable way.

Besides they do tell us the justice his maid
Were the cause that these frogs and these toads were
convey'd;

Which before at the justice his windows had been,
Was after dispiersd and never more seen;
But let them have a care, it will fall to their share
That such frogs and such damnable toads as they are
E're long will be banisht and never more seen,
Which too long in this christian nation have been.

I wonder methinks how they can be so bold,
To continue their impudent actions of old ;
It hath been their practice since Olivers days
To plot and foment how dissention to raise,
Not calling to mind how gracious and kind
Our sovereign lord king Charles they do find;
And for their pamphlet, I wish you beware
How you do believe, and of them have a care.

O! I wish you consider their actions of late,
How they turn'd a brave kingdom into a base state,
Throwing the pillars quite out of the socket,
And striving to get the coin into their pocket;

No man I'll name, then do not me blame,
But, gentlemen, this I do speak to their shame,
That all their intentions was only one thing,
To hedge in the kingdom and murder the king.

Come, come, Independent, and cast off thy hate,
Consider the workings of God here of late,
How miraculously he hath brought it about,
To bring in the king whom they thought to keep out.
The Presbyter and the Episcopal man
May safely rejoyce now, because that they can
Freely enjoy what is duly their own,
That's to have their estates and the king have his
crown.

Entred according to Order, and Printed for Samuel Burdet.
1660.

A RELATION

OF THE TEN GRAND INFAMOUS TRAYTORS, WHO FOR THEIR
HORRID MURDER AND DETESTABLE VILLANY AGAINST OUR
LATE SOVERAIGNE LORD KING CHARLES THE FIRST, THAT
EVER BLESSED MARTYR, WERE ARRAIGNED, TRYED, AND
EXECUTED IN THE MONETH OF OCTOBER 1660, WHICH IN
PERPETUITY WILL BE HAD IN REMEMBRANCE UNTO THE
WORLDS END.

The Tune is "Come let us drinke, the time invites."

THE following ballad is one of the six ballads of the Restoration preserved in the British Museum, and mentioned already in the present volume, p. 223. No measure threw more disgrace on the Restoration than the prosecution of the regi-

Which was Anabaptists, Brownists, and those
Which ever were known to be the kings foes.
But thanks be to God, they are under the rod,
That never intended to do any good.

O! do not believe them, my friends, least that they
Should delude you into their most damnable way.

Besides they do tell us the justice his maid
Were the cause that these frogs and these toads were
convey'd;

Which before at the justice his windows had been,
Was after dispiersd and never more seen;
But let them have a care, it will fall to their share
That such frogs and such damnable toads as they are
E're long will be banisht and never more seen,
Which too long in this christian nation have been.

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cides ; and the heartless and sanguinary manner in which it was conducted tended more than any other circumstance to open the eyes of the people to the real character of the government to which they had been betrayed. Pepys observes on the 20th Oct., "a bloody week this and the last have been ; there being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered."

HEE that can impose a thing,
and shew forth a reason,
For what was done against the king,
from the palace to the prison ;
Let him here with me recite,
For my pen is bent to write
the horrid facts of treason.

Since there is no learned scribe,
nor arithmaticion,
Ever able to decide
the usurped base ambition,
Which in truth I shall declare,
Traytors here which lately were,
who wanted a phisitian.

For the grand disease that bred,
nature could not weane it ;
From the foot unto the head,
was putrefacted treason in it ;
Doctors could no cure give,
Which made the squire then beleeve
that he must first begin it.

And the phisick did compose,
 within a pound of reason;
First to take away the cause,
 then to purge away the reason,
With a dosse of hemp made up,
Wrought as thickly as a rope,
 and given them in due season.

The doctors did prescribe at last,
 to give 'um this potation,
A vomit or a single cast,
 well deserv'd, in purgation;
After that to lay them downe,
And bleed a veine in every one,
 as traytors of the nation.

So when first the phisicke wrought,
 the 13th of October,*
The patient on a sledge was brought,
 like a rebell and a rover,
To the execution tree ;
Where with much dexterity,
 was gently turned over.

* "Oct. 13th. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered: which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition."--*Pepys*. Thomas Harrison was the son of a butcher at Newcastle-under-Line; he conveyed Charles I from Windsor to Whitehall, to his trial, and afterwards sat as one of the judges.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same Tune.

MUNDAY was the 15th day,
as Carew then did follow,*
Of whom all men I thinke might say,
in tyranny did deeply wallow;
Traytor prov'd unto the king,
Which made him on the gallowes swing,
and all the people hallow.

Tuesday, after Peters, Cocke,†
two notorious traytors,
That brought our soveraigne to the blocke,
for which were hang'd and cut in quarters;
'Twas Cooke which wrought the bloody thing,
To draw the charge against our king,
that ever blessed martyr.

Next on Wednesday foure came,
for murthur all imputed,
There to answer for the same,
which in judgement were confuted.

* "Oct. 15th. This morning Mr. Carew was hanged and quartered at Charing Cross; but his quarters, by a great favour, are not to be hanged up."—*Pepys*. Colonel John Carew, like Harrison, was one of the Fifth-monarchy men, a violent and visionary but honest enthusiast.

† Hugh Peters, for his zeal in encouraging the Commonwealth soldiery, was particularly hated by the royalists. See the next song. John Coke, the able lawyer, conducted the prosecution of the king.

Gregorie Clement, Jones, and Scot,
And Seroop together, for a plot,^{*}
likewise were executed.

Thursday past and Friday then,
to end the full conclusion,
And make the traytors just up ten,
that day were brought to execution,
Hacker and proud Axtell he,†
At Tyburne for their treachery,
receiv'd their absolution.

Being against the king and states,
the Commons all condemn'd 'um,
And their quarters on the gates
hangeth for a memorandum.

^{*} Gregory Clement, John Jones, Thomas Scott, and Adrian Serope, were charged with sitting in the high Court of Justice which tried the king. Scott was further charged with having, during the sitting of the Rump Parliament, expressed his approbation of the sentence against the king. Colonel Serope, although he had been admitted to pardon, was selected as one of the objects of vengeance; and was condemned chiefly on a reported conversation, in which, when one person had strongly blamed what he called the "murder" of the king, Serope observed "some are of one opinion, and some of another."

† "Oct. 19th. This morning Hacker and Axtell were hanged and quartered, as the rest are." — *Pepyn*. Colonel Francis Hacker commanded the guards at the king's execution. See before, p. 166. Axtell was captain of the guard of the High Court of Justice, at which the king was tried.

'Twixt the heavens and the earth;
Traytors are so little worth,
to dust and smoake wee'l send 'um.

Let now October warning make
to bloody minded traytors,
That never phisicke more they take,
for in this moneth they lost their quarters;
Being so against the king,
Which to murther they did bring,
the ever blessed martyr.

London, Printed for Fr. Coles, T. Vere, M. Wright,
and W. Gilbertson.

HUGH PETERS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT: OR, THE HALTERING OF THE DIVELL.

[Nov. 29, 1660.]

HUGH PETERS, who was executed with the most savage cruelty, was one of the extraordinary men of the Commonwealth. He was born in 1599, and was the son of a respectable merchant of Fowey, in Cornwall. He was educated at Cambridge, but was obliged by his religious opinions, which exposed him to persecution, to retire to Holland, and from thence to New England. He returned to his native country at the beginning of the civil wars, and rose to high repute as a preacher, with the parliament, and particularly with Cromwell, attending the parliamentary armies in that capacity. This circumstance, and his fanaticism, rendered him extremely obnoxious to the royalists, who laid to his charge vices which appear to have had no foundation in truth, and which are not alluded to in his trial. He was charged with being "a chief conspirator with Cromwell, at several times,

and in several places, and that it (the execution of the king) was designed by them." Shortly after his execution was published a work, entitled "The History of the Life and Death of Hugh Peters, that Arch-traytor, from his Cradell to the Gallowes, with a Map of his prophane Jestes, cruell Actions, and wicked Counsels. Published as a warning Piece to all Traytors." 4to. London, Jan. 3, 1660-1. This book is a tissue of falsehoods and calumnies. In 1751, was published "An Historical and Critical Account of Hugh Peters, after the manner of Mr. Bayle," which was reprinted in 1818. The article on Hugh Peters in Chalmers, is very uncritical, and not just.

In the original, preserved in the 19th volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets, this ballad is directed to be sung to a tune which was very popular in the seventeenth century, but of which neither the title nor the words are fitted for modern ears.

--- --

A JOYFUL story I will you tell,
Of the haltering of the Divil of hell.
Old Nick, who lurkt this many a year
In Calvins stool and Luthers chair,
At Amsterdam in forty-one
Did hold a convocation,
And resolved to crosse the brine,
And enter a herd of English swine.

Belzebub, that angel of light,
(And darknesse too) could hit it right;
The zealous wives he enters then,
And sits them for their bretheren;
The lesser devils he bids them go
Into Millenaries, Anabaptists, Quakers too.
Divide but the kingdome, the spoile was his own,
For then would he plunder the church and the throne.

Round, round, round, as a juglers box,
The Divel walkt his round with the pox,
The great boss bible under his arm
For all his mischiefs was the charm;
And the pulpit he soon describes,
The fittest place where to play his prise;
In pantaloons and powdred haire,
There the mountebank commends his ware.

“Come buy of my balsome, approved to be^a
An antedote ’gainst episcopacie;
And here is that most precious thing,
Frees all my saints from the thrall of a king,
And you of all humane laws doth free,
And from all manner of jeopardie;
The Germans it cost ten millions or mo,
But you shall have’t for a thimble of two.”

Thus he set up in the preachers stall,
But soon ’larg’d his shop into Goldsmiths hall;†

* In a marginal note on this stanza, in the original, we are directed to “sing this through the nose.” The sectarians were commonly satirized for speaking through the nose, in a drawling tone. An instance of this will be seen in the title of our next ballad. The following passage occurs in a tract published at the beginning of the war:—“*The Puritan*. Here is one which is fluttered from the cage of Amsterdam, striving to poyson, as neare as he can, the truth with his true-lyes, he holds with conventicles and private meetings, hee speakes through the nose, holding that it was made for the same purpose.”—*A Discovery of 29 Sects*, 4to. Lond. 1644.

† Where the Committee of Sequestrations sat.

If he cou'd but sheere the brethren there,
He knew where to pick the cavaleere.
And there his voteries in did bring
Their thimbles and bodkins, their plate and their rings;
And the sooner to bring their good cause to an end,
No brother but his wife for a hackny would lend.

Thus by the sisters a bank was made,
(For the Divel and's wench) had a thriving trade.
The fighting Earl then he doth bestride,
For now he's resolv'd to get up and ride;
But nobody living was able to discern
Essex from the Divel, so like was their horn.
Thus jealous ambition soon did send
His favourite unto a merciful end.

Thomas* next at his service was,
(For the Divell nere wanted a mule or an ass),
With William and Arthur a coursing he went,
And his lurcher Noll still follow'd the scent;
The royal stag they run so hard,
That he was fore't to leave the herd,
And singled him unto London town,
Where the Divel and's ban-dogs tore him down.

Hogon Mogon, Divel now,
To whom all the world doth hail and bow,

* Sir Thomas Fairfax.

His House of Commons next he bestrides,
Where like George on horse-back he rides.
Through church and crown he now makes speed
(Though he need not have spur'd so forward a steed).
And still all our coin runs away by stealth,
As the Devil had been in the Common-wealth.

But here the Common-wealth had a rub,
For they would be greater than Belzebub;
But that the Divil never could like,
And bids beedle Noll to give them a kick.
Presto, begon! away then they went,
And left behind them a damnable scent.
Thus Belzebub, in discontent,
Parted with his fundament.

Now he's advanced from the Peake,
To the pallace of an ample beake,
Whose roof of copper shineth so,
It excells saint Peters cupello.
And he likes his habitation well,
For 'twas no one mansion, but al hell;
And of furniture there was such store,
The De'ele nere met with the like before.

Noll and the De'ele cop'd many a year,
Till the date of's indenture now grew near;
Sick, sick, sick, and the pains of hel
Upon old Nol as a mortal fel:

Though his augurers told him he nere should dye,
Yet there his prophet Goodwin* did lye;
The dearest friends they say must part,
So did Noll and the Divil with a heavy heart.

Then silly Dick laid claim to the throne,
But nuncles said 'twas theirs by adoption:
And now the Divil was put to his trump,
And once more resolves to set up with the Rump:
But there the varlet did stink so sore,
England resolv'd to endure't no more;
And so th'infernal merchant broke;—
Hel never before receiv'd such a stroke.

Hews and cryes runs up and down,
In every burrough, city, and town;
The trayterous murderer is deseried,
And now he knows not where to hide.
Under the lawyers gown he stole,
But thence he was fetcht out by the pole;
And now not knowing where to be,
In Hugh Peters he took sanctuarie.

But there's no fence against a flaile,
Hugh Peters could not be his baile;
For all his thefts and regicide,
In Hugh Peters he must be tride,

* Thomas Goodwin, Cromwell's favourite preacher, attended his death-bed. He believed that he had received an intimation from the spirit that Cromwell should recover; and when his expectation was not verified, on the Protector's death, he addressed himself in prayer to God, and exclaimed, "thou hast deceived us, and we are deceived!"

And is condemned to the gallow tree,
 Where he paid the hangman his fee,
 That's executor in trust should be content
 To fulfil his will and testament.

Unto the saints he gave his bable,
 Which did good service as long as 'twas able;
 And unto the kirk his brains and eyes,
 And unto the queen of Morocco his thighs.
 And this was Peters and Harrisons plight
 (But the mayor brok's word last Tuesday night),
 And so the Divil parted with's train,
 Who a thousand years hence means to see you again.

Harrison promised his people that he should rise again the third day, and his maid elensed the house with much curiosity, expecting him the Tuesday, the day after his execution.*

A PSALM OF MERCY.

To the Tune of "Now thanks to the powers below!"

Sing it in the nose.

[Jan. 26, 1660.]

THE more fanatical portion of the partizans of the "Good Old Cause," were goaded almost to desperation by the persecutions which they saw hovering over their heads, and by the cruel-

* Pepys observes, "Oct. 13. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered. . . . It is said, that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again."

ties which had been exercised on the regicides, or, as they considered them, their sainted leaders. Insurrections were threatened in different parts, and early in January 1661, serious troubles broke out in the city, of which the following account is collected from the Diary of Pepys :

“Jan. 7th. This morning news was brought to me to my bed-side, that there had been a great stir in the city this night by the fanatiques, who had been up and killed six or seven men, but all are fled. My lord mayor and the whole city had been in armes, above 40,000. Tom and I and my wife to the theatre. . . . In our way home we were in many places strictly examined, more than in the worst of times, there being great fears of these fanatiques rising again : for the present I do not hear that any of them are taken.

“8th. Some talk to-day of a head of fanatiques that do appear about, but I do not believe it. However, my lord mayor, Sir Richd. Browne, hath carried himself very honourably, and hath caused one of their meeting-houses in London to be pulled down.

“9th. Waked in the morning about six o’clock, by people running up and down in Mr. Davis’s house, talking that the fanatiques were up in armes in the city. And so I rose and went forth ; where in the street I found every body in armes at the doors. So I returned and got my sword and pistol, which, however, I had no powder to charge ; and went to the door, where I found Sir R. Ford, and with him I walked up and down as far as the Exchange, and there I left him. In our way, the streets full of train-bands, and great stir. What mischief these rogues have done ! and I think near a dozen had been killed this morning on both sides. The shops shut, and all things in trouble.

“10th. . . . Mr. Davis told us the particular examinations of these fanatiques that are taken ; and in short it is this, these fanatiques that have routed all the train-bands that they met with, put the king’s life-guards to the run, killed about twenty men, broke through the city gates twice ; and all this in the day-time, when all the city was in armes ; are not in all above 31. Whereas we did believe them (because they were seen up and down in every place almost of the city, and had been in Highgate two or three days, and in several other places) to be at least 500. A thing that never was

heard of, that so few men should dare and do so much mischief. Their word was 'The King Jesus, and their heads upon the gates!' Few of these would receive any quarter, but such as were taken by force and kept alive; expecting Jesus to come here and reign in the world presently, and will not believe yet."

Many tracts relating to these insurrections will be found in the British Museum. The following ballad, is inserted at the end of a satirical pamphlet, entitled "The Holy Sisters Conspiracy," 4to. London, Jan. 1660-1 (King's Pamphlets, small 4tos. vol. 859). It is introduced with the words, "Ursula (who cry's ends of gold and silver) read's, and all the sisters sing—" The female sex, which is easily carried away by religious enthusiasm, was the constant subject of gross satire and calumny by the cavaliers, who laid to their charge the most improbable vices. Some verses at the end of the present ballad, in the original publication, have been omitted in the present edition, on account of their grossness. The song, to the tune of which the present ballad is set, will be found at p. 112 of the present volume.

WHAT a reprobate crew is here,
Who will not have Jesus reign,
But send all our saints,
To bonds and restraints,
And kill'um again and again!
Let's rise in an holy fear,
And fight for our heavenly king;
We will ha' no power,
But Vane in the Tower,*

* Sir Henry Vane had been committed to the Tower on the Restoration, and was there at the time the present ballad was composed. He was an enthusiast in religion. On the 6th June, 1662, he was brought to a trial, and on the 14th was executed. An interesting account of his behaviour on the scaffold is given by Pepys.

To rule us in any thing.
Come sisters and sing
An hymne to our King,
Who sitteth on high degree;
The men at White-hall,
And the wicked, shall fall,
And hey, then, up go we!
“A match!” quoth my sister Joyce,
“Contented!” quoth Rachel too;
Quoth Abigaile, “yea!” and Faith, “verily!”
And Charity, “let’t be so!”

Our monarchy is the Fift,
Shall last for a thousand years;
O’th’ wicked on earth
There shall be a dearth,
When Jesus himself appears!
And we are the babes of grace,
The fruits of an holy seed;
For old Father Cann*
(That reverend man)
Begot us in word and deed.
The earth is our own,
For title there’s none
But in the right heires of Sion;
Then let us be free,
For verily wee,
No king ha’ but Judah’s lion.

* John Canne, a celebrated English sectary, was remarkable as one of the Fifth-monarchy preachers, and the author of numerous pamphlets. After the Restoration, he fled to Holland, and became the head of the English Brownists at Amsterdam.

“ ’Tis verity,” quoth old Joane,
“ And sooth,” quoth my sister Pru,
“ ’Tis manifest truth,” quoth mortified Ruth,
“ And the Gospel is so,” says Lu.

The bishops and bels shall down,
For we have an holy call;
The saints are beyond
All order and bond
Of duty to priests of Baal.
Their pipes and organs too,
Their superstitious shirt,
Their canons and bulls
(To cozen poore guls),
Wee’le trample ’um in the dirt.
No ordinance shall
Command us at all,
For we are above their thrall;
We care not a straw
For reason or law,
For conscience is all in all.
“ Ay, marry!” quoth Agatha,
And Temperance, eke also,
Quoth Hannah, “ it’s just;” and Mary, “ it must,”
“ And shall be,” quoth Grace, “ I trow.”

The steeple-house lands are ours,
Kings, queens, delinquents too,
And James’s, and all
The court at White-hall,
And Somerset-house also.

For The'balds it is our right,
And Marrow-bone Park to boot;
And Eltham's our own,
At Endfield there's none
But ourselves that shall grub a root.
And Greenwich shall be
For tenements free,
For saints to possesse Pell-Mell;
And where all the sport
Is at Hampton Court,
Shall be for ourselves to dwell.
"Tis blessed!" quoth Bathsheba,
And Clemence, "we're all agreed;"
"Tis right," quoth Gartrude, "and fit," says
sweet Jude,
And Thomasine, "yea, indeed."

For husbands we will have none,
But brothers in puritie;
We will not be wives,
And tye up our lives
To villanous slaverie;
But couple in love and feare,
When mov'd by the spirit to't,
For there is no sin
To let a saint in,
When he has the grace to do't.
And thus are we taught,
No folly is wrought,
When brothers will exercise.

Both Kiffin and Hills*

(No printer of bills),

Have prov'd it in ample wise.

"'Tis true," quoth Elizabeth,

"And 'tis very good," quoth Pris,

And Aquila too will have it be so,

And so will my sister Sis.

What though the king proclaims

Our meetings no more shall be;

In private we may,

Hold forth the right way,

And be as we should be, free;

Our husbands we'le make believe

We go but to take the aire,

Or visite a nurse,

And lighten their purse

With a little dissembling prayer.

Or if they be crosse

(Let 'um stand to the losse),

Wee'le tempt our apprentices,

(By writing a dash

To cozen the cash),

And make 'um meer novices.

"Oh! very well said!" quoth Con,

"And so will I do," says Franck;

And Mercy cry's "aye," and Mat, "really,"

"And I'm o' that mind," quoth Thank.

* Kiffin and Hill were preachers. The first has been already mentioned at p. 230.

Wee'le cut off the wicked rout,
And bath us all in their bloods;
Their houses and land
Wee'le have at command,
And common upon their goods.
No mortal king nor priest,
No lord, nor duke wee'le have;
Wee'le grind'um to grist,
And live as we list,
And we will do wonders brave.
Come Dorcas and Cloe,
With Lois and Zoe,
Young Letice, and Beterice, and Jane,
Phill, Dorothy, Mawd,
Come troup it abroad,
For now is our time to reign.
"Sa, sa!" quoth my sister Bab,
And, "kill'un!" quoth Margerie,
"Spare none!" cry's old 'Tib, "no quarter!"
say's Sib,
"And hey! for our monarchie!"

Let's all take the sacrament
That we to each other be true,
And kill without pitie
In country and citie
The wicked ungodly crew.
Wee'le favour no sex, nor age,
No quality, nor degree;
But shall all to pot,
Both English and Scot,

That hinder our libertie.
 The mayor of the town,
 ('That terrible Brown,)*
 And Cox and captains all,
 Wee'le torture and slay,
 In a mercilesse way,
 And mince 'um like herbs, as small.
 "Ay, that is the way!" quoth Emm,
 Quoth Phoebe, "we conquer shall!"
 Say's Lucy, "'tis well!" quoth Gylan and Nell,
 "'Twill make us amends for all."

A LOYALL WISH.

What faith, hope, and charitie,
 Fanaticks in truth professe,
 By Germanie's woe,
 And our rebels† here too,
 Well may we do more than guesse.
 Th'are just like the Gadarens swine,
 Which the devils did drive and bewitch;
 An herd set on evill
 Will run to the devill
 And's dam, when their ‡tailes do itch.

* Sir Richard Browne was Lord Mayor of London. He had been a witness in the trial of the regicides, and was now, with Capt. Coxe, active in repressing the city fanatics.

† "Or sisters, utrum, horum, harum."—*Note in the Margin of the Original.*

‡ "Brains," in the margin of the original. On the "Devil and his dam," see the note at p. 116.

"Then let'um run on!"
 Says Ned, Tom, and John,
 "Ay! let'um be hang'd!" quoth Mun.
 "Th' are mine," quoth old Nick,
 "And take 'um," say's Dick,
 "And wellcome!" quoth worshipfull Dun.
 "And God blesse king Charles!" quoth George,
 "And save him!" say's Simon and Sill,
 "Aye, aye!" quoth old Cole, and each loyall soul,
 "And amen, and amen!" cry's Will.

THE CAVALIERS COMPLAINT.

To the Tune of "I tell thee, Dick," &c.

[March 15, 1660.]

THE two ballads which follow express the discontent of the now triumphant Cavaliers at the few personal advantages which they reaped from the Restoration, and at the ingratitude of King Charles to the old supporters of the fortunes of his family. The first is taken from the nineteenth volume of the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets, British Museum. "I tell thee, Dick," &c. is the first line of Sir John Suckling's famous song on a wedding.

Come, Jack, let's drink a pot of ale,
 And I shall tell thee such a tale,
 Will make thine ears to ring;
 My coyno is spent, my time is lost,
 And I this only fruit can boast,
 That once I saw my king.

But this doth most afflict my mind:
I went to court in hope to find
 Some of my friends in place;
And walking there, I had a sight
Of all the crew, but, by this light!
 I hardly knew one face.

'S'life! of so many noble sparkes,
Who on their bodies bear the markes
 Of their integritie,
And suffer'd ruine of estate,
It was my damn'd unhappy fate,
 That I not one could see.

Not one, upon my life, among
My old acquaintance all along
 At Truro and before ;
And I suppose the place can shew
As few of those whom thou didst know
 At Yorke or Marston-moore.

But truly there are swarmes of those
Who lately were our chiefest foes,
 Of pantaloons and muffs;
Whilst the old rusty cavaleer,
Retires, or dares not once appear,
 For want of coyne and cuffes.

When none of these I could descry,
Who better far deserv'd then I,
 Calmely I did reflect;

“Old services (by rule of state)
Like almanacks grow out of date,—
What then can I expect?”

Troth! in contempt of fortunes frown,
I'll get me fairly out of town,
And in a cloyster pray,
That since the starres are yet unkind
To royallists, the king may find
More faithfull friends than they.

AN ECCHO TO THE CAVALEERS COMPLAINT.

I marvell, Dick, that having been
So long abroad, and having seen
The world as thou hast done,
Thou should'st acquaint mee with a tale
As old as Nestor, and as stale
As that of Priest and Nunne.*

Are we to learn what is a court?
A pageant made for fortunes sport,
Where merits scarce appear;
For bashfull merit only dwells
In camps, in villages, and cells;
Alas! it dwells not there.

* An allusion to a popular old story and song. A copy of the words and tune of “The Fryar and the Nun” is preserved in the valuable collection of ballads in the possession of Mr. Thorpe, of Piccadilly.

Desert is nice in its addresse,
And merit oftentimes doth oppresse,
 Beyond what guilt would do;
But they are sure of their demands,
That come to court with golden-hands,
 And brazen-faces too.

The king, they say, doth still professe
To give his party some redresse,
 And cherish honestie;
But his good wishes prove in vain,
Whose service with his servants gain
 Not alwayes doth agree.

All princes (be they ne're so wise)
Are fain to see with others eyes,
 But seldom hear at all;
And courtiers find their interest,
In time to feather well their nest,
 Providing for their fall.

Our comfort doth on time depend,
Things when they are at worst will mend;
 And let us but reflect
On our condition th' other day,
When none but tyrants bore the sway;
 What did we then expect?

Meanwhile a calm retreat is best,
But discontent (if not suppress)
 Will breed disloyaltie;

This is the constant note I sing,
I have been faithfull to the king,
And so shall ever be.

London, Printed for Robert Crofts, at the Crown, in Chancery
Lane, 1661.

THE CAVALEERS LETANY.

[March 25, 1660.]

The following ballad is taken from the twentieth volume of
the folio broadsides, King's Pamphlets.

FROM pardons which extend to woods,
Entitle theeves to keep our goods,
Forgive our rents as well as bloods,
God bless, &c.

FROM judges who award that none
Of our oppressours should attone,
(The losses sure were not their own),
God bless, &c.

FROM christians which can soon forget
Our injuries, but not one bit
Of self-concernment would remit,
God bless, &c.

FROM duresse, and their dolefull tale
Who, famisht by a lawless sale,
Compounded it for cakes and ale,
God bless, &c.

From persons still to tread the stage,
Who did the drudgeries of our age,
(Such counsells are I fear too sage),
God bless, &c.

From maximes which (to make all sure)
With great rewards the bad allure,
'Cause of the good they are secure,
God bless, &c.

From cunning gamesters, who, they say,
Are sure to winne, what-e're they play,
In April Lambert, Charles in May,
God bless, &c.

From neuters and their leven'd lump,
Who name the king and mean the Rump,
Or care not much what card is trump,
God bless, &c.

From midnight-birds, who lye at catch
Some plume from monarchy to snatch,
And from fond youths that cannot watch,
God bless, &c.

From brethren who must still dissent,
Whose froward gospell brooks no Lent,
And who recant but ne'er repent,
God bless, &c.

From Levites void of truth and shame,
Who to the time their pulpits frame,
And keep the style but change the name,
God bless, &c.

From men by heynous crimes made rich,
Who (though their hopes are in the ditch)
Have still th' old fornicatours itch,
God bless, &c.

From such as freely paid th' arrears
Of the state-troops for many years,
But grudge one tax for cavaleers.
God bless, &c.

THE SECOND PART.

A crown of gold without allay,
Not here provided for one day,
But fram'd above to last for aye!
God send, &c.

A queen to fill the empty place,
And multiply his noble race,
Wee all beseech the throne of grace,
To send, &c.

A people still as true and kind,
As late (when for their king they pin'd),
Not fickle as the tide or wind,
God send, &c.

A fleet like that in fifty-three,
To re-assert our power at sea,
And make proud Flemings bend their knee,
God send, &c.

Full magazines and cash in store,
That such as wrought his fate before,
May hope to do the same no more,
God send, &c.

A searching judgement to divine,
Of persons whether they do joyn
For love, for fear, or for design,
God send, &c.

A well complexioned parliament,
That shall (like Englishmen) resent
What loyall subjects underwent;
God send, &c.

Review of statutes lately past,
Made in such heat, pen'd in such hast,
That all events were not forecast;
God send, &c.

Dispatch of businesse, lawes upright,
And favour where it stands with right,
(Be their purses ne'er so light),
God send, &c.

A raven to supply their need,
Whose martyrdom (like noble seed)
Sprung up at length and choak't the weed,
God send, &c.

The king and kingdoms debts defray'd,
And those of honest men well pay'd,
To which their vertue them betray'd,
God send, &c.

Increase of customes to the king
May our increase of traffick bring,
'Tis that will make the people sing
Long live, &c.

London, Printed for Robert Crofts, at the Crown, in Chancery
Lane, 1661.

A COUNTRY SONG, INTITULED THE RESTORATION.

[May 1661.]

THIS ballad forms an appropriate conclusion to our volume.
It is taken from the twentieth volume of the folio broadsides.

Come, come away
To the temple, and pray,
And sing with a pleasant strain;
The schismatick's dead,
The liturgy's read,
And the king enjoyes his own again.

The vicar is glad,
The clerk is not sad,
And the parish cannot refrain
To leap and rejoyce,
And lift up their voyce,
That the king enjoyes his own again.

The countrey doth bow
To old justices now,
That long aside have been lain;
The bishop's restor'd,
God is rightly ador'd,
And the king enjoyes his own again.

Committee-men fall,
And majors-generall,
No more doe those tyrants reign;
There's no sequestration,
Nor new decimation,
For the king enjoyes the sword again.

The scholar doth look
With joy on his book,
Tom whistles and plows amain;
Soldiers plunder no more,
As they did heretofore,
For the king enjoyes the sword again.

The citizens trade,
The merchants do lade,
And send their ships into Spain;
No pirates at sea
To make them a prey,
For the king enjoys the sword again.

The old man and boy,
The clergy and lay,
Their joyes cannot contain;
'Tis better then of late
With the church and the state,
Now the king enjoys the sword again.

Let's render our praise
For these happy dayes,
To God and our soveraign;
Your drinking give ore,
Swear not as before,
For the king bears not the sword in vain.

Fanaticks, be quiet,
And keep a good diet,
To cure your crazy brain;
Throw off your disguise,
Go to church and be wise,
For the king bears not the sword in vain.

Let faction and pride
Be now laid aside,
That truth and peace may reign;
Let every one mend,
And there is an end,
For the king bears not the sword in vain.

FINIS.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 37.—It appears from some of the pamphlets of the age, that there was an executioner in the time of the Long Parliament named Gregory. It is rather curious, that at the trials of the regicides, among the witnesses, "one Abell affirmed that he had heard one Gregory confess that he cut off the king's head."

P. 50.—*Derrick.* When I wrote hastily the note on this name, I was not aware that Derrick, the hangman, was rather famous in the popular literature of this period.

P. 67.—May wrote the "History of the Parliament of England," published in 1647, which is no doubt here alluded to.

P. 82.—*Schoolmaster Vicars.* Vicars was "schoolmaster" of Christ's Hospital.

P. 95. The third note is not entirely correct. Thomas Conisby, or Coningsby, was at the time high-sheriff of the county of Hertford, and he went to St. Albans on the market-day, for the purpose of proclaiming traitors the Earl of Essex and the chief men of the parliament's army, but he was secured by Oliver Cromwell, and committed to the Tower.

P. 126.—*l. 2, used,* an error of the press for *need*.

P. 150.—*l. 14, for must,* read *mist*.

P. 168.—The date given to this ballad is certainly wrong. Sir Richard Chiverton was not *elected* lord mayor in 1658, but was lord mayor in 1657-8. The author of the present ballad, who at the end signs it M. T., was Matthew Taubman, afterwards poet to the city, and author of the city

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

pageant for the year 1685. The object of the ballad, written when Taubman was young, was to turn into ridicule the pageant, composed for Chiverton's election to the mayoralty, by J. Tatham, and which was printed with the title, "London's Triumph, by J. Tatham; celebrated the 29th of October 1657, in honour of the truly deserving Rich. Chiverton, Lord Mayor of London, at the Costs and Charges of the Right Worshipful Company of Skinners." This book, the first pageant Tatham wrote for the city, is now very rare.

P. 186.—The tract alluded to in the note, was not published by Feake; it is a satirical pamphlet issued in his name.

P. 230.—In the original edition of "Hudibras," is given the following note on the word *Smectymnuus*:—"Smectymnuus was a club of five parliamentary holders-forth, the characters of whose names and talents were by themselves exprest in that senseless and insignificant word. They wore handkerchers about their necks, for a note of distinction (as the officers of the parliament army then did), which afterwards degenerated into carnal cravats." The five were Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow. They wrote conjointly against Episcopacy and the Liturgy, at the begining of the Civil Wars. It will be observed that the initial letters of their names make the word SMECTYMNNU(w)s.

P. 254.—From the pamphlets of the time, it appears that there was a printer named Hill, who printed many of the scurrilous broadsides and other things.

STRANGE HISTORIES:

CONSISTING OF

Ballads and other Poems,

PRINCIPALLY

BY THOMAS DELONEY.

From the Edition of 1607.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

LONDON :
REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MDCCCXLI.

N

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4

INTRODUCTION.

ONLY two copies of the ensuing work, with the date of 1607, are known, and one of these is imperfect: our reprint is from the *unique* perfect copy. It has no name on the title-page, but Bishop Percy (*Reliques*, ii. 160, Edit. 1812) mentions an edition in 1612, under the same title, which purports to have been written "by Thomas Deloney," and there is little doubt that he was the author of the greater part of the volume. He was the writer of a ballad inserted in the earliest work issued by the Percy Society. That ballad was dated in 1586, about which year Deloney became a versifier, and he acquired great popularity before the close of the sixteenth century. In 1596, he was called by Thomas Nash (in his "Have with you to Saffron Walden") "the ballading silk-weaver," and that was most likely his trade, until he took to the unprofitable pursuit of poetry: "poverty (says Burton) is the Muse's patrimony." His "book for the silk-

weavers" is mentioned in a letter to Lord Burghley from Stephen Slany, Lord Mayor of London, dated July 25, 1596, which relates chiefly to a ballad on the dearth of corn, which had given offence (See Mr. Wright's "Elizabeth and her Times," ii. 462). The nature of this ballad is more precisely described in Stow's Survey (B. v. p. 333, Edit. 1720), where it is stated that Deloney "brought in the Queen speaking with her people, dialoguewise, in very fond and undecent sort."

Whether any proceedings were instituted against him in consequence, we are not informed; but we find him continuing to write until the year 1600, when, according to the evidence of Kemp, the actor, at the close of his "Nine Days Wonder," (see the Rev. Mr. Dyce's reprint for the Camden Society, p. 21) Deloney was dead. His "Thomas of Reading," "Jack of Newbury," and "History of the Gentle Craft," all three mentioned by Kemp in the same tract, went through many editions.

The small volume in octavo, reprinted in the following pages, appears to contain a collection of most of Deloney's historical ballads, though not all he had separately printed before his decease. It is very possible that there was a still earlier edition of "Strange Histories" than

that we have made use of, and that it ended with the "Speech between certain Ladies," &c. on Salisbury Plain. How that piece of prose came to be inserted we know not; but it relates to events more than a century older than the period when the volume was published, and is not in any way connected with the immediate subject of the ballad which precedes it. The title-page might be new in 1607, in the same way that the work appears to have been reprinted in 1612 (the edition noticed by Bishop Percy), without any information that the contents had ever appeared before. Deloney's ballad of "Fair Rosamond" was perhaps first added to the collection in 1607, and the copy we supply must be looked upon as the earliest and most authentic impression of that celebrated production: it will be found to differ very materially from that furnished by Bishop Percy. Several other ballads in the ensuing pages have also been inserted in different works of the same class, both ancient and modern, but never in so genuine a shape as they bear in "Strange Histories."

"The Table," which follows the title-page, only applies to the first eight-and-thirty pages, and here, it is probable, one of the earlier impressions of the work ended. William Barley, the stationer for whom the edition of 1607 was printed, probably

did not think the volume large enough, and therefore, continuing the signatures, added twenty-two additional pages, making use of various short poems by other authors, which fell in his way, and which he could use with impunity. Most of these are not of a character accordant with the earlier portion of the volume, and we meet with productions by anonymous writers, as well as with others to which initials are subscribed, and which may be assigned to Thomas Richardson, and Anthony Chute. Richard Johnson's "Crown Garland of Golden Roses," which it is intended to reprint hereafter, is a publication very much of the same kind as that now furnished to the Members of the Percy Society.

STRANGE HISTORIES,

OR,

SONGES AND SONETS, OF KINGS, PRINCES,
DUKES, LORDES, LADYES, KNIGHTS,
AND GENTLEMEN.

Very pleasant either to be read or songe :
and a most excellent warning
for all estates.

Imprinted at London for *W. Barley*, and
are to be sold at his Shop in Gracious
streete against S. Peters Church.

1607.

THE TABLE.

CANT. I.

The Kentish-men with long tayles.

Salomons good huswife, in the 31 of his Proverbs.

CANT. II.

Of King Henrie the first, and his Children.

The Dutchesse of Suffolkes calamitie.

CANT. III.

King Edward the 2. crowning his Sonne king of England.

CANT. IV.

The imprisonment of Queene Elenor.

CANT. V.

The death of king John, poysoned by a Frier.

CANT. VI.

The imprisonment of king Edward the Second.

CANT VII.

The murthering of king Edward the Second, being kild with a
hot burning spit.

CANT. VIII.

The banishment of the Lord Matrevers, and Sir Thomas Gurney.

CANT. IX.

The winning of the Ile of Man.

CANT. X.

The Rebellion of Wat Tilor and Jack Straw.

A speech betweene Ladies, being Sheepheards on Salisburie
plaine.

STRANGE HISTORIES.

THE VALLAUNT COURAGE AND POLICIE OF THE KENTISHMEN
WITH LONG TAYLES, WHEREBY THEY KEPT THEIR ANCIENT
LAWES AND CUSTOMES, WHICH WILLIAM THE CON-
QUEROR SOUGHT TO TAKE FROM THEM.

CANT. I.

To the tune of Rogero.

WHEN as the Duke of Normandie
with glistring speare and shield,
Had entred into fayre England,
and fo[i]ld his foes in fielde,
On Christmas day in solemne sort,
then was he crowned here
By Albert Archbishop of Yorke,
with many a noble Peere.

Which being done, he changed quite
the custome of this land,
And punisht such as daily sought
his statutes to withstand:
And many cities he subdude,
faire London with the rest;
But Kent did still withstand his force,
which did his lawes detest.

To Dover then he tooke his way
the Castle downe to fling,
Which Arviragus builded there,
the noble Britaine King.
Which when the brave Arch-bishop bold
of Canterburie knew,
The Abbot of S. Austines eke,
with all their gallant crue,

They set themselves in armour bright
these mischiefes to prevent,
With all the yeomen brave and bold
that were in fruitfull Kent.
At Canterburie they did meete
upon a certaine day,
With sword and speare, with bill and bow,
and stopt the Conquerers way.

Let us not live like bondmen poore
to Frenchmen in their pride,
But keepe our auncient libertie,
what chaunce so ere betide:
And rather die in bloudie fieldes,
in manlike courage prest,
Then to endure the servile yoke
which we so much detest.

Thus did the Kentish Commons crie
unto their leaders still,
And so marcht forth in warlike sort,
and stand on Swanscombe hill;

Where in the woodes they hid themselves
under the shady greene,
Thereby to get them vantage good,
of all their foes unseene.

And for the Conquerors comming there
they privily laide waight,
And thereby sodainely appald
his lofty high conceipt.
For when they spied his approach,
in place as they did stand,
Then marched they to hem him in,
each one a bough in hand.

So that unto the Conquerors sight,
amazed as he stood,
They seemed to be a walking grove,
or els a mooving wood.
The shape of men he could not see,
the boughes did hide them so;
And now his heart for feare did quake
to see a forrest goe.

Before, behind, and on each side
as he did cast his eye,
He spide these woodes with sober pace
approch to him full nye.
But when the Kentishmen had thus
inclosd the Conqueror round,
Most suddenly they drew their swordes,
and threw the boughs to ground.

Their banners they displaide in sight,
their trumpets sounde a charge;
Their ratling drummes strikes up alarme,
their troopes stretch out at large.
The Conquerour with all his traine
were hereat sore agast,
And most in perill when he thought
all perill had beene past.

Unto the Kentishmen he sent
the cause to understand,
For what intent, and for what cause
they took this warre in hand?
To whome they made this short replie,
for liberty wee fight,
And to enjoy K. Edwards lawes,
the which we hold our right.

Then said the dreadfull Conquerour,
you shall have what you will,
Your ancient customes and your lawes,
so that you will be still,
And each thing els that you will crave
with reason at my hand,
So you will but acknowledge mee
chiefe king of faire England.

The Kentishmen agreed hereon,
and laid their armes aside,
And by this means king Edwards lawes
in Kent doth still abide:

And in no place in England else
those customes do remaine,
Which they by manly policie
did they of Duke William gaine.

FINIS.

SALOMONS GOOD HOUSWIFE, IN THE 31 OF HIS PROVERBES.

He that a gracious wife doth find,
Whose life puts vertue chiefe in ure,
One of the right good huswife kind,
That man may well himselfe assure,
And boasting say that he hath found
The richest treasure on the ground.

Who so enjoyeth such a love,
Let him resolve with hearts consent,
She ever constantly will prove
A carefull nurse, want to prevent;
With diligence and painefull heed
Preventing tast of beggers need.

And while she lives will still procure,
By true and faithful industrie,
T' increase his wealth, and to insure
His state in all securitie;
To seeke his quiet, worke his ease,
And for a world no way displease.

Her houshold folke from sloth to keepe
Shee will endeavour with good heed;
At worke more wakefull then asleepe,
With place and stuffe, which houswives need
 To be employed ; her hands also
 The way to worke will others show.

Her wit a common wealth containes
Of needments for her houshold store,
And like a ship her selfe explaines,
That riches brings from forraine shore
 Arriving, with a bounteous hand
 Dispersing treasure to the land.

Before the day she will arise
To order things, and to provide
What may her family suffice,
That they at labour may abide.
 If she have land, no paine shall want
 To purchase vines, set, sow and plant.

No honest labour shee'le omit
In ought she can attaine unto,
But will endeavour strength and wit
Adding the utmost she can do:
 And if that profit comes about,
 By night her candle goes not out.

A willing hand to the distrest
She lends, and is a chearefull giver:

Come winters cold and frostie guest,
When idle huswives quake and quiver,
 She and her houtholds cloathed well,
 The weathers hardnesse to expell.

Her skill doth worke faire tapistrie,
With linnen furnish'd of the best:
Her needle workes do beautifie,
And she in scarlet costly drest,
 When Senators assembled be,
 Her husbands honor there shall see.

Her spinning shall her store increase,
The finest cloth shall yeeld her gaine,
And dayly profit shall not cease,
Which her unidle hands maintaine:
 Her clothing shall her worth expresse,
 And honors yeares her end possesse.

Her mouth shall never opened be,
But wisdome will proceede from it;
And such mild gracious wordes yeelds shee,
Sweetnesse upon her tongue doth sit:
 In age she will her care addresse
 To eate no bread of idelnesse.

Her children shall their dutie show
Most reverent to her all their life,
Her husband blesse that he did know
The time to meete with such a wife;

And uttring forth his happinesse
Her vertues in this wise expresse.

I know t'is true that more then one
Good huswife there is to be found,
But I may say that thou alone
Above all women dost abound;
Yea, I protest in all my daies
Thou art the first, and thee ile praise.

What thing is favour but a shade?
It hath no certaine lasting hower.
Whereof is wanton beautie made,
That withers like a sommers flower?
When these shall end their date in daies,
She that feares God shall live with praise.

And such a wife of worthie worth
Due glories lot will to her fall,
And great assemblies will give forth
What vertues shee's adorn'd withall:
Her lifes renowne to fame shall reach,
Her good example others teach.

FINIS.

HOW KING HENRIE THE FIRST HAD HIS CHILDREN DROWNED IN
THE SEA, AS THEY CAME OUT OF FRAUNCE.

CANT. III.

To the tune of the Ladyes Daughter.

AFTER our royall King
had foyld his foes in Fraunce,
And spent the pleasant spring
his honour to advance,
Into faire England he returnde
with fame and victorie,
What time the subjectes of this land
received him joyfully.

But at his home returne,
his children left he still
In Fraunce for to sojorne
to purchase learned skill:
Duke William, with his brother deare,
Lord Richard was his name,
Which was the Earle of Chester then,
who thirsted after fame.

The Kinges faire daughter eke,
the lady Mary bright,
With divers noble peeres,
and many a hardy knight.
All those were left together there
in pleasure and delight,
When that our King to England came
after a bloody fight.

But when faire Flora had
drawne forth her treasure dry,
That winter cold and sad
with horie head drew nie,
Those princes all with one consent
prepared all things meete
To passe the seas for faire England,
whose sight to them was sweete.

To England let us hie,
thus every one did say,
For Christmas draweth nie;
no longer let us stay,
But spend the merry Christmas time
within our fathers court,
Where Lady Pleasure doth attend
with many a princely sport.

To sea these princes went,
fulfilled with mirth and joy,
But this their merriment
did turne to deare annoy.
The saylers and the shipmen all,
through foule excesse of wine,
Were so disguise that at the sea
they shewd themselves like swine.

The sterne no man could guide,
the maister sleeping lay,
The saylers all beside
went reeling every way;

So that the ship at randome roode
upon the foaming flood,
Whereby in perill of their lives
the princes alwaies stood.

Which made distilling teares
from their faire eyes to fall;
Their hearts were fild with feares,
no helpe they had at all.
They wisht themselves upon the land
a thousand times and more,
And at the last they came in sight
of Englands pleasant shore.

Then every one began
to turne their sighes to smiles:
Their colours pale and wan
a chearefull looke exiles.
The princely Lords most lovingly
their Ladies do imbrace,
For now in England shall we bee,
quoth they, in little space.

Take comfort now, they sayd,
behold the land at last;
Then be no more dismayde,
the worst is gone and past.
But while they thus did joyfull hope
with comfort entertaine,
The goodly shippe upon a rocke
on suddaine burst in twaine.

With that a greevous screeke
among them there was made,
And every one did seeke
on something to be stayde;
But all in vaine such helpe they sought;
the shippe so soone did sinke,
That in the sea they were constrained
to take their latest drinke.

There might you see the lords
and ladyes for to lie
Amidst the salt sea foame,
with many a greevous crie,
Still labouring for their lives defence
with stretched armes abroad,
And lifting up their little hands
for helpe with one accord.

But as good fortune would,
the sweete young duke did get
Into a cock-boat then,
where safely he did sit:
But when he heard his sister cry,
the kings faire daughter deare,
Hee turned his boat to take her in
whose death did draw so neare.

But while he strove to take
his sweete young sister in,
The rest such shift did make,
in sea as they did swimme,

That to the boate a number got,
so many, that at last
The boate, and all that were therein,
was drownd and overcast.

Of lords and gentlemen,
and ladies faire of face,
Not one escaped then,
which was a heavie case.
Three score and ten were drownd in all,
and none escaped death,
But one poore butcher, which had swome
himselſe quite out of breath.

This was most heavie newes
unto our comely king,
Who did all mirth refuse,
this word when they did bring;
For by this means no child he had
his kingdome to succeed,
Whereby his sisters sonne was king,
as you shall plainely read.

THE DUTCHESS OF SUFFOLKES CALAMITIE.

To the tune of Queen Dido.

WHEN God had taken for our sinne
that prudent Prince K. Edward away,

Then bloody Bonner did begin
his raging mallice to bewray:
All those that did the Gospell professe
He persecuted more or lesse.

Thus when the Lord on us did lower
many in pryson did he throw,
Tormenting them in Lollards tower
whereby they might the trueth forgoe:
Then Cranmer, Ridley and the rest
Were burnt in fire that Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with faggots fild,
and many places more beside:
At Coventry was Sanders kild,
At Glocester eke good Hooper dyde;
And to escape this bloody day
Beyond-seas many fled away.

Among the rest that sought reliefe,
and for their faith in daunger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was chiefe,
King Henries daughter of royall blood,
Which in the Tower prisoner did lie,
Looking each day when she should die.

The Dutchesse of Suffolke seeing this,
whose life likewise the tyrant sought,
Who in the hope of heavenly blisse,
which in Gods word her comfort wrought,

For feare of death was faine to flie
And leave her house most secretly.

That for the love of Christ alone
her lands and goods she left behind,
Seeking still for that pretious stone,
the worde of trueth, so rare to find:
She with her nurse, her husband and child
In poore array their sights beguild.

Thus through London they past along,
each one did passe a severall streete;
Thus all unknowne, escaping wrong,
at Billings gate they all did meete:
Like people poore in Gravesend barge
They simply went with all their charge.

And all along from Gravesend towne
with easie journeyes on foote they went:
Unto the sea-coast they came downe,
to passe the seas was their intent;
And God provided so that day,
That they tooke shippe and sayld away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind
in Flanders safe they did arive.
This was to their great ease of minde,
which from their hearts much woe did drive:
And so, with thanks to God on hie,
They tooke their way to Germanie.

Thus as they traveld thus disguise
upon the high way sodainely
By cruell theeves they were surprisde,
assaulting their small companie;
And all their treasure and their store
They tooke away, and beate them sore.

The nurse in midst of their fight
laid downe the child upon the ground:
She ran away out of their sight,
and never after that was found.
Then did the dutchesse make great mone,
With her good husband all alone.

The theeves had there their horses kilde,
and all their money quite had tooke:
The pretty babie, almost spild,
was by their nurse likewise forsooke;
And they farre from their friends did stand
All succourlesse in a strange land.

The skies likewise began to scowle ;
it hayld and rained in pittious sort:
The way was long and wonderous foule;
then may I now full well report
Their griefe and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chaunce did fall.

Sometime the dutchesse bore the child,
as wet as ever she could be;

And when the lady kind and mild
was wearie, then the child bore hee:
And thus they one another easde,
and with their fortunes were well pleasde.

And after many wearied steppes,
all wet-shod both in durt and myre,
After much grieve their hearts yet leapes,
for labour doth some rest require:
A towne before them they did see,
But lodgd therein they could not bee.

From house to house they both did goe,
seeking where they that night might lie,
But want of money was their woe,
and still the babe with cold did crie.
With capp and knee they courtsey make,
But none on them would pittie take.

Loe, heere a princesse of great blood
did pray a peasant for reliefe,
With tears bedewed as she stood;
Yet few or none regards her grieve.
Her speech they could not understand,
But gave her a pennie in her hand.

When all in vaine the paines was spent,
and that they could not house-roome get,
Into a church-porch then they went,
to stand out of the raine and wet:

Then said the dutchesse to her deare,
O, that we had some fier heere.

Then did her husband so provide,
that fire and coales he got with speede.
She sate downe by the fiers side
to dresse her daughter that had neede;
And while she drest it in her lapp,
Her husband made the infant papp.

Anone the sexton thither came,
and finding them there by the fire,
The drunken knave, all voyde of shame,
to drive them out was his desire;
And spurning forth this noble dame,
Her husbands wrath it did inflame.

And all in furie as he stood,
he wroung the church-keies out of his hand,
And strooke him so, that all of blood
his head ran downe where he did stand;
Wherefore the sexton presently
For helpe and ayde aloude did cry.

Then came the officers in hast,
and tooke the dutchesse and her child;
And with her husband thus they past,
like lambes beset with tygers wild,
And to the governour were they brought,
Who understood them not in ought.

Then Maister Bartue, brave and bold,
in Latine made a gallant speech,
Which all their miserie did unfold,
and their high favour did beseech:
With that a doctor sitting by
Did know the dutchesse presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
with minde abashed at this sight,
Unto them all that there did waight,
he thus brake forth in wordes a right.
Behold within your sight, quoth hee,
A princesse of most high degree.

With that the governour and the rest
were all amazde the same to heare,
And welcommed these new come gueses
with reverence great and princely cheare;
And afterward conveyd they were
Unto their friend Prince Cassemere.

A sonne she had in Germanie,
Peregrine Bartue cald by name,
Surname the good Lord Willobie,
of courage great and worthie fame.
Her daughter young which with her went
Was afterward Countesse of Kent.

For when Queene Mary was deceast,
The dutchesse home returnde againe.

Who was of sorrow quite releast
 by Queene Elizabeths happie raigne :
 For whose life and prosperitie
 We may prayse God continually.

FINIS.

HOW KING HENRY THE SECOND, CROWNING HIS SON KING OF
 ENGLAND IN HIS OWNE LIFE TIME, WAS BY HIM MOST GRIEVOUSLY
 VEXED WITH WARRES: WHEREBY HE WENT ABOUT TO
 TAKE HIS FATHERS CROWNE QUITE FROM HIM. AND HOW AT
 HIS DEATH HE REPENTED HIM THEREOF, AND ASKED HIS FA-
 THER HARTELY FORGIVENESSE.

CANT. III

To the tune of Wigmores Galliard.

You parentes whose affection fond
 unto your children doth appeare,
 Marke well the storie now in hand,
 wherein you shall great matters heare;
 And learne by this which shall be told
 to hld your children still in awe,
 Least otherwise they proove too bold,
 and set not by your state a straw.

King Henrie, second of that name,
 for very love that he did beare
 Unto his sonne, whose courteous fame
 did through the land his credite reare,

Did call the prince upon a day
unto the court in royall sort,
Attired in most rich array,
and there he made princely sport.

And afterward he tooke in hand,
for feare he should deceived be,
To crowne him king of faire England
while life possest his majestie:
What time the king, in humble sort
like to a subject, waighted then
Upon his sonne, and by report
Swore unto him his noble-men.

And by this means in England now
two kings at once together live;
But lordly rule will not allow
in partnership their dayes to drive.
The sonne therefore ambitiously
doth seeke to pull his father downe,
By bloody warre and subiltie
to take from him his princely crowne.

Sith I am king, thus did he say,
why should I not both rule and raigne?
My heart disdaines for to obey;
Yea, all or nothing will I gaine.
Hereon he raiseth armies great,
and drawes a number to his part,
His fathers force downe right to beat,
and by his speare to pierce his heart.

In seaven set battles doth he fight
against his loving father deare,
To overthrow him in despight,
to win himselfe a kingdome cleare.
But naught at all could he prevaile;
his armie alwaies had the worst:
Such griefe did then his heart assaile,
he thought himselfe of God accurst.

And therefore, falling wonderous sicke,
he humbly to his father sent:
The worne of conscience did him pricke,
and his vile deedes he did lament;
Requiring that his noble grace
would now forgive all that was past,
And come to him in heaue case,
being at point to breath his last.

When this word came unto our king,
the newes did make him wondrous woe;
And unto him he sent his ring,
where he in person would not goe.
Commend mee to my sonne, he sayd,
so sicke in bed as he doth lie,
And tell him, I am well appayde
to heare he doth for mercie crie.

The Lord forgive his foule offence,
and I forgive them all, quoth hee;
His evill with good Ile recompence:
beare him this message now from mee.

When that the prince did see this ring
he kissed it in joyfull wise,
And for his faultes his hands did wring,
while bitter teares gusht from his eyes.

Then to his lords that stood him nie
with feeble voyce then did he call,
Desiring them immediately
to strip him from his garments all.
Take off from me these robes so rich,
and lap me in a cloth of haire ;
Quoth he, my greevous sinnes are such
Hell fiers flame I greatly feare.

A hemton halter then he tooke,
about his necke he put the same,
And with a grecevous pittious looke
this speech unto them did he frame.
You reverend bishops, more and lesse,
pray for my soule to God on hie,
For like a theefe I do confesse
I have deserved for to die.

And therefore, by this halter heere
I yeeld my selfe unto you all.
A wretch unworthy to appeare
before my God celestiall.
Therefore within your hempton bed,
all strowd with ashes as it is,
Let me be layde when I am dead,
and draw me thereunto by this.

Yea, by this halter strong and tough
 dragge foorth my carcase to the same;
 Yet is that couch not bad inough
 for my vile body wrapt in shame.
 And when you see me lie along,
 bepowdered in ashes there,
 Say, there is he that did such wrong
 unto his father every where.

And with that word he breath'd his last;
 wherefore according to his minde,
 They drew him by the necke full fast
 unto the place to him assignd;
 And afterward in solemne sort
 at Roan in Fraunce buried was hee,
 Where many princes did resort
 to his most royall obsequie.

. FINIS.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF QUEENE ELINOR, WIFE TO KING HENRIE
 THE SECOND, BY WHOSE MEANES THE KING'S SONNES SO UN-
 NATURALLY REBELLED AGAINST THEIR FATHER; AND HER
 LAMENTATION, BEING XVI YEARES IN PRISON, WHOM HER SONNE
 RICHARD, WHEN HE CAME TO BE KING, RELEASED: AND HOW
 AT HER DELIVERANCE SHE CAUSED MANIE PRISONERS TO BE
 SET AT LIBERTIE.

CANT. [IV.]

To the tune of come live with me and be my love.
 Thrice woe is mee, unhappy queene,
 thus to offend my princely lord:

My foule offence too plaine is seene,
and of good people most abhord.
I do confesse my fault it was
these bloody warres came thus to passe.

My jealous minde hath wrought my woe;
let all good ladyes shun mistrust:
My Envie wrought my overthrow,
and by my malice most unjust
My sonnes did seeke their fathers life
by bloody warres and cruell strife.

What more unkindnesse could be showne
to any prince of high renowne,
Then by his queene and love alone,
to stand in danger of his crowne?
For this offence most worthely
in dolefull prison do I lye.

But that which most torments my minde,
and makes my greivous heart complaine,
Is for to thinke, that most unkind
I brought my selfe in such disdain,
That now the king cannot abide
I should be lodged by his side.

In dolefull pryson I am cast,
debar'd of princely companie:
The kings goodwill quite have I lost,
and purchast nought but infamie:

And never must I see him more,
whose absence greeves my hart full sore.

Full sixteene winters have I beene
imprisoned in the dungion deepe,
Whereby my joyes are wasted cleene,
where my poore eyes have learnd to weepe;
And never since I could attaine
his kingly love to mee againe.

Too much (in deed I must confesse)
I did abuse his royall grace,
And by my great maliciousnesse
his wrong I wrought in every place:
And thus his love I turnd to hate,
which I repent, but all too late.

Sweete Rosamond that was so faire,
out of her curious bower I brought:
A poysoned cup I gave her there,
whereby her death was quickly wrought;
The which I did with all despight
because she was the kings delight.

Thus often did the queene lament,
as she in prison long did lie
Her former deeds she did repent
with many a watric weeping eye;
But at the last this newes was spread,
the king was on a sodaine dead.

But when she heard this tydings told,
most bitterly she mourned then:
Her wofull hart she did unfold
in sight of many noble men,
And her sonne Richard being king
from dolefull prison did her bring.

Who set her for to rule the land,
while to Jerusalem he went,
And while she had this charge in hand
her care was great in governement;
And many a prisoner then in hold
she set at large from yrons cold.

THE LAMENTABLE DEATH OF KING JOHN, HOW HE WAS POYSONED
IN THE ABBY AT SWINSTED BY A FRYER.

CANT. V.

To the tune of Fortune.

A TREACHEROUS deede forthwith I shall you tell,
Which on King John upon a sodaine fell:
To Lincoln-shire proceeding on his way
At Swinsted Abbey one whole night he lay.

There did the king appose his welcome good,
But much deceipt lyes under abbots hood:
There did the king himselfe in safetie thinke;
But there the king received his latest drinke.

Great cheere they made unto his royal grace,
While he remaynd a guest within that place ;
But while they smylde and laughed in his sight,
They wrought great treason shadowed with delight.

A flat faced monke comes with a glosing tale
To give the king a cupp of spiced ale:
A deadlier draught was never offered man,
Yet this false monke unto the king began.

Which when the king (without mistrust) did see,
He tooke the cup of him couragiously;
But while he held the poysoned cup in hand
Our noble king amazed much did stand.

For casting downe by chaunce his princely eye
On precious jewels, which he had full nye,
He saw the cullour of each precious stone
Most strangely turne, and alter one by one,

Their orient brightnesse to a pale dead huc
Were changed quite: the cause no person knew,
And such a sweat did overspread them all,
As stood like deaw which on fair flowers fall.

And hereby was their precious natures tryde,
For precious stones foule poyson cannot abide ;
But though our king beheld their cullour pale,
Mistrusted not the poyson in the ale.

For why, the monke the taste before him tooke,
Nor knew the king how ill he did it brooke;
And therefore he a harty draught did take,
Which of his life a quicke dispatch did make.

Th' infectious drinke fumde up into his head,
And through the veines into the heart it spread,
Distempering the pure unspotted braine,
That doth in man his memorie maintaine.

Then felt the king an extreame grieve to grow
Through all his entrels, being infected so:
Whereby he knew, through anguish which he felt,
The monks with him most trayterously had delt.

The grones he gave did make all men to wonder:
He cast as if his heart would split in sunder;
And still he cald, while he thereon did thinke,
For that false monk which brought the deadly drinke.

And then his lords went searching round about
In every place to find this traytor out:
At length they found him dead as any stone,
Within a corner lying all alone.

For having tasted of that poysoned cup,
Whereof our king the residue drunke up,
The envious monke himselfe to death did bring,
That he thereby might kill our royall king.

But when the king with wonder heard them tell
The monkes dead body did with poyson swell,
Why then, my lords, full quickly now, quoth hee,
A breathlesse king you shall among you see.

Behold, he sayd, my vaines in peeces cracke,
A greevous torment feele I in my backe,
And by this poyson deadly and accurst,
I feele my hart-stringes ready for to burst.

With that his eyes did turne within his head;
A pale dead cullour through his face did spread,
And lying gasping with a cold faint breath,
The royall king was overcome by death.

His mournfull lordes, which stood about him then,
With all their force and troopes of warlike men
To Worcester the corpes they did convey,
With drumme and trumpet marching al the way.

And in the faire Cathedral Church, I finde,
They buried him according to their minde,
Most pompiously, best fitting for a king,
Who were applauded greatly for this thing.

THE CRUELL IMPRISONMENT OF KING EDWARD THE SECOND, AT
THE CASTLE OF BARKLEY, THE 22 OF SEPTEMBER, 1327.

CANT. VI

To the tune of Who list to lead a Souldiers life.

WHEN Isabell, faire England's queene,
in wofull warres had victorious beene,

Our comely king, her husband deare,
Subdued by strength, as did appeare,
By her was sent to prison strong
for having done his countrie wrong.
In Barkly Castle cast was hee,
denyed of royall dignitie;
Where he was kept in wofull wise,
his queene did him so much despise.

There did he live, a wofull state,
such is a womans deadly hate,
When fickle fancie followes change,
and lustfull thoughts delight to range.
Lord Mortimer was so in minde,
the kinges sweete love was cast behind;
And none was knowne a greater foe
unto king Edward in his woe,
Then Isabell his crowned queene,
as by the sequell shall be seene.

While he in prison poorely lay,
a Parliament was held straight way;
What time his foes apace did bring
Billes of complaint against the king,
So that the nobles of the land,
when they the matter throughly scand,
Pronounced then these speeches plaine,
Hee was unworthy for to raigne.
Therefore they made a flat decree
he should forthwith deposed bee;

And his sonne Edward, young of yeeres,
was judged by the noble peeres
Most meete to weare the princely crowne,
his father being thus puld downe.
Which words when as the queene did heare
(dissemblingly as did appeare)
She wept, she wayld, and wrong her hands
before the lords where as she stands.
Which when the prince, her sonne, did see,
he spake these words most courteously.

My sweete queene mother, weepe not so:
thinke not your sonne will seeke your woe.
Though English lords chose mee their king,
my owne deare father yet living,
Thinke not thereto I will consent,
except my father be content,
And with good will his crowne resigne,
and graunt it freely to be mine.
Therefore, queene mother, thinke no ill
in mee, or them for their good will.

Then divers lords without delay
went to the king where as he lay,
Declaring how the matter stood;
and how the peeres did thinke it good
To choose his sonne their king to bee,
if that he would thereto agree,
For to resigne his princely crowne,
and all his title of renowne:

If otherwise, they told him plaine,
a stranger should the same attaine.

This dolefull tydings (most unkind)
did sore afflict king Edwards minde;
But when he saw no remedie
he did unto their willes agree;
And bitterly he did lament,
saying the Lord this plague hath sent
For his offence and vanitie,
which he would suffer patiently;
Beseeching all the lords at last
for to forgive him all was past.

When thus he was deposed quite
of that which was his lawfull right,
In prison was he kept full close,
without all pittie or remorse;
And those that shewd him favour still
were taken from him with ill will.
Which when the Earle of Kent did heare,
who was in blood to him full neare,
He did intreat most earnestly
for his release and libertie.

His words did much the queene displease,
who sayd he liv'd too much at ease.
Unto the bishop did she goe
of Hereford, his deadly foe,
And cruell letters made him write
unto his keepers with despight:

You are too kind to him, quoth shee;
 hencefoorth more straighter looke you bee.
 And in their writing subtiltie
 they sent them word that he should die.

The lord Matrevers, all dismayd,
 unto Sir Thomas Gurney sayd;
 The queene is much displeasd, quoth hee,
 for Edwards too much libertie,
 And by her letters doth bewray
 that soone he shall be made away.
 Tis best (Sir Thomas then replide)
 the queenes wish should not be denide:
 Thereby we shall have her good will,
 and keepe our selves in credite still.

HOW THE KING WAS POYSONED, AND YET ESCAPED; AND AFTER-
 WARD, HOW WHEN THEY SAW THAT THEREBY HE WAS NOT
 DISPATCHED OF LIFE, THEY LOCKED HIM IN A MOST NOYSOME
 FILTHY PLACE, THAT WITH THE STINK THEREOF HE MIGHT BE
 CHOAKED; AND WHEN THAT PREVAILED NOT, HOW THEY
 THRUST A HOT BURNING SPIT INTO HIS FUNDAMENT, TILL
 THEY HAD BURNT HIS BOWELS WITHIN HIS BODY, WHEREOF
 HE DYED.

CANT. VII.

To the tune of How can the tree.
 The kings curst keepers, ayming at reward,
 hoping for favour of the furious queene,

On wretched Edward had they no regard:
far from their hearts is mercy mooved cleene.
Wherefore they mingle poyson with his meate,
which made the man most fearefull for to eate.

For by the taste he often times suspected
the venome couched in a daintie dish;
Yet his faire body was full sore infected,
so ill they spiced both his flesh and fish:
But his strong nature all their craft beguiles,
the poyson breaking foorth in blaines and biles.

An ugly scabbe ore-spreades his lillie skinne,
foule botches breake upon his manly face;
Thus sore without, and sorrowful within,
the despised man doth live in loathsome case:
Like to a lazer did he then abide,
that shews his sores along the highwayes side.

But when this practise proov'd not to their mind,
and that they saw he liv'd in their despight,
Another damde device then they finde,
by stinking savours for to choake him quight.
In an odd corner they did locke him fast,
hard by the which their carrion they did cast.

The stinch whereof might be compared wel-nie
to that foule lake where cursed Sodome stood,
That poysoned birdes which over it did flie,
even by the savour of that filthy mudd.

Even so, the smell of that corrupted den
was able for to choake ten thousand men.

But all in vain: it would not do (God wot)
his good complexion still drove out the same,
Like to the boyling of a seething pot,
that casteth the scumme into the fierie flame.
Thus still he liv'd, and living still they sought
his death, whose downfal was already wrought.

Loathing his life, at last his keepers came
into his chamber in the dead of night,
And without noyse they entred soone the same,
with weapons drawne and torches burning bright,
Where the poore prisoner fast a sleepe in bed
lay on his belly, nothing under's head.

The which advantage when the murderers saw,
a heavie table on him they did throw,
Wherewith awakt his breath be scant could draw:
with waight thereof they kept him under so;
Then turning up the cloathes above his hips
to hold his legges a couple nimble skips.

Then came the murtherers: one a horne had got,
Which farr into his fundament downe he thrust;
An other with a spit all burning hot
the same quite through the horne he strongly pusht,
Among his entrels in most cruell wise,
forcing thereby most lamentable cryes.

And while within his body they did keepe
the burning spit, still rowling up and downe,
Most mournefully the murdered man did weepe,
whose wailefull noyse wakt many in the towne,
Who gessing by his cryes his death drew neare,
tooke great compassion on that noble peere.

And at which bitter screeke which he did make,
they prayde to God for to receive his soule:
His gastly grones inforst their hearts to ake,
yet none durst go to cause the bell to towle.
Ha me, poore man! alacke, alacke! he cryed,
And long it was before the time he dyed.

Strong was his hart, and long it was, God knowes,
eare it would stoope unto the stroke of death:
First it was wounded with a thousand woes
before he did resigne his vitall breath;
And being murdered thus, as you do heare,
no outward hurt upon him did appeare.

This cruell murder being brought to passe,
the lord Matrevers to the court did hie,
To shew the queene her will performed was:
great recompense he thought to get thereby.
But when the queene the sequell understands,
dissemblingly she weeps, and wringes her hands.

Ah, cursed traytor! Hast thou slaine (quoth shee)
my noble wedded lord in such a sort?

Shame and confusion ever light on thee.

Oh, how I grieve to heare this vile report !
Hence, cursed cative, from my sight, (she sayde)
that hath of mee a wofull widow made !

Then all abasht Matrevers goes his way,
the saddest man that ever life did beare,
And to Sir Thomas Gurney did bewray
what bitter speach the queene did give him there.
Then did the queene out-law them both together,
and banisht them faire Englands bounds for ever.

Thus the dissembling queene did seeke to hide
the heynous act by her owne meanes effected :
The knowledge of this deed she still denide,
that she of murder might not be suspected :
But yet for all the subiltie she wrought,
the trueth unto the world was after brought.

THE DOLEFULL LAMENTATION OF THE LORD MATREVERS AND
SIR THOMAS GURNEY, BEING BANISHED THE REALME.

CANT. VIII.

To the tune of Light of love.

ALAS, that ever that day we did see,
that false smiling fortune so fickle should be !
Our miseries are many, our woes without end :
to purchase us favour we both did offend.

Our deeds have deserved both sorrow and shame,
but woe worth the persons procured the same!
Alacke, and alacke! with grieve we may crie,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

The Bishop of Hereford, ill may he fare!
he wrought us a letter for subtiltie rare:
To kill princely Edward feare not, it is good.
thus much by the letter we then understood;
But curst be the time that we tooke it in hand
to follow such counsell and wicked commaund.
Alacke, and alacke! with grieve we may crie,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

Forgive us, sweete Saviour, that damnable deed,
which causeth with sorrow our hearts for to bleed,
And taking compassion upon our distresse,
put far from thy presence our great wickednesse.
With teares all bedewd for mercie we crie,
and do not the penitent mercie denie.
Alacke, and alacke! with grieve we may say,
that ever we made king Edward away!

For this have we lost our goods and our lands,
our Castles and Towers so stately that stands;
Our ladyes and babyes are turned out of doore,
like comfortlesse catives, both naked and poore:
Both friendlesse and fatherlesse do they complaine,
for gone are our comforts that should them maintaine.
Alacke, and alacke! and alas may we crie,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

And while they goe wringing their hands up and downe,
in seeking for succour from towne unto towne,
All wrapped in wretchednesse do we remaine,
tormented, perplexed, in labour and paine,
Despised, disdayned, and banished quite
the coastes of our country so sweete to our sight.
Alacke, and alacke! and alas may we cry,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

Then farewell, faire England, wherein we were borne,
our friends and our kindred, which hold us in scorn;
Our honours and dignities quite we have lost,
both profit and pleasure our fortune hath crost:
Our parkes and our chases, our mansions so faire,
our jems and our jewels most precious and rare.
Alacke, and alacke! and alas may we cry,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

Then farewell, deare ladyes and most loving wives,
might we mend your miseries with losse of our lives,
Then our silly children, which begs in your hand,
in grieve and calamity long should not stand;
Nor yet in their country despised should be,
that lately was honoured of every degree.
Alacke, and alacke! and alasse we may crie,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

In countries unknowne we range to and fro,
cloying mens eares with report of our woe:
Our food is wild berries, green bancks is our bed,
the trees serve for houses to cover our head.

Browne bread to our taste is most daintie and sweete,
our drinke is cold water tooke up at our feete.
Alacke, and alacke! and alas may we cry,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

Thus having long wandred in hunger and cold,
despising lives safetie, most desperate bold,
Sir T. Gurney toward England doth goe,
for love of his lady distressed with woe;
Saying, how happy and blessed were I
to see my sweete children and wife ere I die.
Alacke, and alacke! and alas may we cry,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

But three yeares after his wofull exile
behold how false fortune his thoughts doth beguile:
Comming toward England was tooke by the way,
and least that he should the chiefe murderers bewray,
Commandement was sent by one called Lea,
he should be beheaded foorthwith on the sea.
Alacke, and alacke! and alasse did he crie,
That ever we forced king Edward to die!

Thus was Sir Thomas dispatched of life
in comming to visit his sorrowfull wife,
Who was cut off from his wished desire,
which he in his heart so much did require;
And never his lady againe did he see,
nor his poore children in their miserie.
Alacke, and alacke! and alasse did he crie,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

The lord Matrevers (the story doth tell)
in Germanie after long time he did dwell
In secret manner, for feare to be seene
by any persons that favoured the queene:
And there at last in great miserie
he ended his life most penitentlie.
Alacke, and alacke! and alas did he say,
that ever we made king Edward away!

THE WINNING OF THE ILE OF MANNE BY THE NOBLE EARLE OF
SALISBURIE.

CANT. IX.

To the tune of the Kings going to the Par.

The noble Earle of Salisburie,
with many a hardy knight,
Most valiantly prepard himselfe
against the Scots to fight.
With his speare and his sheeld
making his proud foes to yeeld,
Fiercely on them all he can,
to drive them from the Ile of Man.
Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

There silken ensignes in the field
most gloriously were spred :

The horsemen on their prauncing steeds
strucke many a Scotchman dead.
The browne-bills on their corslets ring
the bow-men with their gray-goose wing,
The lustie launce, the piercing speare
the soft flesh of their foes doe teare.
Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they goe,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

The battell was so fierce and hot,
the Scots for feare did flie,
And many a famous knight and squire
in gorie blood did lie.
Some thinking to escape away
did drowne themselves within the sea :
Some with many a bloody wound
lay gasping on the clayie ground.
Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they goe,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Thus, after many a brave exployt
that day performd and done,
The noble Earle of Salsburie
the Ile of Man had wonne.
Returning then most gallantly
with honour, fame and victorie,
Like a conquerour of fame,
to court this warlike champion came,

Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they goe,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Our king rejoyceing at this act,
incontinent decreed
To give the earle this pleasant ile
for his most valiant deed;
And foorthwith did cause him than
for to be crowned king of Man:
Earle of famous Salsburie,
and king of Man by dignitie.
Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Thus was the first king of Man
that ever bore the name,
Knight of the princely garter blew
and order of great fame;
Which brave king Edward did devise,
and with his person royalize:
Knights of the Garter are they cald,
and eke at Winsor so instald:
With princely royaltie,
great fame and dignitie,
this knighthood still is held.

THE REBELLION OF WATT TYLER AND JACKE STRAW WITH
OTHERS AGAINST K. RICHARD THE SECOND.

CANT. X.

To the tune of the Miller would a woing ride.

WATT TYLER is from Darford gan,
and with him many a proper man,
And hee a captaine is become,
marching in field with phife and drumme.
Jacke Straw, an other in like case,
from Essex flockes a mighty pace.
Hob Carter with his stragling traine,
Jacke Shepheard comes with him amaine ;
So doth Tom Miller in like sort,
as if he meant to take some fort.
With bowes and bils, with speare and shield,
on Black-heath have they pitcht their field:
An hundred thousand men in all,
whose force is not accounted small;
And for king Richard did they send,
much evill to him they did intend,
For the taxe the which our king
upon his commons then did bring.
And now, because his royall Grace
denyed to come within their chase,
They spoyled Southwarke round about,
and tooke the Marshals prisoners out.
All those that in the kings-bench lay
at libertie they set that day;

And then they marcht with one consent
through London with a lewd intent.
And for to fit their lewd desire
they set the Savoy all on fire;
And for the hate that they did beare
unto the duke of Lancasteare,
Therefore his house they burned quite,
through envy, malice and despight.
Then to the Temple did they turne;
the lawyers bookes there did they burne,
And spoyld their lodgings one by one,
and all they could lay hand upon.
Then into Smithfield did they hie
to Saint Jones place that stands thereby,
And set the same on fier flat,
which burned seven dayes after that.
Unto the Tower of London then
fast trooped these rebellious men,
And having entred soone the same,
with hidious cryes and mickle shame,
The grave Lord Chauncelor thence they tooke
amazde, with fearefull pittious looke.
The Lord High Treasurer likewise they
tooke from that place that present day;
And with their hooting lowd and shrill
stroke off their heads on Tower Hill.
Into the cittie came they then,
like rude disordered franticke men:
They robd the churches every where
And put the priestes in deadly feare.

Into the Counters then they get,
 where men in prison lay for debt:
They broke the doores and let them out,
 and threw the Counter bookes about,
Tearing and spoyling them each one,
 and records all they light upon.
The doores of Newgate broke they downe,
 that prisoners ran about the towne,
Forcing all the smiths they meete
 to knocke the irons from their feete;
And then, like villaines voyde of awe,
 followed Wat Tyler and Jacke Straw.
And though this outrage was not small,
 the king gave pardon to them all,
So they would part home quietly;
 but they his pardon did defie,
And being all in Smithfield then,
 even threescore thousand fighting men,
Which there Wat Tyler then did bring
 of purpose for to meet our king.
And therewithall his royall grace
 sent Sir John Newton to that place,
Unto Wat Tyler, willing him
 to come and speake with our young king;
But the proud rebell in despight
 did picke a quarrell with the knight.
The Mayor of London being by,
 when he beheld this villainie,
Unto Wat Tyler rode he then,
 being in midst of all his men,

Saying, traytor, yield, tis best;
in the kings name I thee arrest:
And therewith to his dagger start,
and thrust the rebell to the hart;
Who falling dead unto the ground,
the same did all the host confound,
And downe they threw their weapons all,
and humbly they for pardon call.
Thus did that proud rebellion cease,
and after followed a joyfull peace.

FINIS.

A SPEECH BETWENNE CERTAINE LADYES, BEING SHEPHEARDS
ON SALISBURIE PLAINE.

TRULY (sayd the ladyes) this was a most hardie and couragious Mayor, that durst, in the middest of so mightie a multitude of his enemies, arest so impudent and bold a traytor, and kill him in the face of all his friendes; which was a deed worthy to be had in everlasting memorie, and highly to be rewarded. Nor did his majestie forget (sayd the Lady Oxenbridge) to dignifie that brave man for his hardie deed; for in remembrance of that admired exployt his majesty made him a knight, and five Aldermen more of the citie, ordaining also, that in remembrance of Sir William Walworthes deed against Watt Tyler, that all the Mayors that were to succeed in his place should be knighted. And further, he granted that there should

be a dagger added to the armes of the cite of London, in the right quarter of the shield for an argumentation of the armes.

You have told us (quoth the ladyes) the end of Wat Tyler, but I pray you what became of Jacke Strawe and the rest of the rebellious route? I will shew you (quoth shee). Jacke Straw, with the rest of that rude rabble, being in the end apprehended (as rebels never flourish long), was at last brought to be executed at London, where he confessed that their intent was (if they could have brought their vile purpose to passe) to have murdered the king and his nobles and to have destroyed (so neere as they could) all the gentilitie of the land, having especially vowed the death of all the bishops, abots and monkes, and then to have enriched themselves: they determined to set London on fire and to have taken spoyle of that honourable cite; but the gallowes standing betwixt them and home, they were there trust up before they could effect any thing. And such endes (sayd the ladyes) send all rebles, and especially the desperate traytors which at this present vexeth the whole state.

With that word, one of their servants came running, saying, Madam, the rebels are now marched out of Wiltshire and Hampshire, making hasty steps towards London: therefore, now you need not feare to com home, and commit the flocks to their former keepers. The ladyes, being joyfull thereof, appoynted shortly after a banquet to be prepared, where they all met together againe, by which time the kings power (having

incountered the rebels on Blackheath) overthrew their whole power: where the lord Awdry was taken and committed to Newgate, from whence he was drawne to the Tower-hill, in a coate of his owne armes, painted upon paper reversed and all to torne, and there was beheaded on the 24 of June. And shortly after, Thomas Flamocke, and Michael Joseph, the Blacksmith, were drawne hanged and quartered after the manner of traytors. But when the husbands to these faire ladyes came home, and heard how their wives had dealt to save themselves in this dangerous time, they could not chuse but laugh at the matter, saying that such shepheards never kept sheepe on Salisbury plaine before.

FINIS.

A MOURNEFULL DITTIE ON THE DEATH OF FAIRE ROSAMOND,
KING HENRIE THE SECONDS CONCUBINE.

CANT. XI.

To the tune of Flying Fame.

WHEN as king Henrie rul'd this land,
the second of that name,
(Beside the Queene) he dearly loved
a faire and princely dame;
Most peerelesse was her beautie found,
her favour and her face;
A sweeter creature in this world
did never Prince imbrace.

Her crisped locks like threades of gold
appeared to each mans sight ;
Her comely eyes like orient pearles
did cast a heavenly light :
The blood within her cristall cheekes
did such a cullour drive,
As though the lilly and the rose
for maistership did strive.

Yea Rosamond, faire Rosamond,
her name was called so,
To whome dame Elinor, our queene,
was knowne a cruell foe :
The king therefore, for her defence
against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke buylded such a bower,
the like was never scene.

Most curiously that bower was buylt
Of stone and timber strong ;
A hundred and fiftie doores
did to that bower belong ;
And they so cunningly contriv'd
with turning round about,
That none but by a clew of thread
could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladies sake,
that was so fair and bright,
The keeping of this bower he gave
unto a valiant knight.

But fortune that doth often frowne
where she before did smile,
The kinges delight, the ladyes joy,
full soone she did beguile.

For why, the king's ungracious sonne,
whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres
within the realme of France;
But yet before our comely king
the English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his ladye faire,
his fare-well thus he tooke.

My Rosamond, my onely Rose,
that pleaseth best mine eye,
The fairest Rose in all the world
to feed my fantasie!
The flower of my affected heart,
whose sweetnes doth excell,
My royall Rose, a hundred times
I bid thee now farewell.

For I must leave my fairest flower,
my sweetest Rose, a space,
And crosse the seas to famous France,
proude rebels to abace:
But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
my comming shortly see,
And in my heart, while hence I am,
He beare my Rose with mee.

When Rosamond, that lady bright,
did heare the King say so,
The sorrow of her greeved heart
her outward lookes did show ;
And from her cleare and cristall eyes
the teares gusht out apace,
Which like the silver pearled dew
ran downe her comely face.

Her lippes like to a corall red
did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceived
her vitall spirits did fayle ;
And falling downe all in a sound
before King Henries face,
Full oft betweene his princely armes
her corpes he did imbrace.

And twenty times with waterie eyes
he kist her tender cheeke,
Untill she had received againe
her senses milde and meeke.
Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose ?
(the king did ever say)
Because (quoth she) to bloody warres
my Lord must part away.

But sith your Grace in forraine coastes,
among your foes unkind,
Must go to hazard life and limme,
why should I stay behind ?

Nay, rather let me like a page
your shield and target beare,
That on my breast the blow may light,
which should annoy you there.

O, let me in your royall tent
prepare your bed at night,
And with sweet baths refresh your grace
at your returne from fight.
So I your presence may enjoy,
no toyle I must refuse;
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true love abuse.

Content thy selfe, my dearest friend,
thy rest at home shall bee,
In England, sweete and pleasant soyle,
for travaile fits not thee.
Faire ladies brooke not bloody warres,
sweete peace their pleasures breede,
The nourisher of hearts content,
which fancie first doth feede.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstocke bower,
with musickes sweete delight,
While I among the piercing pikes
against my foes do fight:
My Rose, in robes and pearles of gold
with diamonds richly dight,
Shall daunce the galliards of my love,
while I my foes do smite.

And you, Sir Thomas, whom I trust
to beare my loves defence,
Be carefull of my gallant Rose,
when I am parted hence.
And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
as though his heart would breake,
And Rosamond for inward griefe
not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they might
in heart be grieved sore.
After that day faire Rosamond
the King did see no more ;
For when his Grace had past the seas
and into France was gone,
Queene Elinor with envious heart
to Woodstocke came anone.

And foorth she cald this trusty knight
which kept the curious bower,
Who with his clew of twined threed
came from that famous flower ;
And when that they had wounded him,
the queene his threed did get,
And went where lady Rosamond
was like an angell set.

And when the queene with stedfast eye
beheld her heavenly face,
She was amazed in her minde
at her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee thy robes, she sayd,
that rich and costly be,
And drinke thou up this deadly draught,
which I have brought for thee.

But presently upon her knees
sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
for her offences all.
Take pittie of my youthfull yeares,
faire Rosamond did cry;
And let me not with poyson strong
inforced be to die.

I will renounce this sinfull life,
and in a cloyster bide,
Or else be banisht, if you please,
to range the world so wide :
And for the fault which I have done,
though I was forst thereto,
Preserve my life, and punish me,
as you thinke good to do.

And with these words her lilly hands
she wrang full often there,
And downe along her lovely cheekes
proceeded many a teare ;
But nothing could this furious queene
therewith appeased bee :
The cup of deadly poyson filld,
as she sat on her knee,

She gave the comely dame to drinke,
who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
and on her feet did stand;
And casting up her eyes to heaven
she did for mercy call,
And drinking up the poyson then,
her life she lost withall.

And when that death through every lim
had done his greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
she was a glorious wight.
Her body then they did intombe,
when life was fled away,
At Godstow, neere Oxford towne,
as may be seene this day.

FINIS.

A SONNET.

CANT. XII.

ALL you yong men that faine wold learne to wooe,
And have no meanes, nor know not how to doe,
Come you to mee, and marke what I shall say,
Which being done will beare the wench away.
First, seeme thou wise and deck thyselfe not meanly,
For women they be nice, and love to have men cleanly.

Next, shew thy self that thou hast gone to schoole,
Commende her wit, although she be a foole.
Speake in her prayse, for women they be proud ;
Looke what she sayes for troth must be aloude.
If she be sad, seeme thou as sad as shee ;
But if that she be glad, then joy with merry glee.

And in this mood these women must be clawde.
Give her a glasse, a phan, or some such gawde ;
Or (if she like) a hood, a capp, or hatt,
Draw to thy purse, and straight way give her that.
This being done, in time thou shalt her win,
And when that she is won, let tricks of love begin.

If at the borde you both sit side by side,
Say to her this, that Jove hath no such bride ;
Or if it chaunce you both sit face to face,
Say to her this, her looke alone sayes grace.
Such tricks as this use oft to her at meat,
For nought doth better please then doth a good conceit.

But if it chaunce you sit at severall bordes,
Send her such cates as your messe affordes ;
A pidgions hart upon a butchers picke,
A larkes long heelde i' the middest of it sticke.
Send this alone, let this the message bee,
There is a plovers bone to picke, without a P.

If when you meet, of this if she intreat,
First pardon crave, then utter thy conceit :

Then proove the minde is in the hart alone,
And as the hart, such was the minde upon.
Then seeme to yeeld a reason for the rest,
And say how maydes lark-heeld doth pierce thee
through the brest.

If she mislike the picke above the rest,
Say thus, you thought she had lov'd Chancers jest.
If she would know what by this jest is ment,
Say, with good will, if she thereto consent.
This is the meanes and way to win the wench :
Keepe wel thine owne language, what ere thou do the
French.

FINIS.

SONNETTA XIII.

FAIRE sweete, if you desire to know,
And would the meaning understand,
Wherefore on you I do bestow
This ring of gold with hart in hand,
Read these few lines that are behind,
And there my meaning you shall find.

The gift betokeneth my good will ;
The ring, the wish of endles joy ;
The gold, the worldly wealth, which still
Defendeth friendship from annoy.
The hart in hand, my heart in hold,
Which pittie craves, as reason would.

The hand betokeneth love and might,
 As chiefest member that defendes.
 Shake handes, then frendes; bend fist, then fight;
 Thus love or hate the hand offendes.
 In prooffe of perfect amitie
 I give this hand in hand to thee.

The heart thus plac'd betwixt two hands,
 If friendship breake, the heart is slaine:
 Even so the case with mee now standes;
 My heart doth in your hands remaine.
 My life is yours to save or spill:
 I say no more; do what you will.

FINIS.

T. R.

A MAYDES LETTER.

CANT. XIV.

HASTE commendations, and passe with speed,
 and litle writing, to my love:
 Spare not to speake for any dread,
 For why, no man can mee remove.
 Say this unto my turtle-dove;
 although my body absent bee,
 There is no man can mee remove,
 for in conceit I am with thee.

The gladsome day shall loose his light,
 and be as darke as dungeon deepe:

Phœbus shall rule the irkesome night,
and banish Morpheus from my sight,
Ere ever I from my love leppe,
although my body absent bee,
The wormes shall fie which now do creepe,
for in conceit I am with thee.

The sea and land shall be alike ;
both fish and fowle it shall be one ;
The litle lambe the wolfe shall strike,
and then began the greater drone.
The feathers shall be turnd to stone,
although my body absent bee,
Or I against my true-love hold,
for in conceit I am with thee.

The tree shall florish in the fire,
bringing foorth fruite ten thousand fold ;
So shall the horse in dirt and myre
bring foles past count for to be told.
All kind of mettle shall be gold,
although my body absent bee,
Or I against my true-love hold,
for in conceit I am with thee.

The flowers that smel deliciously
shall stinke, no man may them abide,
And oyles and oyntments preciously
shall be corrupt, and never tride,

Ere I my selfe I do deny,
 although my body absent bee,
 Morpheus to mee shall be one guide,
 for in conceit I am with thee.

When all these thinges be come to passe
 which I on spake, then, be assured,
 You'l find these women brittle as glasse,
 but not till then, if life be pure.
 Constant still I will endure,
 whiles there's any life in my body;
 If I speake the words, Ile make them sure,
 and in conceit Ile end with thee.

FINIS.

A. C.

A NEW DITTIE IN PRAYSE OF MONEY.

CANT. XV.

To a new tune called The Kings Jigge.

MONEY's a lady ; nay, she is a princesse ;
 Nay more, a goddesse adorned on earth.
 Without this Money who can be merry,
 Though he be never so noble by byrth ?
 Her presence breeds joy, her absence breeds annoy :
 where Money lacketh, there wanteth no dearth.

Vertue is nothing if Money be wanting,
 vertue is nothing esteemed or set by.
 Wisdom is folly, and so accounted,

if it be joyned with base povertie.
Learnings contemned, wit is condemned,
both are derided of rich miserie.

He that is wealthy is greatly regarded,
though he be never so simple a sot:
He that is needy, he is despised,
tho' he have wiselome which th' other hath not.
Though he have wiselome (which many wanteth)
yet is his credit not worth a grot.

When thou hast Money then friendes thou hast many;
when it is wasted their friendship is cold:
Goe by Jeronimo; no man then will thee know,
knowing thou hast neither silver nor gold.
No man will call thee in, no man will set a pin
for former friendship, though never so old.

Money doth all things, both great things and small
things,

Money doth all things, as plainely we see:
Money doth each thing, want can do nothing
Povertie parteth still good companie:
When thou hast spent all, or els hast lent all,
who then is loving or kind unto thee.

Money makes soldiers to serve their prince truly,
Money hyres souldiers and serving-men too:
Money makes lawyers plead the case duly;
without this Money what can a man do?
This auncient lesson I learned newly,
if Money misseth in vaine thou dost sue.

Money subdueth where force can not conquer,
 Shee overcommeth both castle and towne;
Her power quayleth where valour fayleth,
 never was lady of greater renowne.
Many a towne is so betraid unto the foe;
 her wals are razed, and turrets puld downe.

Beautie, that standeth on pride and opinion,
 by lady Lucre oft catcheth a fall;
And though she scornes desart, and have a flinty heart,
 yet is she ready when Money doth call.
The clowne for Money may have a coney,
 when the poore gallant can get none at all.

Thus we see Money makes every place sunny;
 each place is shady that wanteth her shine:
Phœbus is not so bright, nor gives such store of light,
 as this faire lady whose beauty's divine.
Of night she maketh day, all care she drives away,
 her fame and glory nere yet did decline.

Riches bewitches the minde of a miser,
 Money enchaunteth both young age and old;
Yet cannot Money purchase thee heaven:
 Heavens not purchas'd with silver nor gold;
But to the godly, righteous and blessed,
 the joyes of heaven are given, not sould.

FINIS.

AN EPIGRAM.

Dull says, he is so weake he can not rise,
 Nor stand, nor goe : if that be true, he lyes.
 True-lic well sed, for so the case now standes,
 He keepes his bed, yet lies i' the surgions hands.

FINIS.

Quoth R.

A LOVER BEING COMMAUNDED BY HIS BELOVED TO GIVE PLACE
 TO THE DISDAYNED CRUE, HE WRITETH AS FOLLOWETH.

With heavie hart, and many a dole, adue;
 I doe give place to the disdained crue :

But,

When you command, who may command the best,
 Shall I denie, who may the worst of all ?
 I rather wish the hart within my brest
 Lie dround in death, and soule to hell be thrall.
 With willing minde I to your hest agree :
 You did command ; that was enough for mee.

THEE that in time refuseth time,
 when time well offered is,
 An other time shall misse of time,
 but then of time shall misse.

Mans life by time, try it who shall,
 shall find his time no time to trust :
 Some time to rise, some time to fall,
 till life of man be brought to dust.

WISE SENTENCES.

Two things doth prolong thy lyfe :

A quiet heart, and a loving wife.

The scarlet cloth doth make the bull to feare ;

The cullour white the Ollivant doth shunne :

The crowing cocke the lion quakes to heare ;

The smoake of cloth doth make the stag to runne.

All which do shew, we no man should despise,

But thinke how harme the simplest may devise.

THIS SENTENCE MAY BE SET IN A BED-CHAMBER.

Why flyest thou hence, thou glory bright,

that men with fame doth crowne?—

Because I loath the place, where follies men

do sleepe on beds of downe:

And where as filthy lust doth dwell

with foule excesse,

There is no place, that is no house

for glory to possesse.

A word once spoke, it can returne no more,

But flieth away and oft thy bayle doth breed.

A wise man, then, sets hatch before the dore,

And, whilst he may, doth square his speech with heed.

The bird in hand we may at will restraine,

But being flowne, we call her backe in vaine.

THESE SENTENCES FOLLOWING WERE SET UPON CONDUITS IN
LONDON, AGAINST THE DAY THAT KING JAMES CAME THROUGH
THE CITIE, AT HIS FIRST COMMING TO THE CROWNE.

UPON THE CONDUIT IN GRATEOUS STREET WERE
THESE VERSES.

KINGDOMS change, worlds decay,
But trueth continewes till the last day.

Let money be a slave to thee,
Yet keepe his service, if you can :
For if thy purse no money have,
Thy person is but halfe a man.

IN CORNEWELL.

To be wise, and wealthy too,
Is sought of all, but found of few.

All on this worlds Exchange do meete,
But when deaths Burse-bell rings, away ye fleete.

When a kinges head but akes
Subjectes should mourne,
For under their crownes
A thousand cares are worne.

Bread earned with honest laboring hands,
Tastes better then the fruite of ill got lands.

Hee that wants bread, and yet lyes still,
It's sinne his hungry cheekes to fill.

As man was first framed and made out of clay,
So must he at length depart hence away.

A man without mercy of mercy shall misse,
And he shall have mercy that mercifull is.

IN CHEAP-SIDE.

Life is a drop, a sparke, a span,
A bubble; yet how proude is man.

Life is a debt, which at that day
The poorest hath enough to pay.

This worlds a stage, whereon to day
Kings and meane-men parts do play.

To morrow others take their roomes,
While they do fill up graves and toomes.

Learning lives, and vertue shines,
When follie begs, and ignorance pines.

To live well is happinesse;
To die well is blessednesse.

FINIS.

NOTES.

P. 3. *The Table.*] It will be seen that this "Table" only relates to the earlier portions of the volume. It is printed precisely as it stands in the original, but some of the "cantos" are misnumbered, and the work seems to have been got up without much attention to the Table.

P. 5. "Kentish long-tails" are often referred to in old writers. See the commencement of the "Mad Pranks and Merry Jests of Robin Goodfellow," where the custom is attempted to be both historically and jocously accounted for.

P. 9, l. 4. *Did they of Duke William gaine.*] The pronoun "they" is redundant in this line, but we have printed it as it is given in the original edition.

P. 13. This ballad, according to the Table, and the regular succession of the cantos, ought to be numbered II instead of III: otherwise there is no Cant. II.

P. 17. A play on the same subject as this ballad was written by Thomas Drew, or Drue, early in the reign of James I; and it was printed in 1631, under the title of "The Duchess of Suffolk, her Life." The incidents are nearly the same in the ballad and the play, and both were founded upon the narrative of Fox, anno 1558. The popularity of the ballad probably led Drew to adopt the subject.

P. 24. This ballad, and the history of the period to which it relates, also furnished the subject of a historical play, under the title of "Look about you." It was acted by Henslowe and Alleyn's company, and was printed in 1600. It is a good play, and it will form one of the series to be reprinted by the Percy Society.

P. 28. This ballad has no number; but, following the number of that which precedes it, it ought to be marked IV. They are connected in subject.

P. 31. This ballad on the death of King John is interposed here between others which relate to events of about the same period, though none of them seem arranged with any precise regard to chronology.

P. 34. This ballad, and two others by which it is followed, are upon events included in Christopher Marlowe's celebrated and powerful tragedy of "Edward the Second," which must have been written before 1593, as its author was killed in that year. It was first printed in 1598.

P. 38. *They sent him word that he should die.*] Alluding to the letter containing these words: *Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est*, which conveys an opposite meaning according as a comma is placed after *nolite* or *timere*. Sir John Harington, in B. I. Epigr. 33 of his Epigrams, has one "Of writing with double pointing," in the introduction to which he quotes the Bishop of Hereford's letter, referred to in the ballad. Marlowe, near the close of his tragedy, makes Mortimer jun. say that this letter was written by "a friend," but he does not impute it to the Bishop of Hereford.

P. 46. This ballad was probably written (of course not by Deloney, who was then dead) after James I came to the throne, and after a ballad had been published, which was sung to a tune

invented at the time, and known by the name of "The King's going to the Parliament." Unless we suppose James I to be intended, it would carry the composition of the tune to the time of Edward VI, and, in that case, the ballad might be older than the date we have given to it.

P. 49. This also is a dramatic, as well as a historical, ballad. A play, called "Jack Straw's Life and Death," was printed in 1593, and again in 1604. It is a mere fragment of a drama, and only in four acts.

P. 52. The revolt, in which Lord Audley, Flamocke, and Joseph were concerned, occurred in the year 1497, according to Stow, to whose authority the author of this "Speech" resorted, and whose words he has in more than one place employed.

P. 54. The popular ballad of "Fair Rosamond" may be found in various collections; but Bishop Percy printed it "with conjectural emendations," from "four ancient copies in black letter," observing however that it was "first published" in 1612: therefore, the four black letter copies he employed were of a more recent date.

P. 63. It may be conjectured (as stated in the Introduction), that the remainder of this volume was made up of short pieces by various authors, whose initials are sometimes given, and that they were not the writing of Deloney.

P. 64. The initials T.R. may be assigned to Thomas Richardson, student in Cambridge, in 1584, who wrote "A proper new Song," to the tune of "I wish to see those happy daies," in the "Handefull of Pleasant Delites," printed in that year.

P. 65, l. 10. *And then began the greater drone.*] There is probably some misprint in this line, the correction of which must be left to the ingenuity of the reader, as no other copy of this "Maydes Letter" is known.

P. 66. The initials A. C. will apply to Anthony Chute, or Anthony Copley, both writers of verse prior to the death of Queen Elizabeth. Chute was dead in 1596, but nevertheless this "Maydes Letter" is more in his style than that of Copley, who survived him.

P. 66, l. 18. For "adorned" we ought probably to read *adored*.

P. 66, l. 19. The original reads "*With* without this money," &c. but "with" is clearly surplusage.

P. 67, l. 12. "Goe by Jeronimo" became a proverbial phrase, and is used and ridiculed by Shakespeare, and many writers subsequent to the publication of Thomas Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," where it is first found. It occurs in Act IV. (See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, III. 163, last edit.)

P. 69. An Epigram, subscribed "R," is here omitted, on account of its coarseness, as well as some stanzas, beginning "My mistris loves no woodcocks," for a similar reason.

P. 71, The title to these "Sentences" fixes the date of them very exactly, and shows that "Strange Histories", in the present shape of the work, and, supposing our edition of 1607 to be only a reimpression of a preceding edition with the same contents, was not published until after James I ascended the throne.

P. 71, l. 12. "In Cornewell" of course means Cornhill, where stood the Royal Exchange from the earliest date of its construction.

P. 71, l. 16. *But when deaths Burse-bell rings, away ye flecte.*] It need scarcely be mentioned that the Royal Exchange was also called the Burse.

The Percy Society

FOR THE

PUBLICATION OF ANCIENT BALLADS, SONGS,
PLAYS, MINOR PIECES OF POETRY,
AND POPULAR LITERATURE.

AT a General Meeting of the PERCY SOCIETY, held at
the Rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, No. 4,
St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, on Saturday, the
1st of May 1841,

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. F.S.A.

In the Chair,

The Chairman having opened the business of the day,
and the Laws having been read and confirmed,

The Secretary read the Report of the Council, dated
the 1st of May, whereupon it was

Resolved, That the said Report be received, and printed
for the use of the Members.

The Report of the Auditors, dated the 30th of April,
was then read by THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S. *Treas.* S.A.
whereupon it was

Resolved, That the said Report be received, and printed
for the use of the Members.

The Meeting then proceeded to the election of a Council for the year next ensuing; and the Secretary having read a proposal that

THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S.
 WILLIAM HENRY BLACK, Esq.
 J. A. CAHUSAC, Esq. F.S.A.
 WILLIAM CHAPPELL, Esq. F.S.A.
 (Treasurer)
 JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. F.S.A.
 T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq. F.S.A.,
 M.R.I.A.
 JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq.
 F.R.S., F.S.A.

REV. ALEXANDER DYCE
 G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.
 WILLIAM JERDAN, Esq. F.S.A.,
 M.R.S.L.
 CHARLES MACKAY, Esq.
 T. J. PETTIGREW, Esq. F.R.S.
 EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, Esq.
 (Secretary)
 JAMES WALSH, Esq.
 THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq.

be elected the Council of the Society for the second year,

It was resolved, That the above-named gentlemen be the Council of the PERCY SOCIETY from the 1st of May 1841, to the 1st of May 1842.

The Secretary then read a proposal that

SEPTIMUS BURTON, Esq.
 C. PURTON COOPER, Esq. Q.C., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A.
 The REV. WILLIAM HARNES,

be elected Auditors of the Society for the second year, whereupon

It was resolved, That the said gentlemen be elected Auditors of the PERCY SOCIETY for the year then ensuing.

Thanks were voted to the Council, to the Editors of the Society's Publications, to the Auditors, to the Treasurer, to the Secretary, to the Chairman, and to the Royal Society of Literature for the liberal manner in which they granted the use of their Rooms for the General Meeting of the Society.

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

COUNCIL OF THE PERCY SOCIETY.

May 1, 1841.

AT the close of their first year of office, the Council of the Percy Society feel great satisfaction in directing the attention of the members to the progressive prosperity of its affairs. During the nine months which have transpired since the present Council entered upon its labours, they have been enabled to supply the members with a new work every month; and, notwithstanding the extraordinary expenses incident to the first year, this has been accomplished with less than two-thirds of the annual income.

As the number of members, limited by the laws of the Society to five hundred, is rapidly filling, there appears to be no doubt that the Council will be able not only to continue the monthly issue of their publications throughout the year, but also considerably to increase the average size of the volumes. The number of books which are thus issued in the course of a year, render it impossible for the Council to take upon itself the expenses of delivery. The books may be had, as hitherto, on application at Mr. Richards' Printing Office, No. 100, St. Martin's Lane; but, instead of the printed forms hitherto used, it has been resolved

that the book of each month shall be given on the production of a written order by the member applying. Measures have also been taken to insure the regularity of publication on the first day of every month.

The interests of the Society have been much forwarded by the exertions of the following gentlemen, who have kindly volunteered their services as Local Secretaries in different parts of the kingdom.

JAMES MAIDMENT, Esq. *Edinbro'.*
JOHN KERR, Esq. *Glasgow.*
REV. J. R. WREFFORD, *Bristol.*
M. DECK, Esq. *Cambridge.*

H. G. ADAMS, Esq. *Chatham.*
JOHN MATTHEW GUTCH, Esq. *Worcester.*
HENRY S. STOKES, Esq. *Truro.*

The publications of the Society during the first year have been :—

1. A Collection of Old Ballads anterior to the reign of Charles I. by John Skelton, Stephen Peel, Churchyard, Tarlton, Elderton, Deloney, &c. &c. Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A.

2. "A search for Money; or the lamentable Complaint for the losse of the wandring Knight Mounsieur l'Argent; or Come along with me, I know thou lovest Money, &c. By William Rowley. Imprinted at London for Joseph Hunt, &c. 1609." Reprinted from the only extant copy.

3. "The Payne and Sorowe of cyvill Maryage." From a copy believed to be unique, printed by Wynkyn de Worde; with an Introduction regarding other works of the same class, and from the same press.

4. A Selection from the Miscellaneous Poems of John Lydgate. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S. and English Correspondent of the Royal Historical Commission of France.

5. "The King and a Poore Northerne Man. Shewing how a poore Northumberland man, &c. went to the King himself to make known his grievances. Full of simple mirth and merry plaine jests." By Martin Parker. Printed at London by Tho. Coates, 1640.

6. The Revolution of 1688, illustrated by the popular Ballads of the period. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. F.S.A. M.R.I.A.

7. Songs of the London Prentices and Trades, during the Reigns of Henry VII, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and James I. Edited by Charles Muckay, Esq.

8. A Collection of early Ballads relating to Naval Affairs. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S.

9. Robin Good-fellow; his Mad Pranks, and Merry Jests. Full of honest Mirth, and is a fit Medicine for Melancholy. London, printed for F. Grove. 1628.

The following works, for publication during the ensuing year, are ordered for press, and some are in an advanced state of preparation :

1. "Strange Histories or Songes and Sonets of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Lordes, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen. Very pleasant either to be read or songe," &c. By Thomas Deloney. Imprinted at London for W. Barley, &c. 1607.

2. Political Ballads of the age of Cromwell, collected and edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A. F.S.A.

3. "The Pleasant History of the two angry Women of Abington. With the humorous mirth of Dicke Coomes and Nicholas Proverbs, two Servingmen. As it was lately playde by the Lord High Admirall his servants." Written by Henry Porter. 1599. The first of a series of old plays, to be edited by the Rev. A. Dyce.

4. A Collection of Old English Ballads, from the Reign of Henry VI to that of Edward VI. To be edited by William Chappell, Esq. F.S.A.

5. "Vinegar and Mustard, or Worn-wood Lectures for every Day in the Week. Being exercised and delivered in several Parishes both of Town and City, on several dayes, &c. Taken verbatim in short writing by J. W." Reprinted from the edition of 1673.

6. The French Invasions of Ireland, illustrated by popular Songs, in three Parts, with an Introduction. To be edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. F.S.A. M.R.I.A.

7. "Pleasant Quippes for Upstart newfangled Gentlewomen, 1596." A satirical and humorous production in verse by Stephen Gosson, printed from a copy presented by the author to a contemporary.

8. The "Boke of Curtasye;" an English Poem illustrative of the Domestic Manners of our forefathers. To be edited, from a MS. of the fifteenth century in the British Museum, by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S., Hon. M.R.I.A., F.S.A., &c.

9. "Kind-Harts Dream. Containing five Apparitions, with their Invectives against abuses reigning. Delivered by severall Ghosts unto him to be publisht, after Piers Penillesse Post had refused the carriage." Printed without date in 1592.

In addition to these, the following works have been suggested for publication, and the Council look forward to the zealous co-operation of the members of the Society to enable them to add other works of general interest to the list.

1. Crawford's Poems, transcribed from the Tea-table Miscellany of Allan Ramsay, with an Introduction and Notes by Peter Cunningham, Esq.

2. Historical Ballads, in the Scottish Dialect, relating to events in the years 1570, 1571, and 1572: from the Originals. Printed by Robert Lekprenik; preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London.

3. Songs and Poems by known and unknown Authors, to be found in Musical Miscellanies published during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

4. The Pleasant and sweet History of Patient Grissell. Shewing how she, from a poore man's Daughter, came to be a great Lady in France, being a patterne to all vertuous Women, &c. London, printed by E. P. for John Wright, &c. No date. In prose and verse.

5. "A most pleasant and merie new Comedie, intituled a Knack to knowe a Knave. Newlie set foorth, as it hath sundrie tymes bene played by Ed. Allen and his companie. With Kemp's applauded Merrimentes of the Men of Goteham in receiving the King into Goteham, 1594."

6. A Selection of Stories, Anecdotes, and Jokes, from various Jest Books printed prior to the end of the reign of Charles I; with an account of the origin of many of them, and of the manner in which they are to be traced through several European languages.

7. The Batcheler's Banquet, or a Banquet for Batchelers. Wherein is prepared sundry dainty dishes, &c. Pleasantly discoursing the variable humours of Women, &c. By Thomas Dekker. London. Printed by T. C. &c. 1603.

8. Latin Stories written in England during the 13th and 14th Centuries, illustrative of the History of Fiction. Edited from the original MSS. with translations by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A. F.S.A.

9. A Collection of Lyrical Pieces contained in Old Plays of a date prior to the suppression of Theatrical Representations in 1647. To be edited by Edward F. Rimbault, Esq.

10. A Collection of Jacobite Ballads and Fragments, many of them hitherto unpublished. To be edited by William Jerdan, Esq. F.S.A., M.R.S.L.

11. "A Marriage Triumphe. Solemnized in an Epithalamium in memorie of the happie Nuptials betwixt the Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth. Written by Thomas Heywood. London. Printed for Edward Marchant, &c. 1613." With an introduction, giving an account of other poems by different authors on the same event.

12. A Collection of Christmas Carols, from the 12th to the 15th Century. To be edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A., F.S.A.

13. The Nursery Rhymes of England, arranged in Classes, with an Historical Introduction. To be edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq.

14. Grange's "Garden of Golden Aphroditis." To be reprinted from the edition of 1577.

15. Ballads and Songs illustrative of the Fairy Mythology of England. To be edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A., F.S.A.

16. A Collection of Good-nights, or Highwaymen's Farewells. To be edited by Charles Mackay, Esq.

17. The Robin Hood Ballads; a new and more complete Edition, with an Introductory Essay.

18. A Collection of Ballads relating to May-day and May-games.

The Society have to regret, during the first year, the loss of two members by death,—John Miller, Esq. M.D. Edinburgh, and Thomas Hill, Esq. London.

The Council of the first year, in resigning their functions, think it right to state that they feel great satisfaction with their printer, Mr. Richards, to whom the Society is also indebted for the loan of the room in which the Council hold their meetings.

Signed by order of the Council,

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, *Chairman.*

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, *Secretary.*

The Percy Society.

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS,

Dated 30th April 1841.

WE the Auditors appointed by the Council of the PERCY SOCIETY, to examine the Accounts of the Treasurer, from the institution of the Society to the 30th of April 1841, certify that the Treasurer has exhibited his Accounts to us, and that we have examined the same, together with his Receipts and other vouchers, and that we find the same to be correct and satisfactory.

And we further report that the following is a correct abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society during the period to which we have referred.

RECEIPTS.

	£.	s.	d.
Annual Subscriptions due on the 1st of			
May 1840	244	0	0
Compositions from Four Members	40	0	0
Annual Subscriptions due on the 1st of			
May 1841	14	0	0
Total Receipts	£298	0	0

EXPENDITURE.

	£.	s.	d.
To Mr. Richards for Printing	183	15	0
Messrs. Fuller & Thornhill for Paper 69	17	10	8
Transcripts	9	15	4
Binding	14	6	0
Petty Cash Expenses	3	5	6
Balance in the Treasurer's hands	£298	0	0

WE also certify that the Treasurer has reported to us, that about the sum of £16. part of the several sums paid for paper and transcripts has been paid on account of the expenses of the second year.

And also, that there remains outstanding in the hands of Local Secretaries, of whose accounts only two have yet been received, and in Subscriptions of Members who have not yet paid for the first year, the sum of £60, which last sum is expected to be shortly received.

THOMAS AMYOT.

JOHN BRUCE.

E. R. MORAN.

WILLIAM J. THOMS.

Dated the 30th April, 1841.

The Percy Society

FOR THE

PUBLICATION OF ANCIENT BALLADS, SONGS,
PLAYS, MINOR PIECES OF POETRY,
AND POPULAR LITERATURE.

Council, 1841-2.

President.

THE RT. HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE, F.S.A.

THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S.

WILLIAM HENRY BLACK, Esq.

J. A. CAHUSAC, Esq. F.S.A.

WILLIAM CHAPPELL, Esq. F.S.A. *Treasurer*

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. F.S.A.

T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq. F.S.A., M.R.I.A.

REV. ALEXANDER DYCE

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, F.S.A.

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

WILLIAM JERDAN, Esq. F.S.A., M.R.S.L.

CHARLES MACKAY, Esq.

T. J. PETTIGREW, Esq. F.R.S.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, Esq., *Secretary*

JAMES WALSH, Esq.

THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A., F.S.A.

The Society is limited to Five Hundred Members.

Persons wishing to become Members, are requested to send their names to the SECRETARY, 9, Denmark Street, Soho Square, London.

Subscriptions received at Mr. Richards' Printing Office, 100, St. Martin's Lane.

BANKERS. The London and Westminster Bank, No. 155, Oxford Street.

Laws of the Percy Society.

1. That the Society be called "The Percy Society."
2. That the Publications of the Society shall consist of Ancient Ballads, Songs, Plays, minor pieces of Poetry, and Popular Literature, or works illustrative of the above-mentioned subjects.
3. The Society shall consist of Members being Subscribers of *One Pound* annually, such Subscription to be paid in advance, on or before the day of General Meeting in each year, The General Meeting to be held on the 1st of May, in every year, unless it should fall on a Sunday, when some other day is to be named by the Council.
4. That the affairs of the Society be conducted by a Council consisting of fifteen Members, including a Treasurer and Secretary, all of whom shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting of the Society.
5. That any Member may compound for his future Subscriptions by the payment of *Ten Pounds* over and above his Subscription for the current year.
6. That the Accompts of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society be audited annually by three Auditors, to be elected at the General Meeting; and, in case of any of these three Auditors being unable to act, his place is to be supplied by a Member of the Society, to be elected by the Council.
7. That any Member who shall be one year in arrear of his subscription, shall no longer be considered as belonging to the Society.
7. That every Member, not in arrear of his Annual Subscription, be entitled to a copy of each of the works published by the Society.

Members' Names.

Those Members to whose Names (c.) is prefixed have compounded for their Annual Subscriptions.

The Members whose Names are printed in Capitals are on the Council of the present Year.

Adams, H. G. Esq. Chatham, <i>Local Sec.</i>	Caldecott, Captain
Adolphus, J. Esq. F.S.A.	Caldwell, Davis, Esq.
Advocates' Library, Edinburgh	Carmichael, Arch. Esq. M.A. Edinburgh
AMYOT, T. Esq. F.R.S. Treas. S.A.	Chadwick, Elias, Esq. Swinton, near Manchester
Aspland, A. S. Esq.	Chapman, T. Esq.
Aspland, Rev. R. Brook	Chapman, W. Esq.
Atkinson, Henry, Esq. Manchester	(c.) CHAPPELL, WILLIAM, Esq. F.S.A.
Aubyn, Rev. R. H.	<i>Treasurer</i>
Aungier, G. J. Esq.	Chappell, J. C. Esq.
Ayrton, W. Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.	Chappell, T. P. Esq.
	Chater, George, Esq.
Bagot, the Hon. Alfred	Christy, Alexander, Esq.
Bartlett, J. Esq.	Clare, Edward, Esq.
Barton, Thomas P. Esq.	Clark, C. Esq.
Beasant, John J. Esq.	Clements, J. Esq. Oriel College, Oxford
Bell, F. J. Esq.	Cobbin, J. I. Esq.
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A
MARRIAGE TRIUMPH,
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▼

A

MARRIAGE TRIUMPH,

ON THE

NUPTIALS OF THE PRINCE PALATINE, AND THE

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF

JAMES I.

BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Reprinted from the Edition of 1613.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

LONDON:

REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY T. RICHARDS, FOR THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE

C. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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INTRODUCTION.

OF the various poetical effusions on the marriage of the Elector Palatine with Elizabeth, daughter of James I, on the 14th February 1613, the following is perhaps the rarest : it is, we believe, only to be traced in one sale-catalogue, that of the library of the late Mr. Bindley, and very few copies of it are in existence.

Prince Henry died on the 6th November 1612, an event which filled the nation with grief, and many were the elegies poured forth on that occasion. He had been an especial patron of poets and literary men generally, some of whom were his annual pensioners. Mr. Peter Cunningham, in the Introduction to his highly interesting volume just issued by the Shakespeare Society, "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," has shown for the first time, that Drayton and Sylvester received yearly stipends from Prince Henry, and that he was liberal in his rewards to Owen, Coryat, Cotgrave, &c. It is not therefore to be wondered that the poets of

his day gave vent to their regret in verse. One of these was Thomas Heywood, and in the ensuing production, of a very different kind, he alludes to the "Funeral Elegy" he had not long before printed.

The interval between the death of Prince Henry and the marriage of his sister, was only three months and eight days, and the court of James I then presented a singular contrast: nothing but rejoicings and triumphs were to be heard, and all classes seemed to join in an endeavour to celebrate the nuptials of the Prince Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth with peculiar splendour and festivity. The poets who in November had employed their pens in mourning the dead prince, in February stretched their fancies to testify their delight at the union of the living princess. Thomas Heywood was among the most popular and applauded writers of the time.

It is not our purpose here to attempt anything like a biographical account of him, but we may mention a few leading points of his history. Whether he were any relation to old John Heywood, the dramatist in the reign of Henry VIII, who did not die until some time after Elizabeth came to the throne, we have no means of determining; but they spelt their names in the same way, and they were engaged in the same species

of literature. John Heywood had three sons, and it is very possible that Thomas Heywood, the writer of the ensuing poem, was the offspring of one of them. He was born in Lincolnshire, and it seems certain that he received a classical education, and afterwards went to Cambridge, where he became a fellow of Peter House: all his works denote a familiar acquaintance with the Greek and Latin writers, especially with the latter, and as his industry was amazing later in life, we may presume that in his youth he was not deficient in zeal for the acquisition of knowledge.

We first hear of him in the year 1596, in an entry in Henslowe's Diary, from which it appears that the old manager lent the company, called the Lord Admiral's servants, thirty shillings to enable them to buy a play by Heywood. At this date he had probably quitted the university, after obtaining his fellowship, and had directed his attention to the stage and its poetry, as a means of support. In this course he but followed the example of his immediate predecessors, Gosson, Peele, Marlowe, Greene, Nash, Lodge, and various others. The next ascertained date in connexion with Heywood's life, is 25th of March 1598, when he became a hired player in the association of actors, of which Henslowe was at the head.

From this date to the suppression of the theatres in 1642, Heywood seems to have continued a writer for, and an actor upon the stage in various companies, but of his merits in the latter capacity we have no record. Prior to the year 1633, when his "English Traveller" came from the press, he had written, or importantly contributed to, no fewer than two hundred and twenty dramatic performances. We do not find that he was ever a writer for the company to which Shakespeare belonged: before the accession of James I he was one of the Lord Admiral's Players: then, he became one of the theatrical retainers of the Earls of Southampton and Worcester, and was transferred by the latter nobleman to Queen Anne, and continued one of her actors until her death. In the capacity of a dramatic servant he formed part of her funeral procession.

When he quitted the stage we have no information—probably after the death of Queen Anne, for we do not meet with his name in any enumeration of the members of companies subsequent to 1619. Whether he left a family behind him is uncertain, but if the Thomas Heywood mentioned by Mr. P. Cunningham ("Revels Accounts," Introduction, p. xx), as "late a child of the chapel, whose voice was changed" in 1673, were any relation, he was probably grandson to the

Thomas Heywood who wrote the subsequent poem. On the same authority (p. 204), we have to add another to the list of his dramatic productions, for on the Sunday before New Year's day, 1605, "A play, How to learn a Woman to woo," by Heywood, as is recorded in the account, was performed before King James at Whitehall.

This is one of the many lost dramas by Heywood; for of the two hundred and twenty plays which he wrote, or assisted in writing, only twenty-three have come down to our day. Of these, one of the best is the historical play of "King Edward the Fourth," which is in two parts, and is about to be reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, from the extremely rare edition of 1600.

He seems to have maintained himself by his pen till very late in life, and he produced many valuable works besides such as were designed for the stage. One of the most interesting of these is an elaborate defence of his own profession, under the title of "An Apology for Actors," which was published in 1612, and of which a reprint has lately been made. Heywood's latest known work with a date, seems to be "The Life of Ambrosius Merlin," which came out in 1641, 4to. He was probably not dead in 1648, as he is spoken of as living when the "Satire against Separatists" was printed in that year.

Among his lost works we have reason to regret his collections for the biography of all the poets of his time : he was obtaining and arranging his materials between the years 1614 and 1635, after which date we hear no more of the manuscript. In all probability it has perished with many other "monuments of vanished minds."

A
MARRIAGE TRIUMPHE

SOLEMNIZED IN AN

EPITHALAMIVM,

IN MEMORIE OF THE HAPPIE NUPTIALS BETWIXT THE HIGH AND
MIGHTIE PRINCE COUNT PALATINE AND THE MOST
EXCELLENT PRINCESSE THE LADY ELIZABETH.

WRITTEN

BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Tu festas Hymenææ faces, tu Gratia flores
Elige, tu geminas Concordia necte coronas.

LONDON :

Printed for Edward Marchant, and are to be sold at his Shoppe
in Pauls Church-yard, ouer against the Crosse.

1613.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT, AND MOST
ADMIR'D PRINCESSE, THE LADY
ELIZABETH.

Whom Heaven with all choise graces hath endow'd,
Whom both the angels praise, and men admire;
On whom her Maker hath his bounty show'd,
Where nothing wants that mortall can desire.

Whose beauties are as farre beyond compare,
As are her inward vertues of the mind,
But in that height unmatchably so rare
We on the earth her equall cannot finde.

Her parents joy, the peeres selected pleasure,
The peoples admiration, kingdomes wonder,
Of forraine climes the praise, of ours the treasure,
May this daies sacred union never sunder;

That whilst we daily of high Heaven importune,
We may be in your royall issue blest:
You may still grow in bewtie, vertue, fortune,
So with your fame our joyes may be increast.
Prove thou a prophet, muse, say 'tis decreed,
All Christendome shall florish in your seed.

Your Graces most humbly devoted,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

AN EPITHALAMION,
OR NUPTIAL SONG,

CONSECRATED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE ROYAL AND MAGNIFICENT
ESPOUSALS BETWIXT THE HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE FREDERICK
THE FIFT, COUNT PALATINE, DUKE OF BAVARIA, PRINCE ELECTOR TO
THE EMPIRE, ETC. AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF
THE GARTER: AND THE MOST EXCELLENT, AND EVERY-WAY ACCOM-
PLISHED PRINCESSE THE LADY ELIZABETH, SOLE DAUGHTER TO THE
HIGH AND MOST PUISSANT JAMES, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, KING OF
GREAT BRITTAINE, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, ETC. DEFENDER OF THE
FAITH, AND THE MOST VERTUOUS AND ADMIRABLE LADY, QUEENE
ANNE.

Now the wet winter of our teares is past,
And see, the cheerefull Spring appeares at last ;
Now we may calculate by the welkins racke,
Æolus hath chaste the clouds that were so blacke,
And th' are beyond the hyperboreans runne
That have so late eclipst Great Brittaines sonne.
O thou, my muse ! that whilome maskt in sable,
Exclaiming on the fates and chance unstable,
Accusing phisicke, and her want of skill,
And natures hard-heart that her owne would kill :
On death, and his fell tyranny exclaiming,
Chance, fortune, destiny, and all things blaming ;

Inveighing against howres, daies, months, and time,
That cropt so sweet a blossome in his prime :
Against mortality, that could not save
So choyce a gemme from th' all-devouring grave ;
But most against the cause, Brittaines transgressions,
That so soone cal'd him to that heavenly sessions ;
Where from this earthy mansion being translated,
He now for ay remaines a prince instated.
No more let us our ancient griefes pursue,
Or the swift torrent of our teares renue ;
No more let us with clamors fill the sky,
Or make th' heavens eccho to each dolefull cry ;
No more disturbe his soft sleepe, since 'tis best
We wake him not from his eternall rest.
Yet who could blame my muse, that did lament
To see so faire a branch so rudely rent
From such a stately, and broad-bearing tree,
That might have borne like fruit ? For who to see
So rich a treasure in a moment wasted,
Such goodly fruit, not fully ripe, yet blasted ;
So rich a roab, so soone dispoiled as worne,
Such generall hopes destroid as soone as borne ;
But with impartiall judgements must confesse,
No muse, that can sing, but could shrieke no lesse ?
Those that love day must thinke it much too soone,
To see the glorious sunne to set at noone,
And none but such as hate the cheerefull light,
(Murderers and theeves) at mid-day wish it night.
Is it because we breake the gods decree
That, Tantalus, we are punisht like to thee :

Thou that their secrets durst presume to tell,
Art with perpetuall hunger plagu'd in hell;
Yet sundry delicates before thee stand,
Which thou maist reach, not compasse with thy hand.
So have the gods dealt with us, for some crime,
To let us see the glory of our time,
As a faire marke at which the world might gaze,
And put the wondring nations in a maze;
But as we stretch our hands to reach our joy,
They snatch it hence, and all our hopes destroy.
But now, my muse, shake off this gloomy sorrow,
And a bright saffron roab from Hymen borrow.
Thou that before in ravens plumes didst sing,
Now get thee feathers from the swans white wing,
And take an equall flight with Venus doves,
To tune soft layes of nuptials, and sweet loves.

For now, me thinkes, I youthfull Tython see,
The day, Aurora, that he married thee.
The expected howre was come, the matrons shine
In glistring roabes; th' old men, as if divine,
Apparrel'd in rich purple; them betweene,
The sprightly youths and beauteous nymphes are seene.
At length the blushing bride comes, with her haire
Dishevel'd 'bout her shoulders;—none so faire
In all that bevie, though it might appeare,
The choycest beauties were assembled there.
She enters with a sweet commanding grace,
Her very presence paradic'd the place:
Her modest blush amongst the ladies spred,
And cast on all their cheekes a shame-fast red.

How could they chuse, their looks that seeme divine
Before she came, eclipt are at her shine?
They all are darkned when she 'gins t' appeare,
And spread her beames in her illustrious spheare :
All eyes are fixt on her: the youthfull fry
Amazed stand at her great majesty.
The nymphs and maids both envy and admire
Her matchlesse beauty, state, and rich attire.
The graver matrons stand amaz'd with wonder,
The fathers, as if strooke with Joves sharpe thunder,
Confounded are, as never having seene
In their long trace of yeares so faire a queene.
Not Hecuba, when Priam came to Thrace
To court her for his queene, could give the place
Such ornament:—not Spartan Hellen knew
To attire her person in a forme so true.
Had Perseus in his airy progresse spide
This picture to the marble rocke fast tide,
For her he would have fought, and as a pray
To the sea-monster left Andromeda.
Had Paris seene her, he had nere crost the flood,
Hellen had beene unrapte, Troy still had stood.
Had Thetis sonne beheld her when he saw
Polyxena, nothing should him withdraw
From dreadfull battle :—he had shin'd in steele,
And not unarm'd beene wounded in the heele.
Had Juno, Venus, or Minerva, when
They strove for maistery, seene this lady, then,
As vanquisht, they had left to her the ball,
Which from his starry throne great Jove let fall.

Rut wherefore on her glories doe I dwell,
Whose state my muse unable is to tell?
To a bright ivory chaire the bride they bring,
Whilst all the people Io Pœan! sing.

Now see from forth another stately arch
Of the great palace the brave bride-groome march;
A lovely youth, upon whose face appears
True signes of manhood; yet he for his yeares
And beauty, such a generall name hath wonne,
They take him all for Venus, or her sonne.
A mixed grace he in his visage wore,
And but his habit shewd what sex hee bore:
The quickest sighted eye might have mistooke,
Having female beauty in a manly looke.
Such lustre in Adonis cheeke did move,
When he was haunted by the queene of love:
So looked Hypolitus when, clad in greene,
He was oft courted by th' Athenian queene.
Such grace Hypomanes in publike wan,
That day he with the swift Atlanta ran.
So shined Perithous amongst the rest
When mongst the Centaurs Joves son grac't the feast.
Such seem'd th' Idæan sheepheard in the eye
Of faire Oenone, when she saw him lye
Upon a violet banke: such did appeare
Yong Itis unto Galatea deere.
Such Ciparissus seem'd, so sweete so faire,
For whom Apollo left his fiery chaire.
A curious roabe athwart his shoulders fell,
By some laborious hand imbroidered well;

Cunning Arachne could no better weave,
Nor Pallas, should the heavens she once more leave :
The colour was of elementall blew,
Spotted with golden starres : heere comets flew
With blazing trains, some great appeard, some smal,
Some were so wrought that they might seeme to fal,
And shooting towards the earth as darting fire,
Even in their hottest fury did expire :
Yet in their golden course the way they went,
They seemed to guild the azure firmament.
You might in this discoloured roabe perceive
The galaxia a more brightnesse leave,
Than th' other parts of heaven, because so faire
Cassiopeia spreads her glistering haire.
There the quicke-sighted eagle shines, and swanne,
And the Argoe, that the Fleece of Colchos wanne.
Sagitarus threatens the Scorpion to have slaine,
Who gainst him shakes his poysonous starry traine.
With six bright lamps doth the bold Centaure stand,
Threatning the Twins, who hold in every hand
Bright bals of fire, eighteene they be in number,
That if the Centaur stir, his force to cumber.
The Northern Waggoner stands next in the roll,
Whom Perseus with his shield frights 'bout the pole,
The wandring Sporades 'mongst these appeare,
Which makes the galaxia shine more cleere
Then the other parts of heaven : this Thetis wrought,
And as a present to the bridegroome brought ;
For who could place them in there rancks more true
Then she, that every night takes a full view

(From top of Neptunes tarras) how they stand,
How move, rise, set, or how the seas command?
This mantle doth the bride-groomes body graspe,
Buckled about him with a golden claspe.
And as when Lucifer lifts from the waves
His glorious head, the stars about him braves,
Who when he moves his sacred front on high,
Seeme in their (almost wasted) oile to die,
And give him all the glory; with a crest
As bright as his appeares amongst the rest
This lovely youth: with many a comely stride
He preaceth towards the place where sits his bride;
Then bowes to her, she blusheth as he bends
And honours low, his fair hand he extends
To ceaze her ivory palme, which as he warmes,
She breathes into him many thousand charmes
Of loves, affections, zeale, cordiall desires,
Chast wishes, pleasures, mixt with deepe suspires,
Passions, distractions, extasies, amazes,
All these he feeles, when on her eies he gazes;
Till further boldned by a blushing smile,
He leaves his trance, and she discends the while.
Yet was all silence, till at this glad close,
Through all the place, a whispering murmure rose:
Some his perfection, some her beauty praise,
And both above the highest degree would raise
To exceed all comparison: some sweare
Two such bright comets never grac't that spheare,
And as they walke the virgins strow the way
With costmary, and sweete angelica.

With spyknard, margerom, and camomile,
Time, buglosse, lavender, and pimpernell,
Strawbery leaves, savory, and eglantine,
With endive, holy thistle, sops in wine,
Smallage, balme, germander, basell and lilly,
The pinke, the flower-de-luce, and daffadilly,
The gilliflowre, carnation, white and red,
With various spots and staines enameled,
The purple violet, paunce, and hearts-ease,
And every flower that smell or sight can please :
The yellow marigold, the sunnes owne flower,
Pagle, and pinke, that decke faire Floraes bower,
The dasie, cowslip, wal-flower, columbine,
With the broad leaves late cropt from Bacchus vine,
Besides a thousand other fragrant poses,
Of woodbine, rosemary, and sundry roses.
Next in their way, some pretious garments strow,
Some scatter gold-wrought arras where they go :
Others before them costly presents cast,
Of ivory, corall, and of pearle : the last
Bring gold and jewels : one presents a crowne
Unto the bride, and gives it as her owne.
Divers contend where this rich metall grew,
In Phillipine, in Ophir, or Peru,
Or the Malluccoes : this a carcenet
Bestowes, with pretious stones of all kind set
Of luster and of beauty : here was found
The hardest and most quicke, the diamond,
The ruby, of a perfect light and life,
The saphir and emerald, at strife,

Which can expresse unto the eie more true
The one a grasse-greene, th' other perfect blew,
Heere the discoloured opal faire did shine,
And onix deepe, dig'd from the rocky mine,
The topas which, some say, abides the fire,
And sardonix : what is he can desire
A stone that's wanting ? as they walke along
The batchelers and virgins with this song,
Tun'd to their aptest instruments, thus greete
Their nuptiall joyes, with strings and voyces sweete.

THE EPITHALAMION.

You fairest of your sexes, how shall we
Stile you, that seeme on earth to be divine,
Unlesse the musicall Apollo hee,
And shee the fairest of the muses nine ?
Not Daphne turn'd into a lawrel-tree
 So bright could bee,
 So faire, so free,
Not Ariadne crown'd so cleere can shine.

Can Venus yoaked swannes so white appeare ?
Or halfe so lovely when you two embrace ?
Are not his parts admired every where,
His sweete proportion, feature, shape, and face ?
Or like her Iris in her arched spheare,
 Or Hebe cleere
 To Juno neere,
To match this lady in her comely grace.

Why should we these to Venus doves compare,
Since in blancht whiteness they their plumes exceed,
Or to the Alpine mountaines, when they are
Cloth'd in snow, since monstrous beasts they breed?
Why should we to white marble pillers dare

Set two so faire,

In all things rare,

Since save disgrace comparisons nought breed?

Unto your selves, your selves, then we must say,
We onely may compare: heaven, sea, nor earth
Can parrallell the vertues every way,
Your names, your stiles, your honors, and your birth.
On to the temple, then; why do we stay?

Use no delay,

Loose no more day:

By this blest union adde unto our mirth.

Charis that strewes faire Venus couch with flowers
Joyne with the other graces to attend you,
The muses and their influence to your dowres,
Angels and cherubs from all ills defend you:

The gods into your laps raigne plenteous showres,

All heavenly powers

Adde to your howers,

Heavens graces, and earths guifts that may commend
you.

Minerva, that of chastity hath care,
And Juno, that of marriage takes regard,

The happy fortunes of these two prepare,
And let from them no comforts be debar'd.
Blesse them with issue, and a royall heyre :

Lucina faire,

Let one so rare

In all her future thro's be gently hard.

Prove thou, faire Fortune, in thy bounties free ;
Be all the happiest seasons hence-forth showne
Temperate and calme, and full of mirthfull glee,
All joyes and comforts challenge as your owne.
What grace and good wee can but wish to bee

May you and shee,

As heavens agree,

Injoy in your most happy prosperous crowne,

So shall the swaynes and nymphs choice presents bring,
With yeerely offering to this sacred shrine ;
So shall our annuall festives praise the spring,
In which two plants of such great hope combine,
For ever this bright day eternizing.

Timbrels shall ring

Whilst we still sing

O Hymen, Hymen ! be thou still divine.

But whether am I carried ? if such state
Yong Tython and Aurora celebrate,
What shall be then at this uniting done,
Since in his noone-tide progresse the bright sunne

Hath never seene their equals? what blest muse
Shall I invoke, or whose assistance use?
What accent, in what number, or what straine,
Shall I the weaknesse of my skill complaine?
Oh! were I by the cleere Pegasian fount,
Which Perseus steed made when he gan to mount,
Where his heele stroke first grew the sacred well,
By which Joves daughters, the nine sisters, dwell:
Or were I laid in Aganippes spring,
Where Pallas oft discends to heare them sing:
Or might I come to wash my temples cleane
In the pure drops of learned Hypocrene:
I might have then some hope to be inspired,
And mount the height I have so long desired.
Yet howsoe're, I will presume to sing
And soare according to my strength and wing.
Then now, O Hymen! don thy brightest weed,
That all things may successively succeed
At these high nuptials: spread thy golden haire,
And let no spot upon thy robes appeare,
No wrinkle in thy front, which may presage
The least sad chance, as at the marriage
Of Orpheus and Euridice, when thou
Wor'st stormes and tempests in thy angry brow:
Or when the father of the two Atrides,
Or their bold sonnes, contracted first their brides:
Or when Minerva's champion Diomed,
That wounded Venus in the hand, was sped;
For which the goddesse curst him, and then sware
To leave his bed adulterate, without heire:

Or when king Ceix with Alcione met,
When at the nuptiall table thou wast set,
Thou wouldst not lend the feast one gentle smile,
But discontentedly sat'st all the while:
Nor as when first the Trojan sheepheard tooke
Oenone, and soone after her forsooke.
O! put not on that habit thou then wore,
When first faire Phedra to Duke Theseus swore;
But bring with thee that bright and cheerefull face,
As when Alcest Admetus did imbrace;
Chaste Alcest, who to keepe him from the grave,
Offred her life her husbands life to save.
Not Portia, who the Romans so admire,
Who for the love of Brutus swallowed fire;
Not Romes great'st honor and Collatiums pride
For chastity, that by her owne hand dy'd,
Can equall this Alcest; but must give place,
In all perfection, beauty, fame, and face.
Appeare in those faire colours, without staine,
As when Ulysses did the chaste love gaine
Of his Penelope, who twice ten yeares
Expects the absence of her lord in teares;
Whom neither threats, intreats, nor crowns can move
To attend the motives to untemperate love:
In him the vertues so united are,
Neither Loves blandishments, nor stormes of warre,
No Circe, Syrtes, or Charibdis deepe,
Can from the bosome of his chaste wife keepe.
Oh! decke thee in thy best and hallowedst robe,
That ere was seene upon this earthly globe:

More proudly dight, then when the gods did strive
To grace thy pompe, when Jove did Juno wive,
When the great thunderer gave thee a bright crowne
And Pallas with her needle wrought thy gowne :
When Neptune through his billowy concave sought
And for thee a rich smaragd found and bought ;
When Phoebus on thy fore-head fixt his rayes,
And taught thee from his harpe sweete nuptiall layes ;
When Venus to their bounties added pleasure,
And Pluto from god Mammon gave thee treasure ;
When Mercury gave fluence to thy tongue,
To have th' Epithilamion sweetly sung ;
When Juno to thy presence added state,
And Cinthia, though that night she sate up late
To watch Endimion, by her beams so bright,
In th' oceans bottome spide a stone give light,
A glorious shining carbuncle, and that
She gave thee, and thou pindst it in thy hat ;
When the god Mars gave thee, not least of all,
The richest armour in his arcenall ;
When Hebe fild thee nectar for thy tast,
Which from the christal conduits run so fast.
Nor did lame Vulcan come behinde in cost :
An anticke robe, with gold richly imbest,
With gold-smiths worke, and hammer'd from the wedge,
With curious art, deep fring'd about the edge,
He did present thee, (pompos to behold)
Berontes and Pyragmon wrought in gold,
And left their plates of steele, to shew no dearth
Of love to thee. Thou from our mother earth

Hadst a gift too : of all the fruits that grow
She fild her cornucopia, and did bestow
By fertill Ceres hand, to please thy taste,
A plenteous largesse ; as in heaven thou wast
At those great bridals, with like pompe and state,
The rites of these high nuptials consecrate.

Whom all our populous united nation
Attended long, with joyfull expectation,
Whom th' empire of great Brittain wisht to see
And th' emperour to receive with majesty :
Whom the peeres ardently crave to behold,
And the glad nobles in their armes t'infold,
Whom all the nations in his way admir'd,
Whose presence the rich court so long desir'd ;
Whom London with applause wisht to embrace,
(The chamber of the king, and best lov'd place)
Whom at his landing from the troublous maine,
The people stand on shore to entertaine,
And with glad shouts, and lowd applauses bring,
Even to the presence of the potent king.
Behold that prince, the empires prime Elector,
Of the religious Protestants protector,
The high and mighty Palsgrave of the Rhyne,
Duke of Bavaria, and Count Palatyne,
With titles equall, laterally ally'd
To Mars his brood, the soldiers chiefest pride,
That from the triple-headed Gerion have
Kept from a timelesse and abortive grave
Fair Belgia, and her seventeene daughters, all,
Doom'd to a sad and mournfull funerall ;

Yet each of these in former times have beene
A beauteous lady, and a flourishing queene.
Now when their widowed eies are drown'd in teares,
And by th' Hesperian gyant fraught with feares,
They are freed from slaughter, and restor'd againe
To their first height by his triumphant straine,
A youth so lovely, that even beasts of chace,
Staid by the way, to gaze him in the face:
The wildest birds, his beauty to espye
Sit round about him, and before him flye,
And with their chirping tunes beare him along
As if to greet him with a nuptiall song.
But when they saw he was imbarck't, returne
As loth to leave him, and together mourne,
Chanting unto themselves unpleasant notes
And full of discords from their pretty throates.
Now lancht into the deepe, see by the way,
About his ship th' unwelody porpoise play:
The dolphin hath quite left the southerne seas,
And with a thousand colours seekes to please
The princes eye, changing as oft his hue,
As he doth wish him joyes: behold in view,
Where shoots the little envious Remora
Thinking his swift ship under saile to stay,
O[r] stop her prosperous course. But when he saw
A face so full of beautie, mixt with awe,
Upon the hatches, sham'd what she had done,
Her head shee doth below the channels runne.
No boysterous whale above the waves appears
The seas to trouble: whilst the pilot steeres,

The huge Leviathan dwels in the deepes,
And wrapt in waters with his femall sleepes,
As loath to move a tempest. Thus at last
He in a prosperous calme the seas hath past :
Neptune, meane time, in Amphitrites bowre,
Invited to a banquet, for her dowre
By churlish old Oceanus denide
That paid her not, since she was first his bride :
Shee knowing Neptune powerfull, as he's wise,
Intreats him this olde jarre to compromise,
This difference held so long, the god of seas
Who being made umpire, sought both parts to please,
That whilst he in faire Thetis pallace staid,
The prince was past without his marine aid.
This when he knew, that one so yong, so faire,
Of whom the other gods had tooke such care
In his safe waftage, and that he alone
Of all his choice gems, had afforded none,
Of which his wealthie channels as full stor'd,
Grieving so puissant and so great a lord
Should passe his waterie kingdomes, and not tast
Part of his bountie, up he starts in hast,
Mounts on his sea-horse, and his trydent takes,
Which all enrag'd about his crest he shakes ;
And calling Triton from his concave shell
Bids him through all the deeps his furie tell ;
That since no marchant to the Indies traded
Whose wealthie ships, with drugs and spices laded,
Had made the verie oceans backe to bend ;
Since he had suffered them from end to end

To voyage his large empire, as secure
As in the safest ouze, where they assure
Themselves at rest ; since they for all the gold
Pangeans fraughts them ; with great summes untold,
Pearles, stones, silks, sweet-perfumes and amber-greece,
With profits richer farre then Jasons Fleece ;
Since neither marchant, nor yet man of warre,
Poore fisherman, or such as reckoned are
Sonnes of the sea, or bastards, pyrats fell,
For all the wealth in which the seas excell,
And they have thrived so richly, would make knowne
This newes to him, they now shall tast his frowne.
Streight the foure brothers from their brazen caves
Æolus unlocks, who shake above the waves
Their flaggie plumes, and as they rise or fall
They hatch huge tempests : still doeth Neptune call
To make a turbulent sea. Triton shrils lowd
T' invoke the helpe of every stormie clowd ;
They all conspire in horroure, at new warre.
Meane time the foure seditious brothers jarre :
The southwind brings with him his spightfull showers,
And gainst the cold and stormie Boreas powers
His spitting waters ; in whose foule disgrace
His gusts return them backe in Austers face ;
Bleake Aquilo still with the west-wind crosse,
Mountaines of waves against his foe doth tosse,
And he as much at him : in this fierce brall
Poore ships are shaken, some are forc't to fall
So low, that they black Orcus may espie,
And suddenly are bandied up so high,

As if the barke with tackles, masts, and shrouds,
Jove would, like th' Argoe, snatch above the clouds.
No marvell, we so many wracks to heare,
Since Neptune hath of late beene so austeaere;
So many ships being foundred, split and lost,
So many wrackt-men, cast on every coast;
So many, that my passionate teares inforces,
Since all the seas seem'd to be shor'd with coarses.
Long Neptunes furie lasted, made great spoile,
And wrackes at sea; for still the billowes boile
With wrath and vengeance, till the queene of Love
Borne of the frothie waves, this suit gan move:
That since the high solemnitie drew neere
Of this faire couple, to the gods so deere,
As heaven and earth did in their joyes agree,
So at the last would his calm'd waves and he.
These words of hers great Neptune did appease;
So with his Trident straight he calm'd the seas.
Now's the glad day, how can it other be
But a presage of all prosperitie;
The early Howres, that from her roseat bed
Aurora call, the Night have banished;
And envying shee so long hath sojourned here,
They chase the hag from off this hemisphere:
Who, when she but espies the peepe of day,
Wrapt in her mistie darknesse speeds away
To the Cymerians, were she meanes to dwell,
And hide her horrid darksome front in hell:
But ere her blacke and cloudie face she steeps,
The starres from off heavens azured floare she sweeps,

And will not let them see the glorious bride,
Whose presence was her hated lookes denide.
This day Apollo in his orbe of fire
Ryseth before his hower, her face t' admire ;
And in meere joy that he may gaze his fill,
He capers as he mounts th' Olympique hill :
The Morning blusheth, guiltie of the wrong
That she hath kept his steedes untrac't so long,
And such deepe sorrowes in her eyes appeares
That all the world she waters with her teares.
But when this universall joy she cals
To her remembrance, teares no more she fals,
But for the glistering rayes of Phoebus seekes,
With whose bright beames shee dries her blubbred
cheekes.

The monstrous signes by which the sunne must passe
Guild with his glittering streakes their scales of brasse.
Phoebus as oft, as he hath past the line,
Hath never seene them in such glory shine,
And all to grace these nuptials: Jove's high court
Is 'gainst this day new starr'd (as some report)
With stones and gems, and all the gods attired
In there best pompe to make this day admired.
The Seasons have prefer'd the youthful Spring
To be at this high states solemnizing ;
Who, lest he should be wanting at that day
Brings Februarie in, attyred like May,
And hath, for hast to shew his glorious prime,
Stept or'e two moneths, and come before his time.
And that's the cause, no strange preposterous thing,
That we this yeare have such a forward Spring.

The Summer now is busied with her seed,
Which quickening in the earth begins to breed,
And being sickish cannot well be spar'd.
Autumne, in beggers rags attired, not dar'd
Intrude into so brave a pompous traine.
Old Winter, clad in high furies, showers of raine
Appearing in his eyes, who still doth goe
In a rug gowne, ashied with flakes of snow,
Shivering with cold, at whose long dangling beard
Hangs isickles, with hoarie frosts made hard,
Dares not approach, nor in that center move,
Where lives so sweet a Summer of warme love.
Therefore by Janus double face he's past
Retyring by December, speeding fast
Backward, with more then common aged speed,
Most willing that the fresh Spring should succeed,
With chearefull lookes and his greene dangling haire,
Winters most wastefull ruines to repaire.
But oh ! leane Lent, why should thy pale lancke cheekes
Threaten a suddaine dearth for seven spare weekes
After this surplusage ? but that the god,
That swayes the ocean with his three tin'd rod,
Would feast these nuptials with his various cheere,
And nothing thinke that the sea holds too deere :
Because that as the heavens gave free assent,
With th' Earth to fill these bridals with content,
Even so the seas their bounties would afford
With seasonable cates to crowne their bord.
Bacchus hath cut his most delicious vine,
And sent it through his swiftest river Rhine,

Least to these bridals it might come too late,
Which Brittain with such joy doth celebrate.
What plannet, starre, fate, influence, or spheere,
But in their operative powers hold deere
These faire espousals? Is there vertue, grace,
Or any goodnesse, but doth claime chiefe place
In these great triumphs? Can the heavens afford
Blessings that doe not crowne this bridall bord?
Can man devise, or of the gods importune
A choice selected good, or speciall fortune,
Which heer's not frequent? 'Mongst the saints divine,
Be ever henceforth crown'd, Saint Valentine:
Of all thy hallowings, let not this be least,
That thy saints day is honour'd with this feast.
Thou hast the favour to lead in the Spring,
And to thy feastive eve the birds first sing,
With joy that Winter doth the earth forsake:
Upon this day they each one chuse his make.
Couple in paires, and first begin t' inquire
Where they may pearch, to quench the raging fire
Of their hot loves, where they may safely build
And from the bitter stormes their yong ones shield,
Until there naked bodies be ful plum'd,
And that with their fledgd wings they have assumed
Courage and strength, that when the season's faire
They with their careful dams may prove the ayre.
Learne everie of you a new nuptiall lay
To solemnize the triumphs of this day:
Youre mournefull straines to sadder fates assigne.
Now with glad notes salute Saint Valentine:

For in this sacred and melodious quire,
The angels will beare part, tis their desire
To have this combination shrild so hie,
That heaven may eccho with the melodie.
And now, me thinks, I from a cherubs tongue
Heare this applausive hymne most sweetly sung.

A NUPTIALL HYMNE.

Now's the glad and cheerefull day,
Phœbus doth his beames display,
And the faire bride forth to lead
Makes his torch their nuptial tead,
O, thou Apollo bright !
Lend us thy cherefull light,
That thy glorious orb of fire
We more freely may admire.

But when seated in thy pride
Thou behold'st the lovely bride,
Envie not when thou dost find
Thy one eye by her two stroke blind :
Thou art eclipsed this day
By a new Cynthia ;
Who though on earth shee keepe her sphere,
Yet shines as faire, as bright, as cleere.

If in clouds thou maske thy face
Blushing at thy owne disgrace,
Or cast aside thy glistering rayes
When she once her eyes displayes ;
 We shall neglect thee quite,
 Thy powre, thy heat, thy light ;
Nor shall we misse thee being gone,
Having two sunnes for thy one.

'T seemes, when I this couple see,
Thy sister I behold and thee,
When you both were nurst long while
By Laton' in Delos' isle :
 But the faire sunne and moone
 Were there delivered soone,
Just as I see these two grac't
On earth : so you in heaven were plac't.

Equally shine in the spheares,
In like beantie, and like yeares.
No sinister fate betide
The faire bridgroome, and the bride.
 O ! never may blacke cloud
 Two such bright lusters shroud
From the worlds eye, but still shine
Till fate make you both divine.

He a prince is, gravely yong,
Catoes head, and Tullies tongue,
Nereus shape, Ulisses braine ;
Had he with these Nestors raine,

Injoying all the rest
Of heaven (that we request)
That they likewise would afford
To manage these a Hectors sword.

Had great Jove beheld this queene,
When Europa first was seene,
O're the seas he had not brought her,
Nor Ægenor left his daughter.

Europe, that spacious ground
Through the world so renown'd,
Had lost her stile, and ere her death
It had beene cal'd Elizabeth.

Had she then liv'd, Danæ should
Have di'd an Ancresse: showers of gold
Had not rain'd downe her to intrap,
All had beene powred in your lap.

Io had never beene
The great Ægyptian queene,
But for a goddesse after death
They had ador'd Elizabeth.

Could a fairer saint be shrin'd
Worthier to bee divin'd?
You equall her in vertues fame
From whom you receiv'd your name:
Englands once shining star,
Whose bright beames spread so far,
Who but did lament the death
Of that good queene Elizabeth?

To none I better may compare
Your sweet selfe then one so rare :
Like grac't you are from above,
You succeed her in her love.

As you enjoy her name,
Likewise possesse her fame ;
For that alone lives after death,
So shall the name Elizabeth.

Whil'st the flower de luyce we see
With our Lyons quartered be,
The white lion keepe his place,
David's harpe retaine his grace ;
Whil'st these united are,
Despight all forraine warre,
Foure great kingdomes after death
Shall memorise Elizabeth.

May that name be raised hie,
Nor in the femall issue die :
A joyfull and glad mother prove,
Protected by the powers above,
That from the royall line,
Which this day doth combine
With a brave prince, no fate, no death,
Extinguish may Elizabeth.

May the branches spread so far,
Famous both in peace and war,
That the Roman eagle may
Be instated some blest day,

Despight of Romes proud brags,
Within our English flags,
To revive you after death,
That we may praise Elizabeth.

That when your hie crest is borne
By the faire white unicorne,
The wild-man, the greyhound, and
Fierce dragon, that supporters stand,
With lions red and white,
Which with the harpe unite ;
Then the faulcon joyn'd with these
May the Roman eagle seize.

All the nymphs straw sundry poses
Made of red, and of white roses ;
On her bed wait all the graces :
Maides to them resigne your places,
Oh ! may their nuptiall love
In time a blest heire prove,
To make famous after death
Frederick and Elizabeth.

Ore pares, ævo similes, gens mollis amorum.

NOTES.

- P. 3, l. 13.—In the original, by an error of grammar, the line runs: "Now the wet winter of our teares *are* past."
- P. 3, l. 19.—*O thou my muse, &c.*] This and some following lines refer to Heywood's poem on the loss of Prince Henry, entitled "A funerall Elegie upon the Death of Henry, Prince of Wales," 1613, 4to.
- P. 12, l. 9.—*We only may compare.*] A passage warranting the well-known line in "The Double Falsehood," which Theobald attributed to Shakespeare,
"None but himself can be his parallel."
- P. 14, l. 25.—*the two Atrides.*] A strange license for the sake of the rhyme. Heywood, who was a well-read man, of course knew better. In other places the poet has not felt himself bound by the ancient quantities.
- P. 16, l. 6.—*A rich smaragd.*] i.e. an emerald, for which smaragd was the old name, from the Greek *σμαραγδος*.
- P. 18, l. 25.—*O[r] stop her prosperous course.*] In the original the letter *r* seems accidentally to have dropped out in the press. This allusion to the *Remora* is very frequent in our old writers.
- P. 21, l. 27.—*To the Cymerians were she meanes to dwell.*] So the original, but obviously misprinted for *where*.

P. 24, l. 12.—*Be ever henceforth crown'd, Saint Valentine.*] The marriage took place on St. Valentine's day 1613.

P. 25, l. 11.—*Makes his torch their nuptial tead.*] *Tead* is a word used in the same sense by Spenser, but in other authors it is of uncommon occurrence. It is from the Latin *tæda*, but probably we obtained it from the old French *tede*, a torch.

P. 27, l. 8.—*Nor Ægenor left his daughter.*] We ought probably to read *lost* for "left."

PATIENT GRISEL.

THE HISTORY OF
PATIENT GRISEL.

Two early Tracts in Black-letter.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, FOR THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE
C. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MDCCCLXII.

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INTRODUCTION.

OF the two tracts here reprinted no other copies, at least of so early a date, are known. "The admirable History of Patient Grisel" sold among the books of the Duke of Roxburgh, might be some later impression of "The ancient, true and admirable History of Patient Grisel," 4to. 1619, which comes first in our pages; and it appears to have been republished in 1703 under the title of "The History of the Marquess of Salus and Patient Grisel." Of the second tract, which is in the form of a small 8vo. chap-book, and intended for popular perusal, we find no trace in any catalogue. The wood-cut upon our title-page is a separate ornament at the back of what may be called the half-title of this small and curious work, and it represents Queen Elizabeth in her robes, wearing her crown, and sustaining her globe and sceptre. The date of this production has unfortunately

been cut away by some careless binder ; but it is not perhaps older than 1630, although it must have gone through many previous editions, from the period when the representation of the reigning queen would have been a very attractive ornament. It has also various other engravings of the same kind, but only one of them even of as much merit as that of which we present an accurate fac-simile.

It is most probable, though it is impossible to speak at all positively on the point, that both these productions, in black-letter, were originally printed before the year 1590. The last also came out as a broadside in black-letter, as "An excellent Ballad of a Noble Marquess and Patient Grissell," to the tune of "The Bride's Good-morrow," which was in fashion some years before the death of Elizabeth. The only copy we have seen of it was "printed by and for Alex. Milbourn, in Green-Arbor-Court in the Little Old-Baily," without date, but, as far as can be judged from the appearance of the type, after the Restoration. It includes only that part of our second tract which is in verse; and it may be suspected that

the prose was originally inserted, and the ballad divided into chapters, at the instance of Wright, the stationer who published it, for the sake of giving the production greater bulk, novelty, and importance. We have carefully collated the chap-book and the broadside, and the result of that collation will be found in our notes.

It will be evident to those who read the two tracts with attention, that although the first professes to have been "written first in French," and the last to have been "translated out of Italian," both are in truth vernacular productions, the incidents only being derived either from one language or from the other.* The story, as our

* The manner in which the information is given upon the original title-page, that it was a translation from the French, is precisely as follows:

" Written first in French,

AND

*Therefore to French I speake and give direction,
For English Dames will live in no subjection.*

But now translated into English.

AND

*Therefore, say not so, for English maids and wives
Surpasse the French in goodnesse of their lives."*

The size of our own title-page did not afford room for this sally of pleasantry, and we therefore add it here.

readers are aware, was first narrated in the Decameron of Boccaccio. Its earliest appearance in English was in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," where it is assigned to the Clerk of Oxenford.

It is usually a difficult question to decide whether a popular history or a ballad were founded upon a play, or a play upon a popular history or ballad. That difficulty will probably not be so much felt in the present instance, and there is every reason to believe, from external and internal evidence, that the excellent drama by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, recently reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, under the title of "The pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissill," was very much derived from materials furnished in the ensuing pages. At all events, those materials must, we think, have been considerably anterior in point of publication. We may take this opportunity of supplying a slight omission in the preliminary matter to that reprint (and we are sure that we shall be thanked by the writer for doing so), where no notice is taken of an earlier English play upon the same story, by Ralph Radcliffe, of which however the title only "Patient Griselde,"

has come down to us. Radcliffe flourished towards the close of the reign of Henry VIII, and such particulars as are known of him may be found in Warton's "History of English Poetry," iii. 213, edit. 1824, and in Collier's "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," i. 117. John Bale, himself a well-known dramatic writer, is the authority from which the information is derived, and there can be no doubt of its correctness.

It was our intention at one time to have subjoined to these English versions the Latin translation by Petrarch of Boccaccio's novel, the incidents of which he in fact communicated to the author of the Decameron; but as it is printed among the works of Petrarch, and as there are also various separate publications of it, we have not thought it necessary to insert it. For every other information respecting the origin and progress of the story of Griselda in the languages of the different countries of Europe, we must refer our readers to the "Introduction" preceding the last publication of the Shakespeare Society.

THE
ANCIENT, TRUE AND ADMIRABLE
HISTORY OF
PATIENT GRISEL,

A Poore Mans Daughter in France :

SHEWING

HOW MAIDES, BY HER EXAMPLE, IN THEIR GOOD BEHAVIOUR

MAY MARRIE HIGH HUSBANDS ;

AND LIKEWISE WIVES BY THEIR PATIENCE AND OBEDIENCE

MAY GAINE MUCH GLORIE.

Written First in French, &c.

AT LONDON :

Printed by H. L. for William Lutter; and are to be sold at
his shop in Bedlem, neere Moore-Fields.

1619.

THE
HISTORIE OF PATIENT GRISEL, MADE MAR-
CHIONESSE OF SALUSS. IN WHICH IS EXEM-
PLIFIED THE TRUE OBEDIENCE AND NOBLE
BEHAVIOUR OF VERTUOUS WOMEN TOWARDS
THEIR HUSBANDS.

CHAP. I.

HOW THE MARQUESSE OF SALUSS PASSED THE TIME OF HIS
YOUTH WITHOUT ANY DESIRE OF MARIAGE, TILL HE WAS RE-
QUESTED BY THE FAIRE ENTREATIE OF A FAVORITE, AND OTHER
GENTLEMEN, TO AFFECT A WIFE; BOTH FOR THE GOOD OF THE
COUNTRY AND THE HONOUR OF HIMSELFE; WITH HIS ANSWER
TO THE SAME.

BETWEENE the mountaines of Italy and France,
towards the south, lyes the territory of Salus, a country
flourishing with excellent townes and castles, and
peopled with the best sort of gentles and peasants:
amongst whom there lived not long since a nobleman
of great hope and expectation, lord of the country, by
name, Gualter, Marquesse of Saluss; to whom, as the
government appertained by right of inheritance, so
their obedience attended by desert of his worthinesse.

He was young in yeeres, noble of lineage, and such attractive demeanor, that the best thought it a pleasure to bee commanded by him, and the worst grew more tractable by his good example: his delight was in hunting and hawking, and the pleasure of the time present extinguished the care of the time to come; for he thought not of mariage, nor to intangle himselfe with the inconveniences of a wife; till at last the people and noblemen of his country projected the contrary, as discontented to see him indisposed that way, and presaging a kind of prosperity to themselves, if by his mariage posteritie might arise, to assure them the better how they might bestow their obedience hereafter. Whereupon they assembled together, and made one day amongst the rest a determiner of their resolutions, choosing out for their speaker a noble knight of great authority, faire demeanor, eloquent speech, and more inward with the Marquesse then any of the rest; who, thus acquainted with all their mindes, and prepared to utter his owne minde, took an opportunity to acquaint the renowned Marquesse with the matter.

Most honourable Sir, the great humanity extended toward us, of which I most especially have participated, hath thus emboldened me above others, to make a further triall of your patience, and forbearing my rudenes: not that there is any sufficiency or singularity in me above others, but in that heeretofore I have found you so generous toward all, I make no question to finde you as gracious toward my selfe; and in that it hath pleased you to accept of our love, wee are proud againe

to be under your obedience; wherein we shall rejoyce the more, if you now accord to our request the sooner, which is, to marry without delay. The time passeth, and will not be recalled; your youth intreats it, and must not be denied; your country importunes it, and would not bee opposed; your neighbours desire it, and hope to bee satisfied; and all sorts request it, and wish it for your honour; for when age approacheth, death attends it at the heeles, and no man can tell when, or how it will fall upon him. Therefore wee humbly request you to accept our supplications, and accord to this importunity, that we may provide by your appointment a lady worthy of your honour and our subjection. In this wee are the more suppliant, because it will rebound so much to the good of your countrey, and the enlarging your renowne; for if it should so fall out (which God forbid) that you die without issue, we may lament the losse of our lord, but not redresse the complaints of the people: we shall want you that was al our comfort, but are sure of distresse to our everlasting trouble. If then you either love your selfe, or pity us, frame a heart to this impression, and leave not us to further feare and disquiet.

When the noble lord had thus apprehended the petition of his loving subjects, he resolved to answer them as graciously as they had propounded the businesse with regard of duty, and so replied: My dearest friends, you have urged mee to a matter, in which as yet I have beene a mere stranger; for by nature I delight in liberty, and by custome continued my plea-

asures, both which must needs bee curbed by mariage, and restrained by taking a wife: notwithstanding, I cast awaie all doubts to pleasure you, and will thinke of no incombrances so you be satisfied. For though mariage hath many difficulties attending; especially, the feare of legitimation in our children, and suspicion of that honour which lies on our wives honesty, yet all shall be overcome with this resolution, that I shall please you in the same; for I am resolved, if anie good come for mans contentment by mariage, it is from God, to whom I submit this cause, and pray for the good successe of your wishes, that I may live to maintaine your peace, as well as my owne pleasure: and look, wherein my contentment shall enlarge mine honour, your welfare shall be respected above my life; so that (beleieve it) I will satisfie your demands, and apply my selfe to the purpose. Only one thing I request at your hands; to take in worth my choice, and neither insult if she be a princesse of greatnes, nor repine if she be of meane estate; but love her because I have loved you, and regard her howsoever in that she is my wife; neither being curious nor inquisitive whom I will chuse, nor disaffected when it is past remedy.

When the company heard him out, and found him so willing to their satisfaction, they gave him thanks with one heart for his kinde admission, and answered with one tongue, he should not find them repugnant; but they would honor his wife as the princesse of the world, and be morigerous to him as the commander of their soules. Thus did this new report (like a mes-

senger of glad tidings) fill all the marquisate with joy, and the palace with delight, when they understood their lord would marry, and in a manner heard the time appointed; for presently it was proclaimed through the countrey, and a day assigned for all commers to come to the court. The nobles prepared themselves in the best manner: the ladies spared no cost, either for ornaments of their bodies, or setting out their beauties; the gentles flocked to please their lord, and were brave to set out their owne greatnes: the citizens were rich in their neatnes, and handsome in their attire: the officers were formall in their shewes, and sumptuous in their attendants: the countryman had his variety, and the verie peasant his bravery; in a word, al sorts gloried in the hope of that festivall, and every mans expectation attended the day of triumph. For never was such a preparation in Saluss before, nor such a confluence of people seene in that countrey; for besides the novelty, many forraine princes came to celebrate this mariage, and to shew their owne greatnes. Savoy was neare, and sent some from her snowie hills: France as neare, and sent others from her fruitful vines: Italy not far off, and sent many from her pleasant fields; and the ilands round about kept none at home that would come. Thus were his kinred invited, strangers admitted, his owne people entertained, and all sorts welcommed; but as yet no bride was seene, no woman named, no lady designed, no maid published, no wife knowne: onely the preparation was much, and the expectation greater.

All this while the Marquesse continued his hunting ; and as he had accustomed, resorted much to a poore country village not farre from Salusse, where there dwelt as poore a countriman, named Janicole, overworne in yeares, and overcome with distresse. But as it happens many times that inward graces doe moderate outward discommodities, and that God seasoneth poverty with contentment and their sufficient supportation, so had this poore man all his defects supplied in the admirable comfort of one onely daughter, so composed, as if nature determined a worke of ostentation. For such was her beauty in appearance, and vertue in operation, that it put judicious men to an extasie in the choice by comparison ; but both united did heere grace each other, and when they pretended an action, it was all to go forward to perfection. And whereas in others this temporary blessing gave wings to desire to bee seene and knowne abroad, in her those innated vertues allaied the heat of all manner of passion, and breakings out of frailty. The viands they had were but meane, and the diet they kept was to satisfie nature : the time was over-ruled by their stomacks, and the ceremonies they used were thanks to God, and moderation in their repasts. The utensiles of the house were homely, yet handsome in regard of their cleanlinesse : that bed which they had the ould man lay in, and the sweet daughter made shift with the ground. No day passed without prayers and praises to God, (for was it not praise-worthy to have such grace in this disgrace) nor any night without taking account of the day passed.

Her exercise was to helpe her father in the morning, and drive forth her sheep in the day time: hee was at home making of nets, and shee abroad looking to her lambs: she was never heard to wish for any better, but to thank God it was no worse. No word of repining ever came from her mouth, or the least grudge from her heart: at night she folded her sheep and dressed her fathers supper, then lay they downe to rest, and rested as well as in a bed of downe indeed. This was the glory of their poverty, and memory of their contentment.

But as fire will not be hid where there is matter combustible, so vertue will not be obscured where there be tongues and eares; nor could the Marquesse so hallow after his hawks and hounds, but report hallowed in his eare as fast this wonderment; inso-much that when it was confirmed by judicious relation, he made it not dainty to be behoulding to his owne experience: which when he saw concurring with fame, the miracle brought a kinde of astonishment; which continuing, the properties of such novelties, increased to meditation: and so comparing the rest with this rarity, he thought her a fit woman to make his wife, supposing that if she were vertuous by nature, she would not prove vicious by education; but rather as a diamond is a stone of the same value whether set in lead or horne, it must needs be of more excellency embellished with gold and enamell. In which resolution hee prepared his heart, and went forward with his businesse.

In the meane time the Court was daintily furnished, the plate prepared, the apparell magnificent, the coronet rich, the jewels precious, the ornaments exceeding, and all things befitting the magnificence of a prince, and the dignitie of a queen : only the nobles wondred, the ladies were amazed, the damsell marvelled, the gentles disputed, the people flocked, and all sorts attended to see who should possesse this wealth, and bee adorned with these robes. Till at last the nuptial day came indeed : honour prepared the sumptuousnes ; fame divulged the glory ; Hymen invited the guests ; magnificence adorned the roomes : the officers marshald the state, and all looked for a bride ; but who she was, the next chapter must discover.

CHAP. II.

HOW, AFTER ALL THIS GREAT PREPARATION, THE MARQUESSE OF SALUSS DEMANDED GRISELL OF HER POORE FATHER JANICOLA ; AND, ESPOUSING HER, MADE HER MARCHIONESSE OF SALUSS.

WHEN all things were extended to this glorious shew, the Marquesse (as if he went to fetch his wife indeed) tooke with him a great company of earls, lords, knights, squires, and gentlemen, ladies and attendants, and went from the palace into the countrey toward Janicolas house ; where the faire mayd Grisel, knowing nothing of that which hapned, nor once dreaming of

that which was to come, had made her house and selfe somewhat handsome, determining (with the rest of her neighbor virgins) to see this solemnity: at which instant arrived the Marquesse with all his gracious company, meeting with Grisel as shee was carrying two pitchers of water to her poore fathers house. Of whom (calling her by her name) he asked, where her father was? she humbly answered, in the house. Goe then, said hee, and tell him I would speak with him. So the poore old man (made the poorer by this astonishment) came forth to the lord somewhat appauled, till the Marquesse, taking him by the hand, with an extraordinary chearefulnesse said, that he had a secret to impart unto him; and so, sequestering him from the company, spake these words:—Janicola, I know that you alwaies loved me, and am resolved that you doe not now hate me: you have been glad when I have been pleased, and will not now bee sorrowful, if I bee satisfied: nay, I am sure, if it lie in your power, you will further my delight, and not bee a contrary to my request. For I intend to begge your daughter for my wife, and bee your sonne in lawe for your advancement. What saiest thou, man? wilt thou accept mee for a friend, as I have appointed thee for a father?

The pooreould man was so astonished, that he could not looke up for teares, nor speak a word for joy; but when the extasie had end, hee thus faintly replied:—My gracious soueraigne, you are my lord, and therefore I must accord to your will; but you are generous, and therefore I presume on your vertue: take her a Gods

name, and make mee a glad father ; and let that God, which raiseth the humble and meek, make her a befitting wife, and fruitful mother.—Why then, replied the Marquesse, let us enter your house, for I must ask her a question before you. So hee went in, the company tarrying without in great astonishment : the faire maid was busied to make it as handsome as she could, and proud againe to have such a guest under her rooffe ; amazed at nothing, but why hee should come so accompanied, and little conjecturing of so great a blessing approaching. But, at last, the Marquesse took her by the hand, and used these speeches :—To tell you this blush becomes you, it were but a folly ; and that your modesty hath graced your comelines, may prove the deceit of words, and unbefitting my greatnes ; but in a word, your father and I have agreed to make you my wife, and I hope you will not disagree to take me to your husband. For delay shall not intangle you with suspicion, nor two daies longer protract the kindnes ; onely I must bee satisfied in this, if your heart afford a willing entertainment to the motion, and your vertue a constancy to this resolution, not to repine at my pleasure in any thing, nor presume on contradiction, when I determine to command. For as amongst good souldiers, they must simply obey without disputing the businesse : so must vertuous wives dutifully consent withoute reproofe, or the least contraction of a brow. Therefore be advised how you answer, and I charge you take heed, that the tongue utter no more then the heart conceits. All this while Grisel

was wondring at the miracle, had not religion told her, that nothing was impossible to the commander of all things; which reduced her to a better consideration, and thus brought forth an answer.

My gracious lord, I am not ignorant of your greatness, and know mine owne basenesse: there is no worth in me to be your servant, therefore there can be no desert to be your wife: notwithstanding, because God will be the author of miraculous accidents, I yeeld to your pleasure, and praise him for the fortune; onely this I will be bold to say, that your will shall be my delight, and death shall be more welcome unto mee, then a word of displeasure against you.

This is sufficient, answered the great lord, and so most lovingly he took her by the hand, and brought her to the company; even before all his peeres and great ladies, and told them she should bee his wife, so that wherein they extended their love, reverence, and obedience toward her, he could exemplifie his regard, care, and diligence toward them. And because outward shewes doe sometimes grace befitting actions, (lest her poverty and basenes might too much daunt their expectation, and seeme disgratious to their noblenes) he commanded them with a morall livenesse to adorne her with the richest robes they had; so that it was a pleasure to see how the ladies bestird themselves, a délight to behould the severall services performed, the many hands about her, the jewels and pendants, the robes and mantles, the ornaments and coronets, the collanaes and chaines, with all other particulars

and accoustrements; but when she was apparelled indeed, it was a ravishment exceeding report, and they which stomached her preferment, were now delighted with her glory. Such a benefit hath beauty by nature, and graciousnesse by nurture.

CHAP. III.

HOW THE MARQUESSE AND GRISEL WERE MARRIED TOGETHER.

AFTER the ladies had thus adorned poore Grisel with robes befitting her estate, the Marquesse and all the noble company returned to Saluss, and in the Cathedrall Church, in sight of the people, according to the fulnesse of religious ceremonies, they were espoused together, and with great solemnitie returned to the palace. Herein yet consisted the admiration, that no word of reproach was murmured, nor eie looked unpleasantly upon her; for by her wonderfull demeanour shee had gained so much of opinion, that the basenes of her birth was not thought upon, and all her graces concurring made them verely beleieve, shee was extracted of princely lineage: no man once supposed that shee could be Grisel, daughter to poore Janicola, but rather some creature metamorphosed by the powers of heaven: for besides the outward statelinesse and majestical carriage of herselfe, the wonderfull modestie and exact symmetry of her coun-

tenance, the admirable beauty and extraordinary favor of her visage, her faire demeanour had a kinde of attraction, and her gracious words a sweet delivery; so that all that came to her were glad of their accesse, and they which went from her triumphed for their good speed: yea, report extended so far, that she was not onely visited by her owne lords and ladies with reverence, but attended on with strangers, who came from all quarters to see her and to bee behoulding to their owne judgements; so that if the Marquesse loved her before for her own worth, he now revered her for others respect; the rather, because he found a blessing attending her presence, and all people pleased in the contract. For when any controversie hapned betweene himselfe and his nobles, she was so nobly minded, that what she could not obtaine by fair intreaty, she yet mitigated by sweet perswasion. When any unkindnes hapned of forraine prince, shee urged those blessings of peace, and reasoned the matter with delightsom enforcement; and when the people were either complained of, or against, he marvelled from whence she had those pretty reasons to asswage his anger, and they verely beleevved shee was sent from heaven for their releefe. Thus was shee amiable to her lord, acceptable to her people, profitable to her country, a mirror of her sexe, a person privileged by nature, and a wonder of the time, in which she did nothing out of time; so that the Marquesse was rather ravished than loving, and all his subjects resolved to obedience from her good example.

CHAP. IV.

HOW THE LADY GRISEL WAS PROVED BY HER HUSBAND,
WHO THUS MADE TRIALL OF HER PATIENCE.

To other blessings, in processe of time, there was added the birth of a sweet infant, a daughter, that rejoiced the mother, and gladdened the father: the country triumphed, and the people clapped their hands for joy; for the Marquesse still loved her more and more, and they thought their lives not deere for her, if occasion served. Notwithstanding all this, Fortune hath still a tricke to checke the pride of life, and prosperity must be seasoned with some crosses, or else it would taint and corrupt us too much: whereupon, the Marquesse determined now to prove his wife, and make triall of her vertues indeed; and so taking a convenient season, after the childe was fully weaned, he one day repaired secretly to her chamber, and (seeming halfe angry) thus imparted his mind.

Although, Grisel, this your present fortune hath made you forget your former estate, and that the jollity of your life overswayeth the remembrance of your birth, yet neither is it so with me, nor my nobles; for I have some occasion of distasting, and they great cause of repining, in that they must be subject to one so base, and have still before their eyes our children of such low degree; so that though (for my sake) they make good semblance of the

present, yet are they resolved never to suffer any of our posterity to rule over them; of which, as they have disputed with mee, I cannot chuse but forewarne you. Therefore, to prevent this discontentment betweene us, and to maintaine that peace which must corroborate my estate, I must needes yeelde to their judgements, and take away your daughter from you, to preserve their amity: the thing I know must be displeasing to nature, and a mother cannot well indure such a losse; but there is now no remedy: only make use of your first resolutions, and remember what you promised me at the beginning of our contract.

The lady, hearing this sorrowfull preamble, and apprehending the Marquesse resolution, to her grieve, (although every word might have beene as arrowes in her sides) yet admitting of the temptation, and disputing with herselfe to what end the vertues of patience, modesty, forbearance, fortitude, and magnanimity were ordained, if they had not subjects to worke upon, and objects to looke after, thus replied.

My lord, you are my soveraigne, and all earthly pleasures and contentments of my life come from you, as the fountaine of my happinesse; and therefore please your selfe, and (beleeve it) it is my pleasure you are pleased: as for the child, it is the gift of God, and yours. Now he that gives may take away, and as wee receive blessings from heaven, so must we not dote on them on earth, lest by setting our minds too much upon them, wee cannot set off our hearts when they are taken from us: only one thing I desire, that

you remember I am a mother ; and if I burst not out into passion for her losse, it is for your sake I am no more perplexed, and so you shall ever find mee a wife befitting your desires.

When the Marquesse saw her constancy, and was in a manner pleased with her modest answere, hee replied not at all at that time ; for his heart was full, and what betweene joy and feare he departed ; joy that so great vertue had the increase of goodnesse, feare that he had presumed too farre on such a trial. But resolved in his businesse, hee went to put it to the adventure.

CHAP. V.

THE MARQUESSSE SENT A VARLET FOR HIS DAUGHTER ; BUT
PRIVATLY DISPOSED OF HER WITH HIS SISTER, THE DUTCHESSSE
OF BOLOGNA DE GRACE, WHO BROUGHT HER UP IN ALL THINGS
BEFITTING THE CHILDE OF SO GREAT A PERSON.

Not long after this sad conference between the Marquesse and his lady, hee called a faithfull servant unto him ; such a one as the poet talks of, *propter fidem et taciturnitatem dilectum*, to whom hee imparts this secrecy, and with severall instructions, what hee truly meant to do with the child, sent him to his wife with an unsavory message, which yet hee delivered in this manner.

I had not now come to you, most noble lady, though that power commanded me which hath my life in subjection, if I had not more relied upon your wisdom and vertue, than feared death it selfe. Therefore I crave pardon if I am displeasing in my message, and seeme cruell (as it were) in tearing your flesh from your sides, by bereaving you of this your daughter: for hee hath appointed it that must not bee gainsaid, and I am a messenger that cannot bee denied. But yet with what unwillingnes (God knowes my soule) in regard that you are so respected amongst us, that wee think of nothing but what may delight you, and talk not a word but of your merit and worthinesse.

When she had heard him out, remembring the conference the Marquesse had with her, and apprehending there was no disputing in a matter remedlesse, especially with a messenger, shee resolved it was ordained to dy; and although shee must now (as it were) commit it to a slaughter-house, whereby any woman in the world might with good becoming have burst out into some passion, and well enough shewed a distracted extasie, yet recollecting her spirits, and reclaiming those motives of nature already striving in her bowels, shee tooke the childe in her armes, and with a mothers blessing and sweetned kisses, the countenance somewhat sad, and the gesture without any violent excruciation, delivered it unto the fellow, not once amazed or distempred, because her lord would have it so, and shee knew not how

to have it otherwise: only she said, I must, my friend, intreat one thing at your hands, that out of humanity and Christian observation, you leave not the body to bee devoured of beasts or birds; for it is worthy of a grave in her innocency, and Christian buriall, though shee were but my daughter alone.

The fellow having received the childe, durst not tarry for feare of discovery, (such impression had her words made already) but returned with it to his maister; not leaving out the least circumstance of her answer, nor any thing that might enlarge her renowne and constancy.

The Marquesse, considering the great vertue of his wife, and looking on the beauty of his daughter, began to enter into a kinde of compassion, and to retract his wilfulnesse; but at last resolution won the field of pity, and having (as he thought) so well begunne, would not so soone give over, but with the same secrecy hee had taken her from his wife, hee sent it away to his sister, the Dutchess of Bologna, with presents of worth, and letters of gratification, containing in them the nature of the businesse, and the manner of her bringing up: which she accordingly put in practice, receiving her neece with joy, and instructing her with diligence; so that it soone appeared under what a tutelage shee was, and whose daughter shee might be. For her pregnancy learned whatsoever they taught her, and the grace she added, quickly discovered that honour had confederated with nature to make her the offspring of such a mother.

CHAP. VI.

THE MARQUESSE, NOT CONTENTED WITH THIS PROOFE, TOOKE AWAY ALSO HER SONNE, IN WHICH ADVERSITY (WITH OTHER ADDITIONS) SHE SHEWED AN EXTRAORDINARY PATIENCE.

AFTER this tempest was overpast, the rage whereof might easily have broken the tender sides of poore Grisels barke, (for shee verely beleevd that her daughter was slaine) the Marquesse still lay in waite for the trial of his wife, watching every opportunity which might acquaint him with her discontentments; especially if he might understand whether she complained of his rigorousnesse and unkindnesse, or no: but when he not only was advertised of her constancy and faire demeanour, but saw (by experience) that shee was neither elated in prosperity, nor dejected in adversity; when hee perceiued so great a temperature betweene the joy of her advancement and the sorrow for her trouble, he wondred at her constancy: and the rather, because her love and observation toward him continued with that sweetnes, and had such delectable passages, that his heart was set on fire againe, and hee knew not how to allay the extremities of his joy. In this manner passed foure yeeres, wherein she overpassed all of her kinde, and he thought it a donative from heaven to have such a wife. At last nature bestird herselfe againe, and made her a happy mother of a faire sonne; the joy whereof led the whole country into the house

of praier and thanksgiving, and brought them home againe by cresset-light and bonfires, so that she well perceived how acceptable she was to her people and beloved of her husband. Notwithstanding, with the same water that drave the mill hee drowned it, and made her still beleewe the contrary; for after two yeeres, that the childe was past the danger of a cradle, and the trouble of infancy, he tooke occasion once againe to inflict upon the vertuous Grisel a new punishment, erecting his building upon the old foundation.

You knowe, saith hee, what former contentions I have had with my nobility about our marriage; not that they can lay any imputation on you or your worthy behavior, but on my fortune and disasterous affection to match myselfe so meanly: wherein yet their forward expro-bation was rebated, all the while we either had no children, or that they supposed that which we had to be taken from us; all which ariseth out of the error of ambition (which in a manner is carelesse of vertue) respecting nothing but a high progeny. So that ever since this child was borne, there hath passed many secret grudgings, and unkinde speeches against it, as if it were a disparagement to their greatnesse, to have a lord of so meane parentage, and the country to be subject to the grand child of Janicola, whom you see never since our mariage they would admit to place of honor, or to overtop them by way of association, nor will suffer this my Gualter, though it carry the fathers name, to rule over them. Therefore, to allay the heat of these present fires, and to preserve the peace of my

estate (by preventing the mischief of future troubles) I am resolved to settle my contentment, and to deale with your sonne as I have dealt with your daughter. And of this I thought it good to advertise you, as a preparative for patience, lest sorrow should distract you with oversuddenesse.

Now you ladies and dames of these times, that stand upon tearmes of spirit and greatnesse of heart, (some will have it courage and magnanimity of minde) that are affrighted at the character of a foole, and silly poore soule ; I speake not of strumpets, or of such as are willing to brand themselves with the impurity of uncleannesse, and dare out of impudency or cunning, tell their husbands to their faces they will go where they list, and do what they please, but of such that under that impregnable target of honestie are yet so impatient at every distemperature, that they dare answer taunt for taunt: yea, like viragoes indeed, offer the first blow, though a horrible confusion follow ; what would you have answered this lord ? or with what fire-works would you have made your approches unto him ? I will not tarry for your answer, lest I pull the old house in peeces, and so, though I scape the timber, I may be crushed with the rubbish ; but I will now anticipate (or prevent) all objections by telling you what faire Grisel said : and if there bee hope of reformation, insert it as a caution, to divert you from your naturall fiercenes.

When shee had heard him out, though to the grieve of her soule, she conceived the murther of her childe,

and that the apprehension renewed the sorrow of her daughter's losse; yet would shee give no way to such distemperature, that either hee should have cause to suspect her patience, or shee herselfe the temptation of disquiet, and therefore thus replied:—My lord, I have many times told you, that my soule rejoiceth in nothing but in your reposednes, for you are the lord of me and this infant; and though I could bee contented to shew myselfe a mother in his education, and bring him now and then unto you as the pledge of our loves, yet are you the commander of my vowes, and I will rectifie all disordered appetites by the rule of your pleasure. Take him then, a Gods name, and if hee be marked for death, it is but the common brand of all creatures; nay, if the mother may be a sacrifice of propitiation to appease your disquiet, never was lamb so meek, nor holocaust so willing to bee offred. For, what may bee comprehended under the titles of father, kinred, children, friends, life, pleasure, honours, and contentment are all comprised under your love, and the society of a husband. Do with mee, then, what you please: the body shall serve your turne while it lives, and the soule attend you after death.

Here was an answer to pacifie the tyrants of Sicilie, and put a man quite out of his tract of proving such a wife! yet the Marquesse onely made use of it to rejoyce in the assurance of her goodnes, and went the rather forward in his dangerous course of temptation.

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CHAP. VII.

THE MARQUESSE, RESOLUTE TO PROVE HIS WIFE FURTHER,
SENDETH FOR HIS SON, AND DISPOSETH OF HIM AS HE HAD
DONE OF HIS DAUGHTER.

As this patient and wonderfull lady was one day sporting with her infant, like an untimely tempest (spoiling the beauty of some new rooted plants) did this messenger of death interpose himselfe betweene her recreation, making the hollow demand of her sonne worse than the noise of a schrich-owle over a sick mans bed: yet, (as if there were a conscience in disquieting her greatnes, or if you will, her goodnes) he came forward with preambles and apologies, insinuating, with craving pardon, the authority of a lord, the duty of a servant, the terrour of death, the circumstance of obedience, and all other enforcements which might either excuse a messenger, or make the message of it selfe without blame. What should I enlarge a discourse of terrour? it is a curtesie to conclude a mischiefe with quicknes. Hee was not so sudden in his demand, as shee was ready in her dispatch, for she presently blest the child, kissed it, crossed it, adorned it, and delivered it to the executioner; onely with the same enforcement shee pleaded, as shee had spoken of in the behalfe of her daughter, not to see it perish for lack of a buriall, or devoured for want of a grave.

In this manner, and with this report, hee returned to his lord, who had still more cause of amazement, and lesse reason to trouble such a creature, had not his wilfulnes put him forward to make an end of his businesse, and taught him still variety of trying this gold in the fire. But for the time hee sent likewise this childe to his sister, the Duchesse of Bologna, (yet some will have her but Countesse of Paniche) who, understanding her brothers minde, brought up both these children in such a fashion, that though no man knew whose children they were, yet they imagined whose they might bee; that is, the son and daughter of some prince, or other potentate, willing to have his children brought up to the best purpose, and befitting their birth and honour.

The ordering of this businesse in this sort made the Marquesse once againe settle himselfe in Saluss, where hee kept open house to all comers, and was proud of nothing so much as the honour of his wife, and the love of his people: for although he had thus tried her patience and constancy, giving her more than sufficient cause of anguish and perturbation, yet coulde he not finde fault, or had the least demonstration of offence, but still she loved him more and more, and was so observingly dutifull and cautelous of displeasure, that many times he grew enamored of that he might command, and seemed passionate in the distractions of over-joy. Nor could the length of time make this love wearisome, for all they had lived thus a dosen yeares together; onely shee got the hand of

him in the opinion of the people, who by this time beganne to whisper against his unkindnes, that had married so vertuous a woman, and bereaved her of two children; so that if they were slaine, it was a murther, if otherwise, it was unkindnesse. For though shee were poore Janicolas daughter by birth, yet she might come from heaven for her vertue, and was sure to go thither for her piety. Notwithstanding these breakings out, which came often to the eares of his honour, such was her moderation and his government, that they only whisperd the same in her behalfe, and contented themselves with the expectation of future good, as they had the fruition of present happinesse, not meddling with the same further, than in the commiseration of her, and still acknowledging their duty to him; so that although hee knew shee might this way understand his former reasons of taking away her children, that it was but a device, and that there were some other motives, which procured this unkindnes, yet was he still obstinate to exercise her patience, and conceit beat out another plot of offence on the anvill of a loving, yet most hardned heart.

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CHAP. IX.

THE MARQUESS, TO TRY HIS LADY FURTHER, MADE HER
BELIEVE SHE WOULD MARRY ANOTHER WIFE.

SOME dozen years were passed since the Marquess of Saluss had sent his daughter to Bologna, to his sister, (as you have heard) who was by this time grown to that beautie, comelinesse, and perfection, that her fame busied all Europe; and the lady Grisel, her mother, was made acquainted with her excellency, whereupon, he very strangely sent to Rome, by a messenger of trust, for counterfeit letters to marrie his paragon, and to bee dispensed from his first wife. Which was so effectually dispatched, that the messenger soone returned with the approbation of his request, and hee himselfe had many allegations in readinesse to excuse the matter, intimating the good of the countrie, and the continual desire of his people for the alteration: which, although it was far from probability, because they pitied their ladies distresse, and rather repined against their lords inconstancy, yet it served his turne for the time, and he thereupon erected the frame of this second marriage. By this time is the faire Grisel acquainted with the businesse, and troubled at the misfortune; but having many times plaied the wanton with affliction, she resettled herself to endure whatsoever should be imposed; so that when she came to the proove, indeed,

nothing affronted her constancy, nor humbled her lower then her own vertue had taught her the way.

In the mean while, the Marquesse had under hand sent to the Count of Paniche and his sister, to bring him his children with all the pompe and glory they could prepare; with caution, not to discover their names, and to be at a day appointed at Saluss: so that it passed for current all over the country, that a lady, a yong, brave, and gallant lady, of great lineage, and greater worth, of high renown and mighty affinity, was comming into Saluss to be espoused to the Marquesse, and that they were already come out of Bologna de Grace, a whole dayes journey forward, with such a troope and company that it was a shew of magnificence, and a spectacle of delight. For amongst the rest, there was a young lord, not fully eight yeere old, whose bravery and gallantnesse drew all mens eyes with admiration toward him, had not the lady divided the gazing, and shared with their opinion. For, besides her riches and outward ornaments, her youth, (as not fully thirteene) and upright comelinesse, her bewty and gracious behauiour, she was of extraordinary stature, and majestike presence.

These things thus disposed and handsomely carried, the Marquesse tooke an opportunity thus to speak to the disconsolate Grisel before all his people. In times past, I confesse, you deserved my love, and notwithstanding the disparity betweene us, I thought it well bestowed upon you; nay, I cannot now impute any ill desert unto you: notwithstanding, for some reasons to

my selfe best knowne, of which I have made the holy father acquainted, I am resolved to take another wife; who, as you heare, is on the way hitherward already: wherefore I would advise you to retire to your fathers cotage, till you heare further from me.

Alas! my lord, replied the sweet soule, I ever disputed the matter with reason, that there was no equality betweene so great magnificence and my humiliation, and in the greatest assurance of my prosperity, reputed my selfe a vassaile and handmaid, proud of nothing but my owne readinesse to be at your command, and your willingnes to employ mee in your affaires; so that, I take God to my witnes, I scarce trusted my selfe with the name of a wife, when I was in the best assurance. Therefore, I must acknowledge what you have heere-tofore vouchsafed as a part of great bounty, and the very fruits of your generousnes. As for returning to my poore father's house, I am most willing; and there, as you please, like a forlorne widow will spend the rest of my dayes; yet remember I was your wife, espoused orderly, and you have had children by mee, so that if I there dye, I must yet dye the widow of such a lord, and for honors sake be so reputed. As for your new spouse, God grant her many daies of comfort, and you many yeeres of joy, that you may live in reciprocall delight one with another, and intertaine no worse contentment than poore Grisel accustomed. As for my dowry I brought, I brought only my selfe, and will have no more back againe, which was, faith, love, reverence, poverty and virginity; for, as I came naked from my

fathers house, I am contented to return so againe. Your jewels are in the wardrobe, and even the ring you married mee withal, in the chamber: of this I weare, I shall quickly be disrobed, and if there be any further misery appointed, my patience can endure it, if your pleasure impose it; onely in recompence of my virginitie, I request a poore smocke to hide that wombe from public overlooking, that was once so private to so great a prince; and because it was the bed of your infants, let it not bee the scorne of your people, but give mee leave thus to goe out of the palace, that hereafter times may wonder, how quietly a woman yeelded to so great a change. Nay, let no man shed a teare, I must bee more naked than so, for though the wife of a Marquesse while I lived, and the widow when I died, yet am I not too good for a grave, but in despight of pride must return to dust and ashes.

Did I say before, they began to weep? I can assure you, when she had done, they roared out-right; yea, the Marquesse himselfe shed so many teares, that he was faine to retire, and commanded the smock she had begged to be sent unto her, that shee might prosecute the enterprise, and he determine his businesse, as he had constantly projected.

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CHAP. VIII.

HOW THE PATIENT GRISEL WAS DISROBED OF HER APPARELL,
AND RESTORED ALL SHE HAD (EXCEPT ONE POORE SMOCKE)
TO THE MARQUESS.

BEFORE I proceed any further in this wonderfull discovery, I am sure two things will bee objected against mee: first, the impossibility of the story, secondly, the absurdity of the example. For the story I answer, that therefore it was thus published and connected together, for the rarity of the businesse, and the sweetness of the successe, nor is it any way stranger than many Roman passages, and Grecian discourses. For the application, it is both necessary and befitting; for whereas in the condition of women, amongst many other, there bee two especiall errors against the modesty of their sex, and quietnes of their husbands, videlicet, superiority, and desire of liberty, (I name not irregular behaviour, household inconveniences, and domesticks strife) this one example (as Hercules did the serpents) strangles them both in the cradle, and though it cannot prevent, yet will it exprobrate the fault. First concerning superiority, I hope the instances of scripture are not made canonicall to no purpose, and out of reason and naturall inforcement: what a filthinesse is it to a generous spirit, to have a woman so presumptuous as to take an account of her husbands actions and businesse? wherein many times they are

so peremptory, that I have seene them enter the rooms of privacy, where secret businesses of strangers have been imparted, and were to be discussed, nor hath this been done with a lovely insinuation, or cunning excuse of longing, or willingness to be instructed, or other pretty inducements to permission, but with a high commanding voice, and impudent assurances of their owne worth: yea, I have knowne them breake open letters before they came to their husbands overlooking, and have wondred even at souldiers themselves, that would give way to such undecency. Againe to be counter-checked in this wilfulnes, what clamours have beene raised! what tumults and discomforts occasioned! that instead of awful obedience and delightsome affability, they have burst out into outrageousnes, commanded teares of mischeife, and threatned suspicious revenges. But let them soile themselves in the filthinesse of this humour never so much, I say plainely, that though their husbands were fooles by nature, yet is it not befitting for a wife to discover the same, or over-rule in forren affaires, I meane matters which concerne them not: for there is no great man so weake, but hath councill and supportation of inferior officers, nor mean man so sottish, but hath friends or servants in the dispatch of his businesse. Secondly, concerning the desire of liberty: oh, hellish device of the divell, and fearefull custome both of France and England! I hope he that knowes the fashions of the East, of Muscovy, Spain, Italy, and the Mores, understands that no married wife goes abroad but to honorable purposes; and it is an

introduction to death, to salute any stranger, or be seene in private conference. For, in true understanding, what businesse should any man have with my wife three houres together in private? or why, without my leave, and that upon good grounds, should shee wander in publike? I speake not to overthrow noble societies, generous intertainment, familiar invitations, curteous behaviour, charitable welcomes, honest recreations, or peradventure, the imparting of private businesse; but meerly against foppish wantonnesse, idle talke, suspicious meetings, damnable play-hunting, disorderly gaming, unbefitting exercises, and in a word, all such things as tend to obscenity and wickednes: in which (say what women can) if there be not a moderation by nature, there must be an inforcement by judgement; and that woman that will not be ruled by good counsell, must be overruled by better example,—of which, this now in hand (of Lady Grisel) is a mirror, and transparent chrysell to manifest true vertue, and wifely duty indeed; and so I come to the wonder of her obedience.

After the Marquesse was resolved to the last act of her tryall, and had sent her the smocke shee demanded, amongst all the lords, knights, ladies and other company, she presently disrobed her selfe, and went, so accompanied, from the palace to her fathers cottage, who as you have heard (for divers reasons) was only kept from want, but never advanced out of the same.

The company could not choose but weepe and deplore the alteration of fortune; she could not choose but smile, that her vertue was predominant over pas-

sion: they exclaimed against the cruelty of her lord, she disclaimed the least invective against him: they wondred at so great vertue and patience, she resolved them they were exercises befitting a modest woman: they followed her with true love and desires to doe her good, she thanked them with a true heart, and request to desist from any further deploring of her estate.

By this time they approached the house, and the poore old man, Janicola, acquainted with the hurly-burly, came out to see what the matter was. And finding it was his daughter in her smocke, and in so honourable a company, bemoaning her distresse, he quickly left them all unspoke unto, and ran in for those poore robes, which were formerly left in the house; with which hee quickly arayed her, and told her before them all, that now shee was in her right element, and kissing her bad her welcom. The company was as much astonished at his moderation, as at her constancie, wondring how nature could bee so restrained from passion, and that any woman had such grace to be so gracious; in which amaze, not without some reprehension of fortune, and their lords cruelty, they left her to the poverty of the cell, and returned themselves to the glory of the palace, where they recounted to the Marquesse the strangenesse of the businesse, and the manner of the accidents, and shee continued in her first moderation and indefatigable patience, the poore father onely laughing to scorne the miseries and sodaine mutabilitie of humane

condition, and comforting his daughter in her well-begun courses of modesty and reposednesse.

Not long after approached the Countesse of Paniche, or, if you will, Dutchesse of Bologna, with her glorious company and beautifull lady, sending word before hand that she would be at Saluss such a day: where-upon the Marquesse sent a troope to welcome her, and prepared the court for her intertainment; the bruit of which yet had not so equall a passage, but divers contrarious opinions thus bandied themselves: some absolutely condemned the inconstancie of the lord, others deplored the misfortune of the lady, some repined to see a man so cruell against so great worthinesse, others exemplified her praises to all eternitie; some were transported with the gallant youth and comelinesse of this new bewtifull virgine, others presumed to parallell the faire Grisel, but that shee had stepped a little before her in yeeres; some harped upon her great nobilitie and high lineage, others compared the former wifes vertue and true wisdom; some excused their lord, by the love to his countrey, others excused the lady by the nature of the adversitie, untill the approach of the faire virgine and the young noble man in her company, extinguished all former conceits, and set them to a new worke, concerning this spectacle, wherein the young lady and her brave brother had such pre-eminence. Nor knew the Earle of Paniche himselfe, or any of the company on either side, that they were his owne children by Grisel, but meereley strangers,

and designed for this new marriage. So the great Marquisse made good semblance, and with his accustomed courtlinesse welcomed them all to the palace.

The very next morning (or, if you will, the day before) he sent a messenger for Grisel to come unto him in the very same manner as shee was; who protracted no time, but presently attended her lord: at her approach he was somewhat appalled, but yet setting (as wee say) the best foot forward, hee thus proceeded:

The lady, Grisel, with whom I must marrie, will bee here to-morrow by this time, and the feast is prepared accordingly: now, because there is none so well acquainted with the secrets of my palace, and disposition of my selfe as you, I would have you, for all this base attire, addresse your wisdom to the ordering of the businesse, appointing such officers as is befitting, and disposing the roomes according to the degrees and estate of the persons. Let the lady have the priviledge of the marriage chamber, and the young lord the pleasure of the gallery: let the rest be lodged in the courts, and the better sort upon the sides of the garden: let the viands be plentifull, and the ceremonies maintained: let the shewes bee sumptuous, and the pastimes as it becommeth; in a word, let nothing be wanting, which may set forth my honour, and delight the people.

My lord, saith shee, I ever told you, I took pleasure in nothing but your contentment, and whatsoever might consort to your delight, therein consisted my

joy and happinesse: therefore, make no question of my diligence and duty in this, or any other thing which it shal please you to impose upon me. And so like a poore servant shee presently addressed herselfe to the businesse of the house, performing all things with such a quicknes and grace, that each one wondred at her goodnesse and faire demeanour, and many murmured to see her put to such a triall. But the day of entertainment is now comme, and when the faire lady approached, her very presence had almost extinguished the impression of Grisels worthinesse; for some unconstant humourists gave way to the alteration, not blaming the Marquesse for such a change. But when the strangers were made acquainted with the fortune of Grisel, and saw her faire demeanour, they could not but esteeme her a woman of great vertue aud honour, being more amased at her patience, then at the mutability of mans condition; till at last shee approached the lady, and taking her by the hand, used this speech.

Lady, if it were not his pleasure, that may command to bid you welcome, yet me thinks there is a kinde of over-ruling grace from nature in you, that must exact a respect unto you. And as for you, yong lord, I can say no more, but if I might have my desires satisfied in this world, they should be imploied to wish you well, and to endeavour all things for your entertainment indeed. To the rest I afford what is befitting, desiring them, that if any deficiency amate their expectation, they would impute it either to my ignorance,

or negligence; for it is the pleasure of him, in whose will is all my pleasure, that in all sufficiency you should have regard and suppliment. And so shee conducted them to their severall chambers, where they reposed themselves awhile, till the time of dinner invited them to repast. When all things were prepared, and the solemnity of placing the guests finished, the Marquesse sent for Grisel, and rising in his feet, took her by the hand before them all, erecting his body, and elating his voice in this manner: You see the lady is heere I meane to marry, and the company gloriously prepared to witnes the same; are you therefore contented that I shall thus dispose of my selfe, and do quietly yeeld to the alteration?

My lord, replied she before them all, wherein as a woman I might be faulty, I will not now dispute; but because I am your wife, and have devoted my selfe to obedience, I am resolved to delight in nothing but your pleasure; so that if this match be designed for your good, and determined by your appointment, I am much satisfied, and more then much contented. And for you, lady, I wish you the delights of your marriage, and the honour of your husband, many yeares of happinesse, and the fruits of a chaste wedlock: only, gracious lord, take heed of one thing; that you trie not this new bride as you have done your ould wife; for she is yong, and peradventure of another straine, and so may want of that patience and government, which I, poore I, have endured.

Till this he held out bravely; but nature overcom-

ming resolution, and considering with what strange variety his unkindnesse had passed, hee could not answere a word for teares, and all the company stood confounded at the matter, wondring what would be the end of the businesse, and the successe of the extasie. But to draw them out of their doubts, the next chapter shall determine the controversie.

CHAP. X.

THE ORATION OF THE MARQUESSE TO HIS WIFE, AND THE DISCOVERY OF HER CHILDREN, TO HER GREAT JOY, AND THE CONTENTMENT OF ALL THE COMPANY.

AFTER a little reducement of his passion, and that time and further meditation had disposed his senses to their perfect estate, the Marquesse graciously answered:—

Thou wonder of women, and champion of true vertue! I am ashamed of my imperfections, and tyred with abusing thee. I have tryed thee beyond reason, and thou hast forborne mee beyond modesty: beleieve it therefore, I will have no wife but thy selfe, and when God hath thought thee too good for the earth, I will (if it bee not too much superstition) pray to thee in heaven. Oh! 'tis a pleasure to be acquainted with thy worth, and to come neere thy goodnes maketh a man better than himselfe. For without contro-

versie, except thou hadst beene sent from above, thou couldst never have acted a goddesses part belowe: and therefore, seeing I have used thee so unkindly heeretofore, I protest never to disquiet thee heereafter: and wherein my cruelty extended against thee in bereaving thee of thy children, my love shall now make amends in restoring thy daughter. For this new bride is shee; and this wanton, her brother. Thank this great lady (my sister) for their bringing up, and this man (you knowe him well enough) for his secrecy. Bee not amased at the matter: I have related a truth, and will confirme it on my honour; only sit downe till the dinner is done, and bid the company welcome in this poore attire; for the sun will break through slender clouds, and vertue shine in base array. I could much dilate the matter, but it is time to end, lest the circumstances will never end.

This device of the Marquesses, of kissing her so lovingly, and setting her downe by him so discreetly, did much good; for the company had time to dispute of the miracle, and the yong lady reason to prepare her obedience; which, no sooner was the dinner finished, but shee as soone performed, nothing thought upon but joy at the matter, and wonder at the accident; every one pleased to see such a unity of goodnes, and all delighted to have a businesse so well concluded. But seeing time had unclasped a booke of such jollity, there was now no further disputing, for the ladies flocked about her to attend her into the chamber, where the yong princesse her daughter was as ready

as the best to apparell her; so that when shee came amongst them againe, she shined like the sun after a tempest, and seemed more glorious, because her continued modesty kept her from all insulting and vaine-glorious bravery.

Thus was the Marquesse invested, as it were, with a new blessednes, and she continued in her ould constancy; onely admired by every one for her patience and sufferings, and all aplauding their reconcilment, blessing her, and the people proud they had such a lord to obey: especially satisfied when the poore Janicola was advanced to the councell, and made governor of his palace; wherein hee behaved himselfe so well, that for ten yeares hee still lived as he had beene bred a courtier, and died with the memory of a good report. Grisel lasted thirty yeares after him, and all went to their graves in good time, the country renowned over the world for their admirable government, and famosed for their extraordinary wonder.

Non est ulla difficultas (ut ita dicam) neque passio, neque calamitas dira, cujus non sufferre queat pondus hominis natura.—Euripides Orestei.

THE PLEASANT
AND SWEET HISTORY OF
PATIENT GRISSELL

SHEWING HOW SHE, FROM A POORE MANS DAUGHTER, CAME
TO BE A GREAT LADY IN FRANCE, BEING A PATTERN
TO ALL VERTUOUS WOMEN.

Translated out of Italian.

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THE PLEASANT AND SWEET HISTORY OF
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PATTERNE FOR ALL VERTUOUS WOMEN.

CHAPTER I.

HOW, AND IN WHAT PLACE THE NOBLE MARQUESS WAS
DWELLING.

IN the countrey of Salusa, which lyeth neere Italy and France, there lived a noble and wealthy prince, named Gualter, Marquesse and Lord of Salusa, a man of such vertues that the world did ring of: beloved of his subjects for his good parts, that before his dayes, nor since, was very few the like, for his continuall care of his subjects good, and they in their dutifulnesse, sought to out-strip him in love. From his youth his onely exercise was hunting, wherein he tooke such delight, that nothing was more pleasing unto him: withall the subjects loyalty to this worthy prince, in their carefulnesse that such excellent vertues should not faile for want of issue, intreated him by humble petition to

marry, that from his loynes their children might enjoy the like happinesse. This speech thus spoke to the prince drave such love and affection into his mind, that most graciously he made them answer, that when it should please God that hee should see one that he could love, hee most willingly would fulfill their good and honest request. Withall this answer gave them such content, that they earnestly prayed to see that day.

CHAP. II.

OF THE GOOD AND HONEST LIFE OF FAIRE GRISEL, AND HER
OLD FATHER JANICOLA.

NERE to the famous city of Saluse, was a poor village named Clue, in the way going to a great and spacious forrest, where the noble Marquesse used daily his pleasure in hunting: the poorer sort got their living, some by spinning, some carding, others by keeping sheep. Amongst the rest of the inhabitants, there was an old man named Janicola, whose wife being dead, shee left him one onely daughter, named Grissell, who, by the countrey manner, was named the faire. These two lived contentidly together; the aged father goes to get wood for fire, the maid makes his bed, gets his breakfast ready against his comming home, drives her sheepe to the common, sets her house in order, and fals to her

ordinary work of spinning: when the old man comes home, she sets his meat, makes much of him, shewes al the obedience that may be to the aged man; he in requital of her love, as an incouragement to all obedient children, powrs out his hearty prayers in her behalf, praying the Almighty God to blesse her, to give her that happiness which belongs to so good a child. No doubt but his petition was heard, for God gave a blessing to her, as you may hear by the happy comming of the Marquesse that way, which may seeme suddenly after.

CHAP. III.

HOW THE MARQUESS OF SALUSA, RIDING A HUNTING, FELL
IN LOVE WITH THE FAIRE GRISSELL.

A noble Marquesse,
As he did ride a hunting
 hard by a forrest side,
A faire and comely maiden,
As she did sit a spinning,
 his gentle eye espide.
Most faire and comely,
And of comely grace was she,
 although in simple attire:
She sung full sweetly,
With pleasant voyce melodiously,
 which set the lords heart on fire.

The more he lookt, the more he might;
Beauty bread his hearts delight,
And to this comely damsell
 then he went:—
God speed (quoth he) thou famous flower,
Faire mistresse of this homely bower,
Where love and vertue
 dwel with sweet content.

With comely gesture
And modest mild behaviour,
 She bid him welcome then:
She entertaind him
In faithfull friendly manner,
 and all his gentlemen.
The noble Marquesse
In's heart felt such a flame,
 which set his sences at strife:
Quoth he, faire maiden,
Shew me soone what is thy name,
 I meane to make thee my wife.
Grissell is my name, quoth she,
Far unfit for your degree,
A silly maiden,
 and of parents poore.
Nay, Grissell thou art rich, he said,
A vertuous, faire, and comely maid;
Grant me thy love,
 and I will aske no more.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE MARQUESSE MARRIED FAIRE GRISSEL, AND HOW THE
LORDS DESIRED HIM TO PUT HER AWAY, BECAUSE SHE
WAS OF SO MEANE A BLOOD,

At length she consented,
And being both contented,
 they married were with speed ;
Her country russet
Was chang'd to silke and velvet,
 as to her state agreed :
And when that she
Was trimly tyred in the same,
 her beauty shined most bright,
Farre staining every
Other faire and princely dame,
 that did appeare in her sight.
Many envied her therefore,
Because she was of parents poore,
And twixt her lord and she
 great strife did raise.
Some said this, and some said that,
And some did call her beggars brat,
And to her lord
 they would her oft dispraise.

O ! noble Marquesse,
Quoth they, why dost thou wrong us,
 thus basely for to wed,

That might have gotten
An honourable lady
 into your princely bed?
Who will not now
Your noble issue still deride,
 which shall hereafter be borne,
That are of blood so base,
Borne by the mothers side,
 the which will bring them in scorn.
Put her therefore quite away,
And take to you a lady gay,
Whereby your lineage
 may renowned be.
Thus every day they seem'd to prate
That malic'd Grissels good estate;
Who all this while
 tooke it most patiently.

CHAP. V.

HOW THE NOBLE MARQUESSE HAD TWO CHILDREN BY PATIENT
GRISSELL, HOW HE SENT FOR THEM, AND TOLD HER THEY
MUST BE MURDERED, AND OF HER PATIENCE.

WHEN that the Marquesse
Did see that they were bent thus
 against his faithfull wife,

Whom he most dearely,
Tenderly, and entirely,
 beloved as his life ;
Minding in secret
For to prove her patient heart,
 thereby her foes to disgrace ;
Thinking to shew her
A hard discourteous part,
 that men might pittie her case.
Great with child this lady was,
And at last it came to passe,
Two goodly children
 at one birth she had :
A son and daughter God had sent,
Which did her father wel content,
And which did make
 their mothers heart full glad.

Great royall feasting
Was at these childrens christening,
 and princely triumph made ;
Six weeks together,
All nobles that came thither,
 were entertain'd and staid :
And when all these pleasant
Sportings quite were done,
 the Marquesse a messenger sent
For his young daughter,
And his pretty smiling sonne ;
 declaring his full intent,

How that the babes must murthred be ;
For so the Marquesse did decree.
Come, let me have
 the children, then he said.
With that faire Grissell wept full sore,
She wrung her hands, and said no more,
My gracious lord
 must have his will obey'd.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE GRET SORROW THAT PATIENT GRISEL MADE FOR
HER CHILDREN.

SHE tooke the babies,
Even from the nursing ladies,
 betweene her tender armes:
She often wishes
With many sorrowfull kisses,
 that she might ease their harmes.
Farewell, farewell
A thousand times, my children deare,
 never shall I see you againe :
'Tis long of me
Your sad and wofull mother here,
 for whose sake both must be slaine.
Had I beene borne of royall race,

You might have liv'd in happy case;
But you must dye
 for my unworthinesse.
Come, messenger of death, (quoth she)
Take my dearest babes to thee,
And to their father
 my complaints expresse.

He tooke the children,
And to his noble master,
 he brought them both with speed;
Who in secret sent them
Unto a noble lady,
 to be brought up in deed.
Then to faire Grissell,
With a heavy heart he goes,
 where she sate mildly all alone:
A pleasant gesture,
And a lovely looke she shewes,
 as if no griefe she had knowne.
(Qd he) my children now are slaine:
What thinks fair Grissel of the same?
Sweet Grissel, now
 declare thy mind to me.
Sith you, my Lord, are pleas'd with it,
Poore Grissel thinks the action fit:
Both I and mine
 at your command will be.

CHAP. VII.

HOW PATIENT GRISSELL WAS PARTED FROM THE NOBLE MAR-
QUESSE, AND SENT TO HER FATHER AGAIN, AND OF A
GREAT MARRIAGE WAS PREPARED THE SECOND
MATCH OF THE MARQUESSE.

My nobles murmur,
Faire Grissell, at thy honour,
 and I no joy can have,
Till thou be banisht,
Both from the court and presence
 as they unjustly crave.
Thou must be stript
Out of thy stately garments all,
 and as thou cam'st to me,
In homely gray,
Instead of bisse and purest pall,
 now all thy cloathing must be:
My lady thou must be no more,
Nor I thy lord, which grieves me sore.
The poorest life
 must now content thy mind.
A groat to thee I must not give
Thee to maintaine while I doe live;
Against my Grissell
 such great foes I find.

When gentle Grissell
Did heare these wofull tidings
 the teares stood in her eyes,

Nothing she answered,
No words of discontentment
 did from her lips arise.
Her velvet gowne
Most patiently she stripped off,
 her kirtle of silke with the same :
Her russet gowne
Was brought againe with many a scoffe,
 to beare them her selfe she did frame.
When she was drest in this array,
And was ready to part away,
God send long life
 unto my lord (quoth she)
Let no offence be found in this,
To give my love a parting kisse.
With watery eyes,
 farewell, my deare, said he.

CHAP. VIII.

HOW PATIENT GRISSEL WAS SENT FOR TO THE WEDDING, AND OF
HER GREAT HUMILITY AND PATIENCE.

FROM princely palace
Unto her fathers cottage
 poore Grissell now is gone.
Full sixteene winters
She lived there contented ;
 no wrong she thought upon.

And at that time through
All the land the speeches went,
 the Marquesse should married be
Unto a noble lady great,
Of high descent;
 and to the same all parties did agree.
The Marquesse sent for Grissell faire,
The brides bed chamber to prepare
That nothing therein
 might be found awry.
The bride was with her brother come,
Which was great joy to all and some;
But Grissell tooke
 all this most patiently.

And in the morning,
When as they should be wedded,
 her patience there was tride :
Grissel was charged
Her selfe in friendly manner
 for to attire the bride.
Most willingly
She gave consent to doe the same ;
 the bride in bravery was drest,
And presently
The noble Marquesse thither came
 with all his lords at his request.
O ! Grissell, I would aske of thee,
If to this match thou wilt agree ?
Methinks, thy lookes
 are waxed wondrous coy.

With that they all began to smile,
And Grissel she replied the while,
God send lord Marquesse
Many years of joy.

CHAP. IX.

HOW THE MARQUESS, BEING MOVED WITH HER PATIENCE,
GAVE HER TWO CHILDREN, WERE FRIENDS, AND
AFTER LIVED IN PEACE.

The Marquesse was moved
To see his best beloved
thus patient in distresse.
He stept unto her,
And by the hand he tooke her ;
these words he did expresse:—
Thou art my bride,
And all the bride I meane to have :
these two thy own children be.
The youthfull lady
On her knees did blessing crave,
her brother as well as she.
And you that envied her estate,
Who I have made my loving mate,
Now blush for shame,
and honour vertuous life.
The chronicles of lasting fame,
Shall evermore extol the name
Of patient Grissel,
my most constant wife.

CHAP. X.

OF THE GREAT FEAST THAT WAS MADE FOR PATIENT GRISSSEL,
AND HER CHILDREN, AND OLD JANICOLA.

THE lords and gentlemen, being astonished, looked one upon another, and seeing no remedy, but that the noble Marquesse had an unremoveable love upon her, besought her to pardon them of their envy towards her, and to take them into her favour, which she with a modest behaviour promised to doe. The noble Marquesse, seeing all in peace, ordained a great and sumptuous feast, where patient Grissel sate mistresse of the feast; the Marquesse on her right hand, on her left her aged father, old Ianicola; her two children betweene them both, the lords and gentlemen doing them service. This feast continued fourteene dayes, to the comfort of the commons.

When this solemne feast was ended, the Marquesse, to shew his love to his Grissell, made her father one of his counsel, and governour of his palace, where for many yeeres he lived in the love of the whole court. The noble Marquesse, and his faire Grissell, lived almost thirty yeeres, saw their childrens children, and then dyed, beloved and bewayled of their subjects.

CHAP. XI.

THE AUTHORS PERSWASION TO ALL WOMEN IN GENERALL.

Thus you may see by this history, you that are women, the great good which commeth by patience and humility; for had this vertuous woman bin of a churlish and crabbed disposition, she had lost that great estate which she had, besides the happy love of a worthy and loving husband. Therefore, ye women, as you are helpers for men, and were so created for that use, give no distaste to your loving husbands: and men likewise, be not bitter to your wives, for the world hath not many Grissels; for man and wife, living lovingly and peaceably in this world, shal dye with a good conscience, and enjoy the happinesse of the world to come, which shall have no end.

NOTES.

- P. 24, l. 18.—*and more INWARD with the Marquesse.*] “Inward” is a common word in our older writers for *intimate*. It is frequently met with in Shakespeare.
- P. 5, l. 14.—*because it will REBOUND.*] Probably we ought to read *redound*.
- P. 6, l. 29.—*and be MORIGEROUS to him.*] A word of rare occurrence in our language. Todd, in his edition of Johnson’s Dictionary, could find no authority for it but Bullokar.
- P. 8, l. 15.—*when they PRETENDED an action*] “Pretended” is here to be taken in the common old sense of *intended*.
- P. 13, l. 30.—*the COLLANAES and chaines.*] So printed in the original: perhaps we ought to read *collars*.
- P. 22, l. 2.—*by CRESSET-LIGHT and bonfires.*] Cresset-lights were used for processions, illuminations, and public festivities at night. Sir T. Hanmer properly derives them from the French *croisette*, because the light, when formerly employed as a beacon, was placed upon a small cross. The most apposite application of “cresset-light” is in *The Three Lords of London*, 1590, where one of the characters speaks of “watches in armour, triumphes, cresset-lights,” for the purpose of expressing popular joy. They are mentioned in Shakespeare’s *Henry IV*, Part I, Act iii. sc. 1.

P. 24, l. 1.—*and that THE apprehension.*] The definite article seems unnecessary here.

P. 28, l. 11.—*to marry HIS paragon.*] We certainly ought to read “to marry *this* paragon.”

P. 38, l. 29.—*if any deficiency AMATE their expectation.*] This sense of the verb “amate” does not seem very usual; to *mate* is to confound, and to *amate* is explained by our lexicographers as to perplex, to discourage.

P. 41, l. 14.—*for the sun will break through slender clouds and vertue shine in base array.*] This resembles in language and sentiment two lines in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv. sc. 3:

“And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.”

P. 47, l. 21.—*Most faire and COMELY.*] The black-letter broadside of this ballad, “printed by and for Alex. Milbourn” *n. d.*, has this line “Most fair and *lovely*,” which seems the preferable reading.

P. 48, l. 4.—*then he went.*] The black-letter broadside reads “then he went *with speed*,” which is clearly wrong.

P. 48, l. 17.—*which set his senses at strife.*] The improved reading of the black-letter broadside here is “*all* at strife.”

P. 49, l. 16.—*that did appeare in HER sight.*] The black-letter broadside omits “her,” properly as regards the metre.

P. 51, l. 15.—*Which did HER FATHER well content.*] The blackletter broadside gives these lines, no doubt rightly, thus:

“Which did their mother well content,
And which did make
their father’s heart full glad.”

P. 53, l. 10.—*he BROUGHT THEM BOTH with speed.*] The black-letter broadside has this line, "*he bore them thence with speed.*"

P. 54, l. 16.—*Instead of BISSE and purest PALL.*] Cloth of bisse was a peculiarly rich dress, and *pall* is usually coupled with "purple"—*purple and pall*: like bisse it indicates splendour of habiliment. The black-letter broadside reads *bliss* for "bissee," the printer not understanding the word.

P. 54, l. 22.—*I MUST not give.*] The black-letter broadside reads "*I dare not give.*"

P. 55, l. 24.—*Full SIXTEENE winters.*] The black-letter broadside says "*Full fifteen winters.*"

P. 56, l. 4.—*Unto a noble lady GREAT.*] The black-letter broadside omits "*great.*"

P. 56, l. 27.—*I WOULD aske of thee.*] The black-letter broadside has *will* for "*would.*"

FINIS.

